

PART XVI.

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WAITING FOR A PARTNER. BY KARL HARTMANN.

The National Magazine.

[It is found impossible to reply to the number of letters received; nor can unaccepted Mss. be returned, except in very special cases.]

WAITING FOR A PARTNER.

BY KARL HARTMANN.

IN the Tyrol, when the sun goes down and the day's work is concluded, the peasantry and inhabitants of the small towns assemble for a far more serious business than their own labour to obtain a livelihood,—to wit, the grave and earnest matter of dancing. Then the young maiden of the agricultural districts meets the more refined, but less robust, damsel of the town; and each contrives to express her opinion of the other by liftings of the eyebrows, shrugs, and nods, or half-audible remarks.

Not so, however, the beautiful maiden before us, who, secure in her own charms, sits so proudly there, happily contemning the claims of others without the slightest anger or bitterness. She has sallied forth in all the splendour of her

gala costume; the brilliant new kerchief cast about her head in such a graceful fall that it adds dignity to the face and height to the form. The heavy gold earrings with great pendants, now her pride, have been the heart's delight of many an ancestress; for these trinkets are heirlooms in many of the Tyrolese families of the peasant class. Across her shoulders is a handsome and showy shawl, embroidered probably by herself, and now, with the earrings, her chief glory. Her large sleeves of spotless white are of the finest lawn; they come from the shoulder and descend in loose fullness to the wrist. The rest of her costume is equally characteristic and handsome. She thinks herself fine enough almost to be mistaken for a lady of the land.

There she sits, looking on the already engaged dancers, and waiting for the partner whom she believes and knows to be the handsomest man in the whole province. He will come presently, and then his manly face, his figure, and his unapproachable dancing, shall, when united to her beauty and braveries, render them the chief couple in the dance. She can afford to wait for all this, therefore settles herself easily in her seat, finds a resting-place for her elbow, takes one hand gently in the clasp of the other, and waits in patience for his coming who shall perfect these anticipations.

L. L.



NEW-YEAR'S DAY IN PARIS.

How does it happen that in France there are signs of the New Year at least a month earlier than in London? Is it because we have more regard for the Old Year than our fickle neighbours, that we abstain from publishing almanacs and annuals for the new one until the beginning of November; or is it because they have more hopefulness in their disposition than ourselves, that they prepare for his advent at the very commencement of October? Perhaps the French live faster than we do; but however that may be, it is certain that during this latter half of the eighteenth century they look upon their year as dead at least three months before the natural expiration of its term of life.

And when we say three months, we are rather understating the time; for if the more respectable of the Parisian booksellers prove their decency and forbearance by keeping back their publications for the New Year until the old one is at least nine months old, the more reckless members of the trade will not allow us to live quietly even through the first weeks of autumn, without reminding us brutally that again another twelvemonth has gone. The first almanac, or batch of almanacs, is like the first gray hair, or rather like the first paralytic shock; we know that we may expect another soon afterwards, and that with the third all will be over. We are therefore surprised that in France, where every thing is regulated by law, there is no law to prevent the too-early publication of almanacs, for at present the "beginning of the end" really commences too soon. Before we have quite accustomed ourselves to the substitution of one numeral for another in the dates of our letters, we find that we are in the month of June; and we have no sooner reached the beginning of September than we are already thinking of the New Year.

The almanacs have now long since appeared. The book-shops in the passages, the book-stalls on the quays, and, above all, the windows of the Librairie Nouvelle on the Boulevard are full of them. After French cookery, the French confection of almanacs is one of the most wonderful Gallic curiosities we know of. There are now almanacs for all classes and conditions of men; and when we say men, it must be remembered, as the American preacher observed, that "man embraces woman." An eastern traveller, such as Mr. Lutfullah, might imagine that in France every individual had a different method of computing time. Otherwise why should there be at least five hundred almanacs for five hundred distinct professions, and a five hundred and first for the man who has no profession at all?

We have not examined the *Almanach de l'Homme sans Etat* for the approaching year, but we have no doubt that it is quite as interesting as any of the others. There must be some difficulty, to be sure, about the memorable days in the calendar; for a class of men who make a point of doing nothing at all, cannot, of course, have done many things that have become celebrated. Nevertheless, "some have greatness thrust upon them," and it occasionally happens that the man without a profession meets with an irresistible chance which is denied to those who during a certain portion of the day have to submit to certain fixed rules. He is in the park when a young lady with an angelic face and a Rothschildian fortune is run away with by her horse. He seizes the impetuous quadruped by the bridle, and—runs away with the young lady himself. Some day, when the *Victoria and Albert* is out cruising she will ship a sea, or spring a leak, or burst her boiler, and some man without a profession will be close at hand with his yacht to save her Majesty's life. It was a man without a profession who brought up the ammunition to the Guards on the field of the Alma when they had exhausted the whole of their cartridges; and capricious Fate, after shooting down four officers, who had been sent in succession in search of the waggon, actually spared the amateur in a shooting-jacket, who bravely volunteered his services.

Of course, if a man have any calling at all, it is easy enough to name the high days and holy days of his craft. The cook is reminded of Carême's self-slaughter on that fatal occasion when the Prince de Condé's fishmonger deceived him; for the musician, a red letter is affixed to the day on which catgut was first used for fiddle-strings; the gourmand is told of the discovery of truffles; and the heart of him that delighteth in strong drinks leaps within him as he notes the four-thousandth anniversary of the planting of the vine.

And let not the reader imagine that the almanacs we have mentioned exist only in the writer's imagination; for independently of all trades and professions, there are also almanacs for those who eat and for those who drink, for those who rejoice and for those who mourn, for those who are rich and for those who are poor. The creditor has his special almanac, but the debtor is also supplied with one of his own. And in the case of debtors and creditors, we can understand that two distinct modes of reckoning time are necessary—so slow are the months to him who holds the bill, so rapidly do they glide by to him who has to take it up.

The worst almanac published in France is that of the postman; in fact, it is no almanac at all. Even the postmen themselves are half ashamed to claim for it any higher appellation than that of *calendrier*, or "calendar," and the real name for it is "pretext" or "reminder." It is, in fact, a flimsy piece of printed pasteboard tendered in exchange for a solid five-franc piece—a sprat of an almanac sent out in hopes of bringing back a salmon in the shape of an *étrenne*. Like the almanac-venders themselves, the postman is determined not to let the old year die quietly out before claiming the spoils of the new. Why will not some one tell him, why will he not read in his own almanac, that the year does not begin in December?

I told him so myself three years since; and he so far profited by my remark, that the year afterwards he absolutely came before the end of November. He had heard that monsieur intended to go away. (Of course he did, he wanted to avoid the New-Year's gifts.) Accordingly he thought monsieur would like to receive his felicitations before taking his departure. It was not precisely "felicitations" that the postman received in return; but fortunately he did not understand English, so putting the money in his pocket, he went off with a bow to administer almanacs in the adjacent rooms.

No. 14 in the hotel, which the expectant postman was now honouring with his rounds, was inhabited by an English gentleman who understood very little French, and who happened to be waiting for a registered letter from London. Owing to these two facts, the object of the postman's visit was naturally misunderstood.

"*Est-ce que le quatorze est chez lui?*" (Is number fourteen at home?) cried the begging letter-carrier to the waiter.

"Yes," replied the *garçon*; "he sleeps."

Then came a tap at the door, then a louder one, responded to by a gruff shout of "*Aunt Tray*."

"*Aunt Tray, Aunt Tray dong*," continued the Englishman, till at last the postman entered.

The *Bal Mabille* of the night before had nearly cleared out our friend's pockets, and supper at the *Maison Dorée* had completed the operation. Accordingly the arrival of a "registered" letter from England—doubtless well stocked with notes—was an agreeable and timely surprise. An ordinary communication would have been left down-stairs at the porter's lodge, but a *lettre recommandée* required the signature of the recipient in the postman's day-book. Therefore the appearance of the *facteur*, with his box of letters slung over his neck, was gladdening to the heart of No. 14. Nothing but the prospect of money could have made him throw off his drowsiness and attempt to utter a remark, and, as it was, he confined himself to the slightly unintelligible exclamation which we have chronicled above. But seeing the postman advance towards the bed with something which had the form, colour, and general appearance

of a letter, No. 14 rose in his couch; when finding, after all, that the supposed epistle was merely an almanac, or calendar, enclosed in an envelope, he was exceeding wroth, fell back among the bedclothes, and covered up his head with the counterpane.

Another Englishman, who had only been three days in Paris, mistook the same postman for a pedlar trying to dispose of his wares.

"Three times," said my compatriot, "has that fellow been into my room to sell his confounded almanacs."

"Do you mean the man in a glazed cap, with a box slung from his shoulder?"

"Yes," continued our indignant countryman. "After I had told him once that I didn't want any thing, he seemed to say that it was of no consequence, and returned the next day. I sent him off again; but at last he would insist on my taking one of his almanacs, and as the fellow was getting a nuisance, why—I kicked him down-stairs."

"He has had his New-Year's gift, at all events," I thought.

Let us hope that the injured postman did not retaliate on his porter, when that important functionary presented himself at his door to offer the usual congratulations; for if so, the porter may in his turn have presented his foot to his wood-merchant, who may have paid a similar compliment to the butcher, who may have passed it on to the baker, until the effect of the kick, which was given with the greatest good faith on the staircase of the "Hotel Milor," was at length felt through an entire *arrondissement*.

The ill-natured Englishman who had kicked the *facteur* by way of *étrenne* soon became renowned for his brutality throughout the hotel. The young lady in a silk dress who brought the washing home, and who played the Giselle waltz on the piano (with one hand) was afraid to enter his room with the linen, and asked me to be kind enough to take charge of his shirts, which I did, and to pay his bill, which I didn't. The landlady, who had charged him one franc fifty centimes for his ordinary wine, altered it to one franc twenty-five; while a bottle of brandy, instead of figuring at four francs in his account, was marked at three—being only fifty centimes more than was paid by the Frenchmen themselves. When the 1st of January at last arrived, and Baptiste, the head-waiter, came to congratulate us all on the arrival of the New Year, and to wish we might get it good and happy,—*nous la souhaiter bonne et heureuse*,—the kicking lodger had no pipe tied up with ribbons presented to him; not to him did the *demoiselle de comptoir* from the *café* tender her soft hand in token of slight affection and in hope of a large gratuity; not for him burned the *punch d'honneur*, offered to his assembled lodgers by the proprietor of the establishment. Altogether, the irritable and slightly brutal Englishman lost a good deal, though, by his own account, he saved enormously.

There is rather a suggestive point of distinction between the manner in which a Frenchman takes his New-Year's gift and that in which an Englishman receives his Christmas-box. An Englishman knocks at the door on Boxing-day, says he has called for his Christmas-present, receives it, says "Thank you," and goes off to get drunk with it, if such be his pleasure, which we believe it generally is. He resorts to "no untradesman-like artifice," as the advertisements say, and does not pretend that he is merely anxious you should have "a happy new year," when he is in fact in search of a thumping gratuity.

A Frenchman, on the other hand, never asks for the New-Year's gift, which he is nevertheless longing to obtain. Thus the postman gives his trumpery calendar, the waiter his decorated clay-pipe, which you don't smoke; while in every *café* you enter the plate which holds the cigars exhibits at the same time a few boxes of *bon-bons*, the very decanter which contains the water for your absinthe being tied up with the eternal pink and blue ribbons.

Is it also on the principle of offering a little in order to receive a great deal, that so many pounds of confections are given at the commencement of every year by so many

gentlemen to so many young ladies? We think not; for the old ladies receive presents also. Besides, if our supposition were correct, the gentlemen would not make such a fuss about spending fifty or sixty francs a-year on sweetmeats; on the contrary, they would be investing in every description of *sucrerie* all the year round. In the meanwhile the whole male population of Paris is in arms against sugar-plums. A man will spend half his fortune in the *coulisses* of the Opera without a murmur, and then wonder indignantly how the confectioners can think of charging four francs a pound for *bon-bons*! For our own part, we only wonder that they are kind enough to sell them so cheaply as they do. There are not six confectioners in Paris from whom *bon-bons* can be bought, although there are hundreds of shops where they are sold. That is to say, if you purchase them elsewhere than in the Rue Vivienne, or in about two other of the fashionable thoroughfares, you might as well not offer them at all. You will be thanked very politely, your present will be looked at for a moment, and thrown aside directly you have left the house.

Accordingly, if the fashionable confectioners chose to combine and raise their prices, they might really charge a franc a sugar-plum, and all the Parisians could do would be to buy their sweetmeats just as they do now.

We do not suppose that *bon-bons* are often bought merely for the purpose of eating, though undoubtedly it is their fate to get eaten at last. It is very certain that you can't eat the cases, and it is the case that forms the elegant and valuable portion of each packet. Besides, if people ate *bon-bons* for the sake of nourishment, they, in the first place, would not find them at all nourishing, but rather the contrary; while, in the second, there would be an end to giving them away as presents. It is of course essential that a present should possess no intrinsic value, or it ceases to be a compliment, and becomes a benefit conferred; that is to say, an invitation to ingratitude. What would be thought of a man who, instead of the traditional conical case of sweetmeats, should think of sending a leg of mutton to the lady at whose house he had been visiting all the year round? It is true, that in England presents of game are made (the pity being that they are not made oftener); but, on the other hand, they are seldom received until the birds are in a very advanced state of decomposition, so that this again proves the truth of our remark, that in order to be thoroughly acceptable, presents should be almost entirely useless.

They are not useless, however, unless the happiness you see depicted on every face as you walk along the Boulevard is without importance. For the Boulevard has been converted into a fair some two or three miles long, and the stalls on each side of the road are full of every thing that a child cannot possibly want, but that it may very naturally wish for. Accordingly, the faces of the children are illuminated with joy, and the mothers themselves are almost equally delighted. Godfathers, too, are cheerful, and are seen purchasing balloons, pistols with cork bullets (attached by a piece of string to the trigger, so as to prevent all possibility of their inflicting mortal wounds), watches that won't go, sweetmeats that *will*, dolls for the girls, swords for the boys to slash the dolls' faces with, picture-books for those who won't learn to read, books with prettier pictures still for those who *have* learned to read, besides regiments of tin soldiers, Noah's Arks, and boxes of bricks for French boys to build houses with, and for English boys to build houses with occasionally, but ordinarily to throw at one another across the room.

There are a few embroidered slippers and cigar-cases on the stalls for young ladies who have been too lazy to work themselves to give to their *prétendus* and brothers, and about five hundred things which it would be becoming for the *prétendus* and brothers to give to the young ladies in return. For, as a general rule, men appear on New-Year's Day in one character only, that of givers. To be sure, there are some married ones who are mean enough to force their wives and daughters to bring them gifts; but it is satisfac-

tory to reflect that in the great majority of cases the husbands themselves have in the first instance to supply the money.

The conduct of some parents in making presents, or rather in abstaining from making presents to their children, is still more reprehensible. There are no fathers, we believe, who are base enough not to give their children any presents at all; but there are some who, in the form of one, will bring them home something which supplies an actual want, and which is therefore deficient in the first essential of a legitimate *étrenne*. Thus, a little boy who has been dreaming for some weeks of a horse and cart with music in it, will be put off with a pair of new shoes; while a young lady of six, who has long been sighing for a doll with eyes to open and shut, finds that her New-Year's gift is to consist of six pairs of stockings. The poor children can only cry. They know they have been defrauded; and if their mean-spirited parents forget themselves a second time, and try to convince their victimised offspring that necessities are nicer things than luxuries, there is no saying what bad results may not be produced. The first lesson in casuistry has been given; and the boy before long may be expected to show some signs of a wish to enter a lawyer's office; while the girl herself will, in all probability, grow up a consummate hypocrite, with malice in her heart and a missionary-box in her front parlour.

It is said, too, that husbands sometimes show an unwillingness to make presents to their wives on New-Year's Day. Our readers have probably heard that edifying story of two husbands, each of whom was willing to present a new shawl to the wife of the other, while neither would give so much as a Palais-Royal brooch to his own. The wives entered into a conspiracy, and by means of a little harmless intriguing, each became the possessor of a magnificent cashmere—after which the husbands were let into the secret.

But, not only do the Parisians raise a terrible outcry about the presents, they even refuse in the present day to pay the visits which custom formerly required. A few years since they used, at all events, to leave their cards at their friends' houses; then they took to sending them by their servants; now they absolutely forward them by post.

In Russia, society seems to have gone a step further even than in France; for, in St. Petersburg and Moscow, those who have no wish to pay visits simply hand over about half-a-sovereign to some charitable association; and in due time a list is published in the newspapers of those persons who are prevented by circumstances from calling on their friends, and who have accordingly given their card-money to the poor. It is said that this list gets longer every year, and we can readily believe it.

In the meanwhile, the English pursue a system which is simpler still. It is absurd to visit people who, if they are equally polite, must already have gone out to visit you; and to send cards by post benefits no one but the post-office. The only certain way of offending no one, pleasing most persons, and completely satisfying yourself, is not to pay New-Years' visits at all.

H. S. E.

A CHRISTMAS VAGARY.

BY V., AUTHOR OF "IX. POEMS" AND "PAUL FERROLL."

[Completed from p. 205.]

It was nearly evening when she arrived on the borders of a small lake, between which and the rocky base of the hills there was room for the road only. The road wound round the rocks, which frequently receded from the straight line, and made deep angles, filled by the lake; and in one of these places, she perceived an oldish man, standing at a distance in the water, and with a stick carefully gauging the depth on all sides. She perceived by his gestures that he was blind; and concluded from his position, that instead of turning up along the rocks, he had gone straight forward,

and so become bewildered in the deep water. She was about to call him, though hardly hoping he would hear her at such a distance; when the old man himself turning toward the shore, seemed listening, and then cried aloud, "Whom do I hear there? Who goes by?"

The princess, though wonderstruck how he could have distinguished the sound of her footstep, answered aloud, "One who will help you, if you want help."

"Yes, yes," cried the blind man. "What good angel is come to rescue me?"

"No angel whatever," said Aioio; "but I will try what I can do."

"Take care of yourself, however," said the man. "I don't know where I am; I got here through water which has been more than once up to my chin; and now I am standing on a rock, which I reached by mere chance; and all around me my staff fails to find the bottom."

"Well then, do but stand still, and I will try what I can do," said Aioio.

She looked round for means to fulfil her promise, and saw that there was hidden under some alders a small boat. She cried to the blind man to take courage, for she should soon be able to reach him with succour; and it was indeed but a short time before he heard the sound of oars coming to him through the water; and, by direction of the princess, laid his groping hands on the side of the boat, and with coolness and dexterity scrambled in.

"Say nothing as yet," said Aioio; "for we are not out of trouble. The boat is very old, and has, I think, been abandoned as useless. It lets the water in on all sides. I could scarcely reach you; and the chances are many against getting to the shore. I will bale it out, and do you pull for our lives."

The blind man did as he was bid, and with strong stroke urged the feeble bark across the water. It wobbled rather than flew; and when it had gone two hundred yards, suddenly sprang a plank, and went down like a stone. But by the luckiest chance they were just out of deep water; and springing on their feet by instinct, found that when the boat settled they were standing not quite up to their knees in water.

"No fear," said the princess; "we are near the shore, and I see stones the whole way. Step out—so—and I will lead you. There—now right on—a little to the right—there are weeds; now you feel the water is shallower every step. Here we are on the bank again."

"O preserver, lovely lady, beautiful angel!" said the blind man in a transport, kissing her hand and kneeling at her feet.

"Alas, you must not call me lovely," said the princess; "I am very ugly; nobody loves me."

"What you do is lovely," said the blind man. "To do good is the same as to be beautiful."

"O by no means," said the princess; "you are quite mistaken. Nothing but being blind could lead you into such an error."

"I can't tell," said the blind man, "having never seen; but one thing I am sure of, that being so lovelily good as you are, you will complete your kind work to me, and guide me home to my village, for I am quite bewildered."

"I will," said the princess, "if you will tell me where it lies."

The old man gave what directions he could; and Aioio readily comprehending the landmarks which he told her to look for, they set out together.

"Can I do nothing in return for your kindness?" said the blind man. "Is there nothing in which you want help?"

"The only thing I want is to know where to find Tor-masglik," said the princess.

"The mortal who went to deliver Tizjick from Fwelth?" said the blind man.

"The same, the same," cried Aioio. "Where is he?"

"Nay, I know only that I directed him to that adventure,

and am now suffering in consequence. You have perceived what fine ears I have; and for that quality I was employed by the Ophrien to watch his private gardens; but after the escape of the princess, he would have killed me, had I not heard him murmuring his project to himself, and got away. I am still endeavouring to get home to my village, and should have perished but for you."

"But where is Tormasglik?" said the princess, little interested in the fortunes of the blind man.

"Tormasglik was blown into one of the deep prisons of the Ophrien; I know not where; but I can give you this help. Whenever he thus confines a prisoner, he always blows another hole at the distance of a mile, which goes down to the level of the prisoner, and then runs horizontally to his place; and the Ophrien then sets a large stone upright on the mouth of this tunnel, which closes it, and at the same time marks the dungeon. There is a whole row of them not far off,—at a place called Siprys; and if you can find the right one, you may have a chance of delivering your friend."

The princess thanked the old man with transports of pleasure, and could not be glad enough that Janz had left her the road by the lake, and taken the other himself. She hastened her companion's steps and her own, and before long saw a neat village rising before her, which the blind man's description declared to be his home; and soon recognising the path along which he was accustomed to grope, strode boldly on, holding the princess by the arm, and using her guidance merely against chance obstacles. His wife received him with great pleasure; and when she heard what the princess had done for him, she welcomed her heartily to their home.

But she could not help examining with curiosity the great ugliness of the princess; and as nobody felt that respect for her which her rank at court had exacted, Aioio found that she was the object of remarks by no means agreeable to her feelings. The servant-maid when outside the door burst into laughter; and the children of the house at play grew suddenly serious when they saw her, and suspended their games to look at her with wonder and curiosity. Next morning the princess, before her departure, put a heavy purse into the blind man's hand, telling him to use it in place of the appointment he had lost by the help he had given Tormasglik; and the news of this generosity spreading, many of the inhabitants came around her as she went away, in hopes of benefiting by her wealth and kindness. She saw among them many who were ragged, or sick, or old. She was very generous, and freely relieved every one of them; and each one as she assisted them blessed her, and desired for her that her wishes might be fulfilled, and her way be prosperous.

She was pleased at their kindly feelings, and turned once more to look at them before she departed; but that was a pity, for in turning her eye fell upon a set of ragged boys who were pointing at her, and laughing with all their merry careless hearts,—some swelling their cheeks in mockery of her spotted puffy face; some gaping to imitate her thick lips; and some hiding their faces while their shoulders shook with merriment. Aioio averted her head, and went on her way. "Alas," said she to herself, "the vilest here excel me." And quite dispirited, she pursued the way which the blind man had directed her towards Siprys. She had to pass through a wood as she went; and on her way she perceived, a few yards before her, a wood-pigeon standing on the ground under a red cedar, with drooping wings and half-shut eyes, and it neither moved nor showed any sign of consciousness as she approached. The princess, who was full of kindness to every thing that lived, went up to the pigeon and took it in her hands; and it was so light that she readily perceived it had eaten scarcely any thing for a long time. She supposed it had been wounded; and carefully examining it, found that it was no accident that had brought it to this state; but that its throat was by some natural infirmity growing inwards, so as gradually to prevent it from swallowing at all.

"Poor pigeon!" said the princess kindly. "How came you in this state?"

She had not expected an answer; but as she spoke there stepped a very minute figure out of the feathers of its deformed throat, and said to her:

"The pigeon was one of three in its mother's nest; two were strong and healthy and have fled away."

"Poor pigeon!" repeated Aioio. "And why was it just this one which was destined to suffer?"

"If it had not been this, but one of the others, you would have been equally sorry for that other," said the tiny figure. "Some pigeons must suffer in the natural course of things, and those that fled away were not of the number. It was Janz who turned the neck of this pigeon awry by laying hold of it to pull it too quickly out of the egg."

"Careless Janz," said the princess, "he injured *me* too!"

"I am going to set all right with the pigeon," said the figure. "Already has my work begun."

And leaping to the ground from the bird's neck, the figure stood there; while the bird, panting less and less visibly, let its head fall on one side and ceased to live.

"Is that the only remedy?" said Aioio, trembling a little, and setting the bird gently down on the moss.

"In some cases," said the figure.

Aioio would willingly have asked more; but the minute figure had passed away among the moss, and her most careful search could not discover it, nor would it answer her any more. She therefore moved forward on the path she believed to be the right, very much heart-stricken by the experience she had gone through, but only more fixed in her determination to relieve the beautiful and beloved Tormasglik, if possible.

It was not very long before, as she went forward, she heard her own name loudly called, and perceived at a height above her on the hills Janz himself, walking in an opposite direction to that which she had taken. She answered him; and bounding down the hill, he met her, exclaiming:

"Is it possible, princess? are you here? How wonderful, how astonishing! Where have you been? where are you going?"

"Nay," said Aioio, "what surprises you so much? If you did not see me, nor expect me, what made you call my name?"

"I did it," said Janz, "because there was no reason why you should not hear."

"Nor any that I should," said the princess; but not being interested in further discussion of that matter, she told him what she had heard from the blind man about Siprys land."

"That's very lucky," said Janz. "I am glad you helped him out of the water; and now I know Siprys very well, and can lead you there. You were going just the wrong way; so it is fortunate you have got me to guide you."

Aioio having none better, assented; but she did not agree in Janz's opinion of his own skill. It was about half a day before they arrived within sight of the mountain where Janz said the place called Siprys was situated. It was a dreary place, too high and the soil too poor for any trees to grow on it; and yet though so high, the ground was flat for a long way round, and showed nothing but a stony brownish-green surface, and here and there a stunted willow. But as far off as the eye could reach, Aioio perceived a row of shining points, which she conceived must be the white stones with which Ewelth marked his prisons; and animated by the sight, she forgot her fatigue and the discomfort of the cold wind and rough surface, and set off running towards these objects. Janz followed her; and they soon reached a long low row of what might be taken for grave-stones, set upright at the distance of perhaps two yards from each other, and undistinguished by any mark which might enable the beholder to fix on any one in particular. There were at least fifty; and the great difficulty now occurred, which was the stone that marked the prison of Tormasglik. Janz, however, was not at all discouraged. He drew out of

his bag three balls, and offering them in a row to the princess, asked her to choose one. She touched the first that came to hand; and Janz, putting up the other two, went to a distance, and shutting his eyes threw the ball at random, and it hit the third stone from the end of the row to the right.

"That's lucky," said Janz; "the third ball hits the third stone. There's Tormasglik, you may depend on it."

And so saying, without waiting to hear any thing Aioio might or might not say, he began to drive at the stone with a piece of wood which he found; and the soil having evidently been freshly moved, he soon succeeded in overthrowing it. A great wind rushed upwards from the earth as the stone fell, leaving open a sort of tunnel; and when the wind was spent, they perceived the way clear down a ladder, the other end of which was lost in darkness. Aioio was in great agitation.

"Prince," cried she; "Tormasglik, are you there?"

"Who calls?" said a voice, which seemed to come from a great depth below. "Is it you, my Tizjick? O go away, lest any harm should befall you."

"Tis Aioio," said the princess very mournfully.

"You, princess?" answered the voice. "What wonder brings you here? I beseech you, let my father and mother know where I have died, for I am near my end."

"No, no; I come to deliver you," said Aioio, at once precipitating herself on the steps of the ladder, and beginning without hesitation to descend.

"Stop," cried Janz, holding her back by the arm; "why cannot he come up here? Prince, can you see the light? Can you climb up to us?"

"I see the light, but I cannot come," said the prince. "Go away, I conjure you; for any one who enters here must die. Dear princess, neither you nor any one must attempt this descent."

"Yes, to save you," said Aioio; and wresting her arm from Janz, she went downward, and was soon out of his reach. The steps of the ladder continued down the face of the rock for some depth, and then ceased. From the last step hung a rope, which flew from side to side of the tunnel, set in motion by a wind which continually blew either from one side or the other. All was darkness below; but as the princess paused on the last step, the voice of Tormasglik reached her, entreating her to return, and assuring her that all help must be in vain.

"Princess," he said, "the rope hangs at several feet above my head; and, moreover, each effort that I make to reach it does but tighten the bonds which secure me; I must die here. Go back, generous Aioio; I shall die happier from the recollection of your kindness."

"You must not talk of dying," said Aioio; "love is stronger than death. I will save you."

So saying, she steadied herself as well as she could on the last step of the ladder; and taking off the shawl which Janz had thrown on her shoulders when they set out on their journey, she tore it into three lengths; and drawing up the rope, twisted them, and tied them one after the other to the end of it. She then gently let it down, and inquired of the prince if it reached him.

"It touches the floor," said he; "but is many yards from me."

"I will soon be with you, then," said Aioio; and slipping one hand over the other, she descended the rope until her feet touched the rocky floor.

"Where are you, dear Tormasglik?" said she, for she could see nothing.

"Here," said the prince, who saw her plainly; for the darkness which hid him from her was not darkness to his accustomed eyes. She sprang to his side; and with her warm hands seized his, which were as cold as death. She sought to draw them towards her, and then found that they were fastened down; but there was no rope or chain that she could feel. There was, in fact, only the same slender thread which had held Tizjick, and which the prince would

not show her, lest in freeing him she should entangle herself, as had been his case with Tizjick.

"Only leave me," said he; "there is yet time. Go, generous Aioio. Tell me but one thing: is Tizjick safe?"

"Yes," said Aioio.

"Then I do not regret my death," said the prince. "Tell her so. Bear my love to my mother; and go, good and kind Aioio, for none can long bear this prison."

"I have something to do I love better than to live," said Aioio; and searching about carefully, she felt the thread, which was tightened by the distance at which the prince stood from the wall; and recalling carefully what she had forced out of Tizjick about her deliverance, she twisted her fingers in it, and in a moment it fell loose from the prince, but folded Aioio violently in its coil, and withdrew into the rock, dragging her with great violence against it.

Tormasglik sprang to her deliverance; but before he could do any thing for her, she had fainted with the violence of the shock against the rock; and when in this state, the thread suddenly released its hold, and ran back, the end disappearing, and the small hole in the rock closing. Tormasglik caught the princess in his arms, and, half in despair, half in hope, tried to force himself up the rope, but with Aioio to carry it was impossible. While he was struggling, he perceived the light which came from above suddenly extinguished, and in a moment a harsh rebounding sound was heard down the tunnel, plainly that of great stones which were rolling down. He sprang instinctively away, and as far as he could along the floor of the cave, which passed horizontally away from the shaft, and thus avoided the blows of the stones which came rattling down. But the mouth seemed to be filling up with them, and the air was thickened with the dust and small fragments which accompanied the fall.

"Here, then, we must perish together," said the prince to the still unconscious Aioio. "Wake not, kind Aioio, till your gentle spirit shall be free from the pains of this lingering death."

But as he spoke, he perceived that the dust was settling, and that light began again to come down from the mouth of the shaft. The terrible noise also, and its long dismal echoes, were ceasing; and he heard at intervals a voice, which at length became clearer, and which repeated in accents of terror and sorrow,

"Princess, are you safe?"

"Who calls?" said Tormasglik.

"I, Janz," said the voice. "I thought a few stones might help you to climb up to the ladder, and I threw them in; but I fear rather too many."

"Indeed you did it carelessly," said the prince; "but I believe you have saved us;" for he perceived that the stones had happened so to roll over one another as actually to make a sloping way up very nearly to the lowest rounds of the ladder.

The moment this became apparent, he sprang over the still unsettled stones,—climbing and retrograding, springing lightly as they gave way under his feet, getting on with a strong will and a strong foot,—till he actually reached the ladder. Here, supporting Aioio on one shoulder, he used his other hand to guide and steady his steps up the uncertain way; Janz all the time congratulating himself at the top that he had thrown down the stones, and encouraging the prince with the certainty that he would be safe. The prince said nothing; his breath was, indeed, nearly exhausted by the efforts he had to make; but he made them successfully, and stood at last free in the open air again. His whole cares were now for Aioio. The fresh air revived her, but she tried in vain to stand; and when she raised herself from Tormasglik's arms, she sank together like a shivered glass, and had he loosened his hold, would have fallen on the ground. Janz threw down his long cloak, and folded the top over a moss-grown stone by way of pillow; and on this couch the prince gently laid the princess, calling out,

"My guardian, my benefactress, Aioio!"

Aioio opened her eyes, and fixed them upon him. She

would have spoken; but her chest had been crushed by the blow, and a little blood rising to her mouth prevented her. A smile struggled to come over her lips; but her lips could no longer do what her will prompted. At that moment, the same little figure which had relieved the pigeon appeared for an instant at her side; and expanding cloudily into the proportions of a man, passed a shadowy hand rapidly over her, and snatched off the skin which Janz had let fall in her infancy. He had done and was gone almost before he was seen; but in that instant the princess was dead. And now, relieved from the disfiguring skin, her real beauty returned in all its excellence. The sweet expression, the pure complexion, the high-bred nose and forehead, the graceful lines of the figure,—all reappeared. Nothing obscured them now that she was dead; and though it was the same Aioio, yet it was Aioio exalted, supreme, amiable, whom none could see and not love. The prince gazed with a tightened heart; grief, admiration, and regret tugged at it. Janz wept rivers of tears, and wished he might never do so much mischief again; and to repair, as far as he could, the injury he had inflicted, he joined with the prince in carrying her down to the nearest village (that of the blind man), where, laying her in the market-place, they collected every possible circumstance to do honour to her in her death. Messengers were despatched to the king and queen her parents, and to the other members of the family; and during the short interval which elapsed before their arrival, a most noble catafalque had been prepared, upon which the body of the princess was placed. All the villagers came to gaze upon it, and filled the air with the recital of her generous actions when she was with them; the children came, awe-struck by her majestic grace, and involuntarily made their rustic obeisance before her unconscious presence. The courtiers and many of the citizens came in from the capital; and gazing on her marvellous beauty, said:

"Ah, that gracious countenance is like the graceful and gracious acts she did; those gently-dilated nostrils speak of her noble mind; those slender fingers and open palms tell how bounteously and how courteously all who asked were received. How lovely she is—as lovely as her life!"

The king her father listened to all that was said with a solemn pleasure, and secretly wondered at himself for not having highly appreciated her during her life. The queen her mother wept bitterly, and said,

"I always saw her like this. Alas, Aioio!"

Then every body present, with tears and sobs, joined in one acclamation, "Aioio, Aioio!"

INCIDENTS OF AMERICAN TRAVEL.

III. MAMMOTH CAVE OF KENTUCKY (*continued*).

DURING the winter months, and in rainy seasons, the rivers of the cave are so swollen as to prevent ingress beyond them; and sudden risings have been known to take place, cutting off egress for several hours to parties already on the other side. Fortunately for us, early spring as it was, the rivers had within a few days fallen sufficiently to allow of their being crossed,—though not without difficulty, Stephen informed us,—rendering it desirable that we should lose no time in availing ourselves of the lucky chance, as a sudden shower might again render this impracticable. Nothing could be more lovely than the morning which dawned upon our second visit to the cave. The party being ready in good time, the ladies assembled in the dining-room, and found much amusement in each other's dress.

The Boston lady wore a delicate pair of lavender pantaloons, a plaid dress tucked to the knee, and a plaid scarf folded turban-fashion around her head, which gave a jaunty and picturesque appearance to the *tout ensemble*. Pantaloons of soberer gray and dark dresses, also tucked to the knee, formed the prevailing costume; and much as before starting we joked and laughed at our cave-attire, we had reason ere our return to appreciate its comfort and security.

At seven a.m. we started; and passing quickly through the portions already visited, found ourselves before long on the banks of the Styx, where our progress the day before had been arrested. The passage across the Styx is short, nothing more than a ferry; and landed on the opposite bank, we scrambled and slipped over the wet mud of the receding stream to Echo river, down whose dark deep waters we glided in a flat boat, the mellow voice of Stephen rousing the silence with snatches of song. This river of fathomless waters flows through a long and winding tunnel, the natural masonry of whose sides and vaulted roof is so smooth, polished, and flawless, that not an interstice is to be found large enough to receive the most delicate finger-nail of the most delicate hand in creation. Within these waters live fish, white and transparent, needing not eyesight in the profound and eternal darkness which reigns here: these fish, like the spiders and crickets which inhabit the walls of the cave, present no traces of eyes. White, transparent, and sightless, these blind bleached children of the dark bear witness here, in the bowels of the earth, to the same order, harmony, and fitness, which rule the stars and planets "in the infinite meadows of heaven."

Landed on the rocks, we awaited the return of the boat with the rest of the party; and singular the sensation was, as we watched the receding of the only connecting link between us and the outer world. A mischance to Stephen or his boat, and unless we could have mustered courage to remain for long hours on the identical spot where he had left us, moving neither to the right hand or the left, in all the horrors of darkness,—for our lamps would soon have burnt themselves out,—the chances for our final safety would have been small indeed. Wild tales are told of persons having been lost in the mazes of this cave, and being discovered only a few hours after, crouched on the ground like wild beasts, chattering and jibbering in the terrors of insanity.

In imagination only was our courage tested; and once more assembled together, we proceeded through avenues and galleries innumerable,—now along the edge of some precipice, where we heard the waters dropping and splashing below; now crossing a formidable ravine by means of a frail wooden bridge that yielded to our steps,—till to all appearance we had reached the end of our destination. Nothing could we see by the feeble glimmer of the oil-lamp which Stephen, always leading, held in his hand save, as it appeared to us, the closing of all these wondrous galleries in a wall of solid rock. The place where we stood in Indian file was too narrow to admit of our passing one another conveniently, so we gazed over each other's shoulders in mute wonderment at what was to come next. Presently, lifting his lamp above his head, Stephen disclosed to our wondering gaze a tall ladder resting perpendicularly against the wall, and gave the word to mount. Up this ladder we climbed, following the example of our practised leader, and using like him our backs as well as our arms and legs in making the ascent. A small circular hole at the top of this formidable ladder, through which we passed doubled up, admitted us to the glories of "Martha's Vineyard," so called from the roof, sides, and floor being covered with stalactites resembling large bunches of grapes. Here Stephen got up an illumination for us, and beautiful was the effect. Indeed, from this point till we reached the Rocky Mountains, there was nothing but a succession of wonders and beauties. Slipping and sliding on, we entered a long and lofty gallery, a mile in length, where the first specimens of gypsum, or white lime, are to be found; and thence through chambers of various dimensions and names,—such as the Cleveland Cabinet, Spear Hall, Flora's Garden, Angelina's Grotto, &c.—all more or less beautiful in their white-lime formations, into Snowball Ravine, a vast cave, whose low roof is covered with an incrustation of sulphate of lime resembling snowballs; while the ground is thickly strewn with what looks like new-fallen snow, but is in fact sulphate of lime, white as snow and sparkling like diamonds. The effect is perfectly magical, such as no words can describe;

and having, as we thought, exhausted our wonderment and delight here, we next found ourselves in a beautiful chamber, its roof shining and glittering with the purest gypsum, in forms of the most exquisite and graceful flowers, rosettes, fairy horns of deer and elk, Oberon spears, and whatever else there may be dainty and fragile, moulded with the utmost nicety and perfection: white and transparent as alabaster, cluster after cluster of these formations meet the eye on all sides, and never is a lamp raised to the ceiling that some fresh beauty is not disclosed. Here we lingered, hunting for specimens on the thickly covered ground,—happy he who could find the freshest and best. But we had yet two miles to travel over the Rocky Mountains to the Dismal Hollow,—or the Valley of the Shadow of Death, as Stephen more poetically termed it,—a deep cavern in which the Mammoth Cave terminates, between nine and ten miles from the mouth: that is to say, the main avenue here terminates; for the extent of the cave in other directions, where long and numerous galleries are known to exist, has yet to be discovered. The ascent and descent of the Rocky Mountains is no joke. Formed of loose fragments of rock piled one upon another in all the reckless profusion which nature alone can afford, they present a steep rough succession of hills or mountains of rock and stone nearly two hundred feet high.

Arrived at the summit, Stephen bade us wait there while he descended, and with blue lights showed us the chasm below. An awful-looking place it was! Dismal Hollow, it might well be called; and even the Valley of the Shadow of Death could be scarcely more fearful and appalling in its physical aspect only. Descending into this hollow, we shortly reached the extremity of the cave, Serena's Harbour, which is filled with large stalactites—one sixty feet high, supposed to be the largest in the world.

And now I hear my readers ask, How is this Mammoth Cave supposed to have been formed? and to Professor Silliman, the scientific explorer of this wonderful work of nature, I leave the reply:

"You may inquire, What has formed the excavations of Mammoth Cave? I answer clearly and decidedly, *water*, and no other cause. Nowhere else can we find such beautiful sculptured rocks as in Mammoth Cave; such perfect unequivocal and abundant proofs of the action of running water in corroding a soluble rock. The rough-hewn block in the quarry does not bear more distinct proofs of the hammer and chisel of the workman than do the galleries of Mammoth Cave of the denuding and dissolving power of running water. At Niagara we see a vast chasm evidently cut by water for seven miles, and still in progress; but we cannot see beneath the cataract the water-worn surfaces, nor the rounded angles of the precipice; while the frosts and rains of countless winters have reduced the walls of the chasm itself to a talus of crumbling and moss-grown rocks. But in the Mammoth Cave we see a freshness and perfection of surface such as can be found only where the destructive agencies of meteoric causes are wholly absent, aided and quickened as those are on the upper surface by the process of vegetable life, wholly unknown in the cave. Here we have the dry beds of subterranean rivers exactly as they were left thousands of years ago by the stream which flowed through them when Niagara was young. No angle is less sharp, no groove or excavation less perfect, than it was originally left when the waters were suddenly drained off by cutting their way to some lower level. The very sand and rounded pebbles which pave the galleries now, and formed the bed of the stream of old, have remained in many of the more distant galleries untrodden even by the foot of man. The rush of ideas was strange and overpowering as I stood in one of these before-unvisited avenues, in which the glow of a lamp had never before shone, and considered the complex chain of phenomena which were before me. There were the delicate silicious forms of cyathophylia and encrinites protruding from the softer limestone, which had yielded to the dissolving power of the water; these carried me back to that vast and desolate ocean in which they flourished, and were entombed as the crystalline matrix was slowly cast around them, mute chroniclers of a distant epoch. Then there were the long succeeding epochs of the upper secondary; and these past, the slow but resistless force of the contracting sphere elevated and drained the rocky beds of the ancient ocean; the action of meteorological causes commenced, and the dissolving power of fresh water, following the almost invisible lines of structure in the rocks, began to hollow out these winding paths, slowly and yet surely."

M. M. H.

THE MONUMENT TO THE FIRST PRINTERS AT FRANKFORT.

BY THE BARON SCHMIDT VON DER LAUNITZ.

THE Baron Schmidt von der Launitz is one of those famous modern German sculptors whom their country honours herself by employing in the execution of great national works, such as the one before us;—works, moreover, which are not only interesting from the object of marking a people's gratitude to their great men, but in many cases not less so from the splendid artistic talent and noble feeling evinced in the design and execution by the artists themselves.

There is no country in Europe which possesses so many of these public monuments to men who have distinguished themselves in the arts of peace as Germany. We in England possess but few, the French still fewer; for while the capital and principal cities of the latter abound with memorials of great princes and generals, the number of such testimonies to literati and men of science is comparatively small. In England, public statues have been but seldom erected to other than statesmen and military men. There is no public statue of Shakspeare; until very recently, but one to Bacon.

In Germany the matter is very different; Lessing, Goethe, Schiller, and many others, are placed on high in public places in the German cities, for memory, admiration, and gratitude. We trust a time is coming when this fault of our countrymen will be remedied.

Most national expressions of this kind are in Germany initiated by the Government, and, whatever be its faults in other respects, in this at least it yields to none. But the group of statues now engraved are the result of the spirit and good feeling of the citizens of Frankfort, who, determined to set at rest the long-vexed question of the invention of printing, at least as far as lay in their power of public acknowledgment, have put summarily aside the claims of Laurence Costar of Haarlem; and not being able to decide precisely on the relative merits of Guttenberg, Faust, and Schœffer, have included all three in one group,—a method we might recommend in the settling of other disputes.

The figure of Guttenberg stands in the centre, having on either side those of Faust and Schœffer, a companionship singularly fitting to the modern opinion of their relative merits; Guttenberg being asserted to be the inventor of movable types, who entered into partnership with Faust, a rich merchant of Mentz, and received the assistance of the latter's capital and intelligence. Peter Schœffer was an assistant employed by them, who improved still more upon the invention by the adoption of a method of casting the type, thus saving enormous labour in the process.

The observer will see how excellent in point of design this arrangement of the group is, telling as it does the whole story at a glance; and not less admirable in point of technical merit is the disposition of the lines of the figures, which, in whatever view we take them, are always expressive, manly, and simple. There is no straining for effect, no swagger, no attitudinising; the observer sees at once that there is no sham heroism about these men, they are true workmen and labourers in their vocation, who had other matters of thought than how they should look before the eyes of any one. There is a harmony, and just balance, and mutual agreement, so to speak, about the three which cannot be sufficiently commended, suggestive as it is of their object and success. They wear the dress of their own time, with all its details thoughtfully worked out; there is no wretched affectation of classical costume or conventional attitude; but the character and dress are proper to their age and country, as earnest craftsmen of the Rhine-land in the middle of the fifteenth century.

The knowledge of this great work is another of the benefits which the establishment of the Crystal-Palace sculpture gallery has conferred upon the lovers of art; and in this gallery we recommend a thoughtful study of the group itself to our readers.

L. L.



SPECIMENS OF FOREIGN SCHOOLS: NO. XII.

BY THE BARON SCHMIDT VON DER LAUNITZ.

THE MONUMENT TO THE FIRST PRINTERS AT FRANKFORT.

10 FE 58

THREE CHRISTMAS-DAYS IN THE LIFE OF
PAUL BISTRE, ESQ., ARTIST.

II.

A YEAR has elapsed since the events recorded in the first portion of our narrative, and the scene shifts from the humble studio of Paul Bistre to the palatial dining-room of his opposite neighbour.

For many days previous, the inmates of the respected house of Smythe had been stimulated to unwonted activity by the approach of Christmas and its customary festivities, which were to be on a scale of extraordinary magnificence. Mrs. Smythe, with a condescension that did credit to her sex, had gone down into the servants' domains, and had superintended the manufacture of mince-meat, pies, jellies, and other gastronomic pomps and vanities; with her own hand achieving such triumphs in the art of cookery, as to cause the heart of Sarah, the legitimate professor, to burn with jealousy.

"Did you ever see such a meddlesome old cat," would that plain-speaking female remark, while pouring out her grievances to the sympathetic Buttons. "I can't stop in the house with such an old cannibal; and what's more, I won't neither."

As for Augustus, the confidant of these envious animadversions, the Christmas preparations had weighed still more heavily upon him; "for what with one thing and the other," as he very justly remarked, "a feller hadn't a minute's peace." He had had to take lessons in waiting at table from an experienced footman, to try on new liveries, to subject his ruby locks to the daily action of the barber's tongs,—“as if a feller could help having straight hair,” as he said,—to take out cards of invitation, and to run on innumerable errands; all which employments, though light in their way, told up considerably when they came to be added to what he designated as “a feller's reglar work.”

Out of the kitchen, the same activity had been manifested; and in the drawing-room might be noticed a gigantic antimacassar in crochet, the pattern of which bore some distant resemblance to sprigs of holly, and which testified to the untiring industry of the elder Miss Smythe. As for Edith,—the beautiful and sprightly Edith,—she had had her occupation too; and the wreaths and garlands of evergreens which decorated the rooms bore testimony to the propriety of her taste.

As Badger Smythe, Esq., sat at the head of his massive table, and surveyed the goodly company around him, his heart warmed with pride, and his solemn face lit up for a moment with a faint smile. The wax-candles could not have shone on a better company, more select, more respectable. There, on his right hand, was Dobson,—the man of all others for whom he entertained the highest esteem, who had retired from office on full salary at least ten years before himself, and had come in his own carriage. It mattered little to him that Dobson was deaf, and carried an ear-trumpet, or that his naturally unamiable temper had been made still more acid by the attacks of chronic gout; he was a man he could take a pleasure in bawling to, a man whose grumblings did him honour. Mrs. Dobson too,—the ancient lady who sat next, with ears of golden corn among her grisly locks,—was she not of a good family, distantly connected, in fact, with the Earl of Marshgate? and would not such a visitor adorn any feast? Then there was Dr. Madrepore, the celebrated physician, whose practice was among dowagers and peers,—polite, talkative, and cheerful; with his lady, who, besides being a very agreeable personage in herself, was a perfect oracle in matters concerning the nobility of our land; a walking red-book, indeed, having the relationship of the “better classes,” as she termed them, at her fingers' ends.

Next to her sat Mr. Bilston, and opposite Mr. Sedgwick, of the firm of Bilston, Sedgwick, and Co.; two of the most respectable wholesale dealers in the City. Bilston was a

widower, and came alone; but Sedgwick made up for his bereavement by bringing Mrs. Sedgwick, and the two Misses Sedgwick, and Master Samuel Sedgwick. The latter young gentleman making himself strangely uncomfortable with too great a quantity of pudding, was led away from the table to the drawing-room sofa up-stairs by the prudent Augustus before the dessert made its appearance.

Then there was Mr. Moriarty, a talented Irish gentleman, occupying an important literary position on an aristocratic morning paper. He was supported on each side by the sweet specimens of the softer sex impersonated respectively by Miss Smythe, and Miss Wabbles, her maiden aunt. The latter lady was a gaunt young girl of forty, carrying spectacles and a few long snaky curls, offering a marked contrast to her stout married sister, who smiled so benignly from one end of the board.

These were the principal characters in the little drama that was acting round Badger Smythe's table; the others he looked upon as supernumeraries,—unimportant in themselves, but making up a very good show when you looked at them *en masse*. For instance, there was his niece Amy, a very pretty little girl truly, with beautiful golden hair, deep-blue eyes, and all that sort of thing; but dreadfully poor, and an orphan. Being the daughter of his late brother, it was his duty to have her with him on Christmas Day; and, poor girl, there was not much harm in her! Mr. Alfred Widdett too, the young man sitting between two of his cousins, the Misses Sedgwick,—he occupied a very insignificant position in society, being only a clerk in his uncle's office. But then he behaved himself so well, attended so scrupulously to his toilette, and parted his hair so nicely in the middle of his forehead, that the ladies insisted upon his being invited. The ladies' influence had also gained the admittance of Mr. Paul Bistre into the hallowed precincts of Badger Smythe's dining-room. On the first mention of the name of that rising young artist, the retired official was decidedly opposed to his coming,—not liking, as he said, to sit at the same table with “the party” who had painted his portrait; but was at last forced to relent under the strong persuasive powers of Mrs. S., and the still stronger hysterical talents of his darling Edith, who vowed that if Mr. Bistre was not invited, she would leave home, and take a situation as nursery-governess, like her cousin Amy. Thus it was that our friend Paul found his brightest dreams transmuted to realities; and, seated next to the fair girl he believed he loved, his brain painted delicious pictures of futurity, in which the tall bright-eyed Edith invariably stood forth as the principal figure.

Twelve months had worked wonders in the fortune of the young painter. No longer did he occupy the topmost story at the watchmaker's, but revelled in the luxuriance of the drawing-room floor. No longer did his pictures depend on the uncertain patronage of Jew dealers and brokers, but met with a ready sale, almost before they quitted his easel. In fact, by his industry and genius he had made himself a little name in the world, and was not ashamed to exhibit it to the passers-by on a glittering brass door-plate. His outward man showed the change in his circumstances no less than his splendid studio; his coat was better, his shirt whiter, his hair shorter, and his long brown moustache more regularly trimmed than formerly. Badger Smythe, Esq., whose prejudices were now getting tempered down by some fine old port, noticed this, and wondered how he could have opposed his coming. He thought to himself that it was a pity his father had not got him into some government office instead of making him a painter, especially when he observed with what marked attention Edith listened to all he said.

Another person noticed this also; and that person was no other than Mr. Widdett, who looked daggers at Paul, and felt that he ought to kill him on the first opportunity that presented itself. Nobody knew except Mr. Widdett himself the toil and anxiety the discipline of his glossy head of hair had cost him; and now it was to be eclipsed by the

questionable beauty of a pair of brigand-like moustaches. It was too bad; he wondered Edith had not more sense; and he felt sick at heart, and would have liked to have slipped under the table into oblivion. He would try not to think about her, not to look at her—to forget her. This was a bitter resolution to make; but circumstances demanded it.

"You seem out of spirits to-day, Alfred," said Miss Patience Sedgwick, who had noticed her cousin's woeful expression.

"Not at all, I assure you; very happy indeed, thank you; but—shall I hand you some grapes?"

Miss Sedgwick expressed her willingness to partake of one or two; and the gallant young gentleman sought a short respite to his afflictions in attending on his fair cousins.

Mr. Moriarty was grand over his wine; he told stories that made every body laugh, even to the solemn Augustus, who forgot for a while the slavery that a "feller" had to undergo, and concluded that the talented journalist was a "brick." The only drawback to these funny anecdotes was the necessity of repeating them over and over again, in a series of shouts, down the ear-trumpet of the irascible Dobson, who was determined not to miss a word of them, although he did not appear to appreciate their humour at all.

"I can't see that," he would growl, after his friend Smythe had bawled out a second edition of a long narration for his especial edification.

Mr. Smythe would then repeat the dose in a higher key.

"Ah, very smart, I dare say; but not very clear." And with that he would sink into a state of semi-stupor, until his attention was again roused by the laughter occasioned by some other "smart" saying of the Irish wit.

"It must be a dreadful thing to be deaf, Mr. Bistre," said Edith in a low voice to the artist.

"Dreadful; especially when Miss Edith Smythe is speaking."

"I don't like flatterers," remarked the young lady in question, trying to look very much displeased.

"Did you speak, Miss Smythe?" remarked Bistre innocently.

"Did I speak, indeed! Why you're getting as deaf as poor Mr. Dobson."

"I hope not. Try me with a very quiet little whisper."

"Very well. You are a wicked, wicked man. Did you hear that, sir?"

Paul smiled, and whispered in his turn; calling her his sweet Edith, and telling her that she was an angel, which caused her to blush very much and look at her plate. Miss Wabbles from the other side of the table saw the blush, and would have given worlds to have heard the words. She felt scandalised, and wondered how her sister could have been so imprudent as to allow Edith to sit next such a designing young man. Her niece, too, was such a giddy girl; Mrs. Smythe ought to have thought of that, and have consigned Mr. Bistre to the care of some older person, whose discretion would have been a proper check on his ardent nature. It is easy to conceive the annoyance that Edith's blush caused the correct Miss Wabbles; but it is more difficult to imagine the state of misery that it occasioned Mr. Alfred Widdett. He felt that it was all over with him; that instant annihilation would be most agreeable; and he grasped a silver fork convulsively as though it had been a poniard, and scowled at the brown moustache. There is no knowing to what awful lengths he would have gone next, had not Mr. Smythe proposed they should adjourn to the drawing-room and have a little music. Upon hearing this, Alfred dropped his weapon, and rose from the table. The others did the same, with the exception of Mr. Smythe, the doctor, and the invalided Dobson, who had yet to discuss the merits of another bottle of port. Seeing Edith rise from her seat, Widdett rushed towards her as a sort of forlorn-hope, offering his arm to escort her up-stairs.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Widdett; but I have already accepted a previous offer from Mr. Bistre."

"O, indeed—thank you—beg your pardon," stammered forth the unhappy youth.

"I will find you a lady in my place. Here, Amy dear," said she in rather a peremptory tone to her fair-haired cousin, "take Mr. Widdett's arm, and lead him up-stairs."

The young lady addressed as "Amy dear" did not appear to relish this strange command, and sat still in her place.

"Amy, why don't you take his arm?" urged her cousin rather pettishly; but seeing that this had no effect, she added coaxingly and in a whisper, "Do, Amy dear; it will be such a good joke."

"I really don't see it, Edith," rejoined her cousin; "besides, Mr. Widdett would, I dare say, prefer making his own choice;" and with that the little lady rose from her seat, and swept from the room upon the arm of one of the Misses Sedgwick, who happened to be near, leaving Edith in a state of amazement.

"What airs some people give themselves!" said she to the painter, as they mounted up-stairs;—"my cousin, for instance. You would not believe, but papa had only invited her out of charity, and yet she is as proud as a peacock."

Paul was rather startled at this little burst, but managed to conceal his surprise; and merely made some remark to the effect, "that it was a dreadful thing to be so poor;" which caused Edith to rate him for being satirical. He soon forgot his displeasure when he looked into Edith's face, and saw how beautiful it was, how perfect, how noble! His artistic eye revelled in the vision, and he thought how it surpassed the faint image he had painted some months ago, and which now hung in his bedroom. Besides, who was this Amy, that he should care about what was said to her? evidently a pert, cross-grained, little mortal; or else Edith, who was incapable of any thing but what was good, would have spoken more kindly of her. Whatever Edith did was right. Was she not his superior in every thing? and how could he presume to judge her conduct by his own narrow standard? Could it be possible that she loved him? He did not dare to ask her, for fear of a denial. No; he would, at any rate, allow this one evening to pass without risking that death-blow to his hopes. Such were the thoughts that rushed in rapid succession through the fertile brain of Mr. Paul Bistre, as he passed with his fair companion from the basement to the drawing-room floor of Badger Smythe's mansion. The others soon followed in a goodly procession; the rear being brought up by Mr. Alfred Widdett, wearing on his face the funereal expression of a chief mourner, and supporting two mutes in the persons of the two eldest Misses Sedgwick. The evening passed away quietly enough; a choking atmosphere of respectability pervaded the house, and prevented any thing like joviality or animal exuberance, and cast even a gloomy shadow athwart the glowing brain of the facetious Moriarty. He had attempted a comic song, of that burlesque pathetic class that hints of poisonings, back gardens, and cruel fathers, at which Bistre laughed immoderately, to the annoyance of the sentimental Miss Wabbles, who remarked that the legend was very affecting; which literal interpretation of the meaning of the ballad so upset the humorist, that he fell back on a reserve of small jokes adapted to the shallow perceptions of his audience.

There was a great deal of small scandal going on among the elder ladies, and some heavy political talk in the ranks of the gentlemen, Badger Smythe, Esq., taking the lead, as was to be expected from such profound ability. With the younger ladies of the party flirtation seemed to be the order of the day; even the exemplary Miss Jane Smythe, whose whole life-work had hitherto been divided between the reading of good books and the making of flannel garments for the Dorcas Society, now made a dead set at the widowed Bilston. Miss Prudence Sedgwick did a little skirmishing with the literary gentleman; and her sister Patience bombarded the heart of Widdett, and would certainly have made

a breach in that sensitive organ, had she not been repulsed by the glowing image of the fair but fickle Edith.

Master Sedgwick, having recovered from the plethora of pudding which had disabled him in the early part of the evening, was now suffering from a lack of amusement, and peevishly expressed a wish to have a game at something; but was quieted by his mamma, who made some unpleasant remarks to the effect that little boys should be seen and not heard; which so affected the young gentleman, that he immediately sank into a state of torpid sulkiness, which he would occasionally shake off for a moment to make predatory excursions to the sideboard, attracted by the dainty show of luxuries thereon. Paul Bistre was happy, his whole soul being concentrated in Edith; and he listened to her voice, which was a little shrill and shrewish, and thought it delicious music; he cared not for any thing but to be near her, to wait upon her, to speak to her, to worship her. When Mrs. Smythe asked Edith to sing, how proudly did he take her hand and lead her to the piano! if he pressed it more than there was any occasion for, it was excusable—it was so soft, so delicate, so beautiful! She sang an air from the *Huguenots* with great energy and spirit; and Paul thought of Saint Cecilia, and pictured her to be like Edith—differently costumed, perhaps, with less rustle of silks and laces, and hair less trimly coiffured; but with the same black eyes and fringing eyelashes, the same symmetrical figure, and playing the dulcimer with the same taper fingers.

"Brava!" cried Moriarty, when she had finished, "you're a perfect siren, Miss Smythe, and have drawn me from a most interesting discussion on the British Constitution by your bewitching voice."

The young lady laughed, and swept her fingers across the keys in a triumphant manner.

"Edith, my sweetest, will you sing us that pretty duet Mr. Widgeott sent you last week?"

"It requires two for a duet, mamma," replied sweetest, smiling at the maternal simplicity.

"O yes, I forgot; but there's Amy, she can assist you, I have no doubt."

"True; I forgot Amy."

Strange to say, every body seemed to have forgotten the maiden whose services were now in such requisition. As she did not care for scandal, nor politics, nor flirtation, she had taken up a book of poems, and had quietly separated herself from the rest of the party. Withdrawn from observation, in an out-of-the-way corner of the room, she forgot the existence of the cold cheerless world of reality, and soon travelled far away into the sunny land of the poet, where all was natural, spontaneous, and earnest; ardent lovers, graceful women, and stalwart warriors peopled her thoughts, and she fancied she could see the vines bending under their blushing burdens, and hear the murmuring of the smooth Adriatic.

"Amy," said her aunt, having discovered her hiding-place, "Edith wishes you to sing with her."

The dreamer dropped the book, startled at the interruption, and wondered for a moment who Edith was, and what she had to do with the painted gondolas and plumed gallants of Venice. Quickly recovering herself, she blushed deeply, and rose to comply with her aunt's request.

Edith commenced in her usual florid style; but soon a rich contralto voice arose that filled the room with liquid melody,—so soft, so sweet, and yet so powerful! Bistre gazed at the slight prim little girl from whom the sounds proceeded, and thought there must be something weird about her. Where did she spring from? He had seen nothing of her since she behaved so strangely to Edith at the close of the dinner; and now she suddenly appeared in the character of a beautiful singer! The other members of the party seemed equally surprised; Moriarty especially, who eagerly inquired the name of the young lady, and desired to be introduced to her.

"A poor friendless girl," said Badger Smythe, Esq., by way of explanation; "my niece, in fact. Her father was a

poor foolish man, though my brother, and frittered away his time in stupid pursuits that never could have given him a respectable standing in society."

"Poor fellow!" ejaculated Moriarty.

"Yet, strange to say, he was very much liked; and it is said his wife—he married very much beneath him—died of a broken heart."

"No such disease, sir," said Dr. Madrepore. "Disease of the heart, very common—very common—broken heart, sir—impossible!"

Dobson had fortunately fallen asleep before the conversation took place; or probably poor Amy would have had to hear the misfortunes of her parents poured into the inquisitive ear-trumpet.

"Thank you, Edith, thank you, dear," said Mrs. Smythe to the singers at the conclusion of the duet.

"Come here, my child," said the retired official to his niece; "let me introduce you to Mr. Moriarty. Mr. Moriarty, my niece, Miss Amy Smythe. You have a very good voice, my dear."

Amy thanked him, and disappeared once more into her old corner.

The evening drew to a close, and the guests prepared to depart to their respective homes; for Badger Smythe, Esq., was a man of regular habits, and did not intend setting the inhabitants of Markistone Street the bad example of late hours. Mr. Dobson's carriage stops the way; and for a time the owner of that vehicle stops the way himself, the rheumatic veteran requiring some time to descend the staircase.

Miss Wabbles takes an affectionate farewell; and the other members of Bilston, Sedgwick, and Co., including Mrs. Sedgwick, and her daughters, and her young boaconstrictor of a son, charter two or three cabs to convey them to their domiciles. The doctor and his lady dash away towards Park Lane; and there are but a few left to take their leave. Poor Alfred lingers for a little time, in hopes that Bistre will go before him; but seeing that that is not at all likely, he seizes his hat.

"Good night, Miss Smythe," says he to Edith; "good-by. Perhaps for ever," he adds in a husky whisper, and goes off in a very abrupt manner.

Then Miss Amy Smythe appears, attired in the most graceful little walking-costume, and wishes her aunt and uncle good-night.

"Do you think you can find your way by yourself, dear?" asks her affectionate relative. "Augustus must clear away some of these things to-night, or he should go with you."

"I shall be very happy to escort Miss Amy Smythe," Bistre remarks, surprised, and perhaps hurt, at the thought that Amy should have to go alone.

It was therefore arranged that Amy should be intrusted to the care of the artist; and after some slight whispering between the latter and the fair Edith, they left the mansion of Badger Smythe, Esq., together.

It was a glorious frosty night, and their feet clinked with a metallic sound on the hard frozen snow. The moon was at its brightest, making the roads shine out like silver, and throwing long black shadows across their path. They walked on in silence for some time, Paul feeling rather embarrassed at his position; but he soon got over this, and inquired of his little companion where she lived.

"I am governess to Sir Charles Vivian's youngest child, and am at present staying at Hyde-Park Gardens."

Paul started; for he had fallen upon a strange coincidence, having been himself commissioned to paint a second picture for that famous patron of the arts. There was another short pause.

"Are you fond of painting, Miss Smythe?" at length he began, wishing to broach another subject.

Miss Amy said she was; and then commenced an interesting conversation upon the merits of certain popular pictures. Bistre was astonished at the little lady's knowledge, and was more than ever perplexed about her character, and

could not make up his mind any way satisfactorily. She was so unlike Edith, and yet so clever and agreeable. At last they reached the end of their journey; and placing her tiny hand in that of the painter, Amy wished him good-night in a rich low voice, yet so frank and cheerful, that it seemed to harmonise with something in his deepest heart. He held her hand for a moment in his, and looking into her face, saw that her eyes were filled with tears.

"You have not passed a very merry Christmas, I am afraid," he said.

"Not very; but just such a one as I expected. Good-by, Mr. Bistre."

"A strange little creature!" thought the artist, as he returned towards his home; "but how clever and gentle! what a face too—what an artist would not love to paint it!"

THE CRYSTAL-PALACE PICTURE-GALLERY.

DECEMBER 1857.

[Second Notice.]

HAVING concluded what we have to say of the ancient works of art here exhibited, we shall now turn to the modern schools, with the remark, that although a general notion of the characteristics of each may be obtained from this collection, yet it will be seen at once that no one of them, more especially the English, is fully or fairly represented. Some French landscapes by Saint-François are very original in rendering of peculiar atmospheric effect. "An Encampment in Mount Atlas" shows a valley amongst great hills, filled up with morning mist, while between two of the peaks a long streamer of pale sunlight glances upon some tents in the foreground; a work which may be studied with advantage, even by artists. "Druidic Stones at Carnac, Brittany" exhibits these mysterious monuments of lost ages, grouped by hundreds on a desolate moor, overhung by a heavy and broken sky of gray; while behind them a pallid space of level water reflects a ghastly light from the lowering sky. This landscape is treated with an appropriateness of feeling which is highly poetical, and forms a perfect realisation of Keats's thought of the defeated Titans:

" . . . a dismal cirque
Of Druid stones upon a forlorn moor,
When the chill rain begins at shut of eve
In dull November, and their chancel-vault,
The heaven itself, is blinded throughout night."

There is a grotesqueness about these melancholy stones, rising almost to a grim horror, that is very impressive. One might take them for those rocks into which the enchantress in the Arabian tale turned the adventurous seekers of the Golden Water and other marvels of her possession. "A Turkish House" and "An Algerian Marabout" are both in the same style of painting, which, although not showy and attractive, is very effective. "A Lime-kiln in showery Weather," by this painter, has the same qualities in a more marked degree. Here the long flag of smoke streams across a dimly-lighted sky, in which is a sleepy gleam of day, while the dull red glare of the fire sullenly glows upon the building, producing a very fine and truthful effect, which should gain many admirers for the artist's skill in producing any thing so impressive with such simple means. A picture by Servin of "Stone-gatherers in Brittany," showing a number of poverty-stricken field-labourers picking stones from a furrow, has some very excellent painting in it, and much humour shown by the violent efforts of a man to obtain a kiss from a female companion, whose energetic resistance is supported by the loud remonstrances of the leader of the gang. The whole group is admirably designed. "A Landscape at Quimper," by Parmentier—laundresses at work in a stone water-trough—has much the same qualities. There are six pictures by this artist, which will all reward study.

A large work by Lumenais, "The Pilgrimage," showing a peasant's family wearily plodding on their road to some

shrine, is full of that melancholy feeling which pervades so many of the French works here. The father, mounted on a miserable farm-horse, repulses an importunate beggar, and rides drooping with saddened face; another man on foot carries a child, whose toil-worn mother trudges heavily along staff in hand. A different but equally impressive character is exemplified in a picture by Garcin, "Provence Peasants crossing a Marsh in a Boat." Many figures are here seen in a large flat-bottomed vessel; the *abandon* and simple grace of the attitudes of these,—who stand, recline, and sit, so as to form some masterly grouping,—testify highly to the artist's knowledge of design: it would be difficult to find a picture more full of grace and character than this. "The Rough," a copy by Pell of an early picture by Rosa Bonheur, now in the Luxembourg, will be interesting to that lady's numerous admirers who have not seen the original work. "A Landscape with Cattle, near Ghent," by De Cock, much resembles the works of Troyon, and is a fine rendering of effect; the scene a flat green country. "The Turkey Guardian," by Salmon, a girl surrounded by some fierce and insolent-looking turkeys, is full of animal character and very powerful execution. Two pictures by A. de Beaulieu—"Gipsy Inn at Venice," and "Rue de la Vieille Lanterne, Paris"—are full of power and vigour; the latter, showing a low street in Paris, is extremely good, both for effect and subjective treatment.

Flandrin exhibits "A Persian Kitchen and Restaurant," and "Interior of a Bazaar at Ispahan," which are interesting illustrations of the memoirs of a country of which we know so little, and are also excellently painted, some of the textures and much of the design being strikingly good. The same may be said of "A Souvenir of Algeria," by Mouleynon,—some children playing with a monkey; and "The Two Friends," by Morel Retz, both of which exhibit good qualities of colour and much excellent drawing of the figure. Although not equal in these respects to the last, "The Interior of an Israelite House in Algeria," by Schopin, is most interesting as showing the primitive patriarchal character of such establishments, for which the observer will study it with advantage; this has, moreover, much excellence in design and composition.

Of the home French scenes, "A Farmyard," by Couturier, is a tolerable specimen of the celebrated painter, which, while rather hot in colour, is extremely brilliant and effective. By Laugée, two little pictures merit especial attention, "The Orphan" and "The Housewife;" the latter, showing a woman placing some loaves of bread in a cupboard, is, although dark and sombre, very admirably designed and most forceful in colour. There is no more charmingly characteristic painter among the minor order of the French school than Fichel, with many of whose works the public are acquainted at the French Exhibition. Three here—"A Lady reading," "A Lady with a Veil," and "The Picture" (an artist showing his work to a lady)—are full of elegance, spirit, and grace; the second remarkably so, being one of the most agreeable little pictures we have seen. "A Fruit-piece," by the famous French painter of such subjects, Saint-Jean, is the last we shall notice of the works of that nation. The luscious rich nature of the objects is painted most masterfully, resembling in that respect the works of Rubens, and might form a most valuable study to our own artists in this line.

The German school we shall dismiss briefly with notice of two pictures: "A View in Norway, with Cattle," by Eckersburg, being very brightly and forcibly painted, and, as a specimen of German landscape-painting, interesting; "Evening in the Oasis of El Cantarate, Algeria," showing an Arab family preparing to encamp for the night within a grove of palms and aloes. A woman is about to alight from a camel, while the rest of the party are seated on the ground. The effect of the peculiar light, although rather deficient in brilliancy, is well rendered, and the characteristic costumes and actions of the figures give much interest to the picture. Of the Belgian school we have nothing to say. A picture

by the Russian artist Aivasowki will be interesting from its nationality. This is called "Sunset in the Black Sea;" and, although hard and conventional in treatment, exhibits genuine feeling for the effect of a misty summer-evening. A ship-of-war lies at anchor near the shore, and behind her masts and rigging are the calm sky and sinking sunlight.

The English school is, as we have said, very inadequately represented here. The noble picture by F. M. Brown, "Chaucer reading the Legend of Eustace to Edward III.," being the only really first-rate work of its class in the Gallery, and that suffering greatly from its position. A little picture by Miss Blunden has much character; but is so morbidly painful, that one regrets such power should be thus employed. The subject is a consumptive girl, seated in a chair at the stern of a ship, looking upwards to heaven; it is entitled, "The Reverie." "The Wanderer," by H. O'Neil, is already so well known, that we need not dwell upon its excellences. Two marine pieces by Stanfield and Cooke—"Dutch Dogger carrying away a Sprit," and "Rough Weather"—are good examples of each artist's method of treatment, and may be compared with profit to the student.

We may conclude by congratulating the Crystal-Palace Company upon the success which has this session attended the efforts of their curator, Mr. Mogford. L. L.

FINIS TERRÆ.

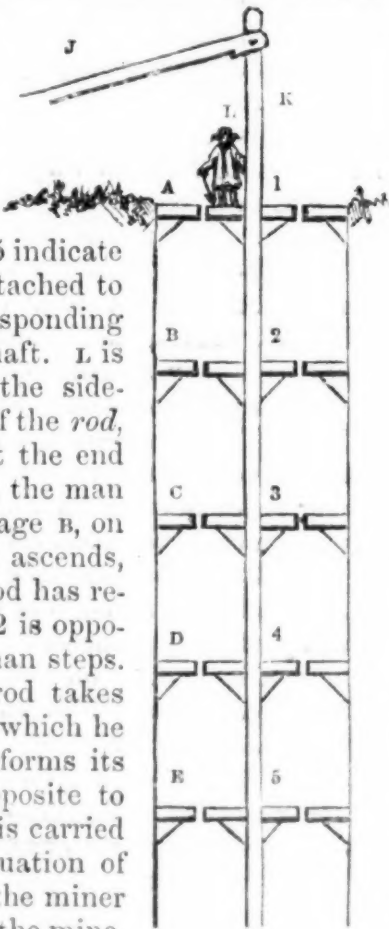
A SERIES OF SCRAPS CONCERNING THE HOLIDAY-RAMBLES
OF A PEDESTRIAN TOURIST.

IV.

At the Fowey-Consols mine we were much interested by the "man-engine," for the use of the miners in ascending and descending. This contrivance is as simple as it is effectual. A rod of timber, strengthened with iron, which reaches from top to bottom of the shaft of the mine (that at the Fowey-Consols mine is 1640 feet long), is made, by means of steam-power, alternately to rise twelve feet and sink twelve feet three times in a minute. To it are attached, at regular distances of twelve feet, small stages sufficient for a man, or even two men, to stand upon,

and to the sides of the shaft are affixed corresponding stages. In the accompanying diagram, *J* is the steam-lever that alternately raises and depresses the rod *K*, which is represented as raised. The numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 indicate five of the uppermost stages attached to the rod; and *A*, *B*, *C*, *D*, *E* the corresponding stages fixed to the *side* of the shaft. *L* is a man who has stepped from the side-stage *A*, on to the first stage, 1, of the rod, which is about to descend. At the end of its descent of the twelve feet, the man finds himself on a level with stage *B*, on to which he steps; and the rod ascends, leaving him there. When the rod has re-ascended its twelve feet, stage 2 is opposite to stage *B*, and on to it the man steps. The descending action of the rod takes him down to the stage *C*; on to which he steps, while the rod again performs its ascent. This brings stage 3 opposite to him; on to which he gets, and is carried down to stage *D*. By a continuation of this process, it is obvious that the miner will rapidly reach the bottom of the mine.

It is equally clear that a miner may ascend by a precisely similar process, only availing himself of the up-strokes instead of the down-strokes of the rod. Indeed, one set of men may be going up at the same time that another set are going down; so that, at the times for changing the gangs that work in the mines, the "man-engine" is kept going for



from one to two hours, which gives ample time for one set to go down and the other to come up, without hurry, and with scarcely any fatigue to the men.

Dr. Taylor, the medical officer of the Fowey-Consols mine, has published an interesting pamphlet, showing the marked improvement of the health of the men engaged in that mine since the adoption of the "man-engine;" and the miners themselves are grateful to the proprietors for the outlay they have incurred in its construction. Nevertheless we were informed that, as yet, it had been adopted in only one or two other establishments; the great bulk of the Cornish mines continuing the old system of vertical ladders.

Only imagine a man, after a day's labour in the enervating temperature of a deep mine, climbing something like half a mile of vertical ladders. Men have been known to reach the surface so exhausted as to throw themselves fainting on the ground, not unfrequently bleeding from the nose and mouth. It is no wonder, therefore, that lung and heart diseases should prove fatal to so many miners before the epoch of middle life; indeed, it is rare to find an old man who has been constantly engaged in the mines.

St. Blazey, our next stage, is a long straggling place, its lines of cottages stretching far and wide wherever copper or tin works were in a state of activity; and in this region they are clustered pretty thickly on the ground. The saint (Blaze, or Blazey) whose name has been given to the church, and also, as is common in Cornwall, to the place itself, was one of the martyrs who suffered during the persecutions of Diocletian. He was a native of Sebaste in Cappadocia, of which place he became bishop, and where he was put to death, in the year 298 A.D., by order of the proconsul Agricolaus.

At St. Blazey, we looked for the stone, with its obliterated inscription, described by archaeologists as the one erected on the spot beyond which the invading Saxons never advanced into Cornwall. But we had some difficulty in finding this relic of antiquity; for it has been removed from its original position in the centre of a field, once a burying-ground, and probably the site of a sanguinary battle, and now performs the humble office of gate-post, close to St. Blazey turnpike. A crowd of labouring men collected around us while we were endeavouring ineffectually to trace some remains of the reported inscription, and their general curiosity and attention to our inquiries somewhat surprised us, till we learnt that their rector, the Rev. J. Bartlett, had been delivering a lecture on the subject, and had succeeded in arousing a very wholesome interest in local antiquities, which may be the means of saving many a record of the past from untimely destruction.

Determining, if possible, to take up our quarters for the night on the coast, we found that a little village called Porthpeon would be the best point to make for. The afternoon was sultry in the extreme, so that we only reached the narrow road leading from the highway down to the shore at Porthpeon just as the moon was rising. In some places the road became exceedingly steep, and very dark, lying between high banks and rocks; and but for some picnic parties returning from a day's pleasure on the beautiful beach, who directed us, we were as likely to have made our way over the cliffs into the sea as down by the proper road to the village.

We were guided to the inn by the lights streaming from all the windows, and by sounds which were, alas,

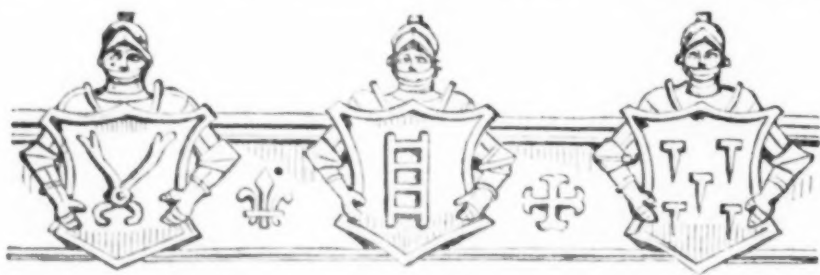
"... no music of the spheres,
But an unhallowed earthly sound of fiddling."

It had been a great day at Porthpeon, half the population of the thriving town of St. Austle having been down to their favourite watering-place, distant only two short miles. We deemed ourselves very comfortably housed for the night, however, notwithstanding the noise of fiddles and singing and dancing in the house, and the splashing and screaming of the bathers within a few yards of the windows, who appeared to be intensely enjoying their aquatic sports in the moonlight; for, though night, it was still oppressively hot. While wrapt in the pleasing anticipation of our supper, the landlady appeared, and, with a most serious expression that

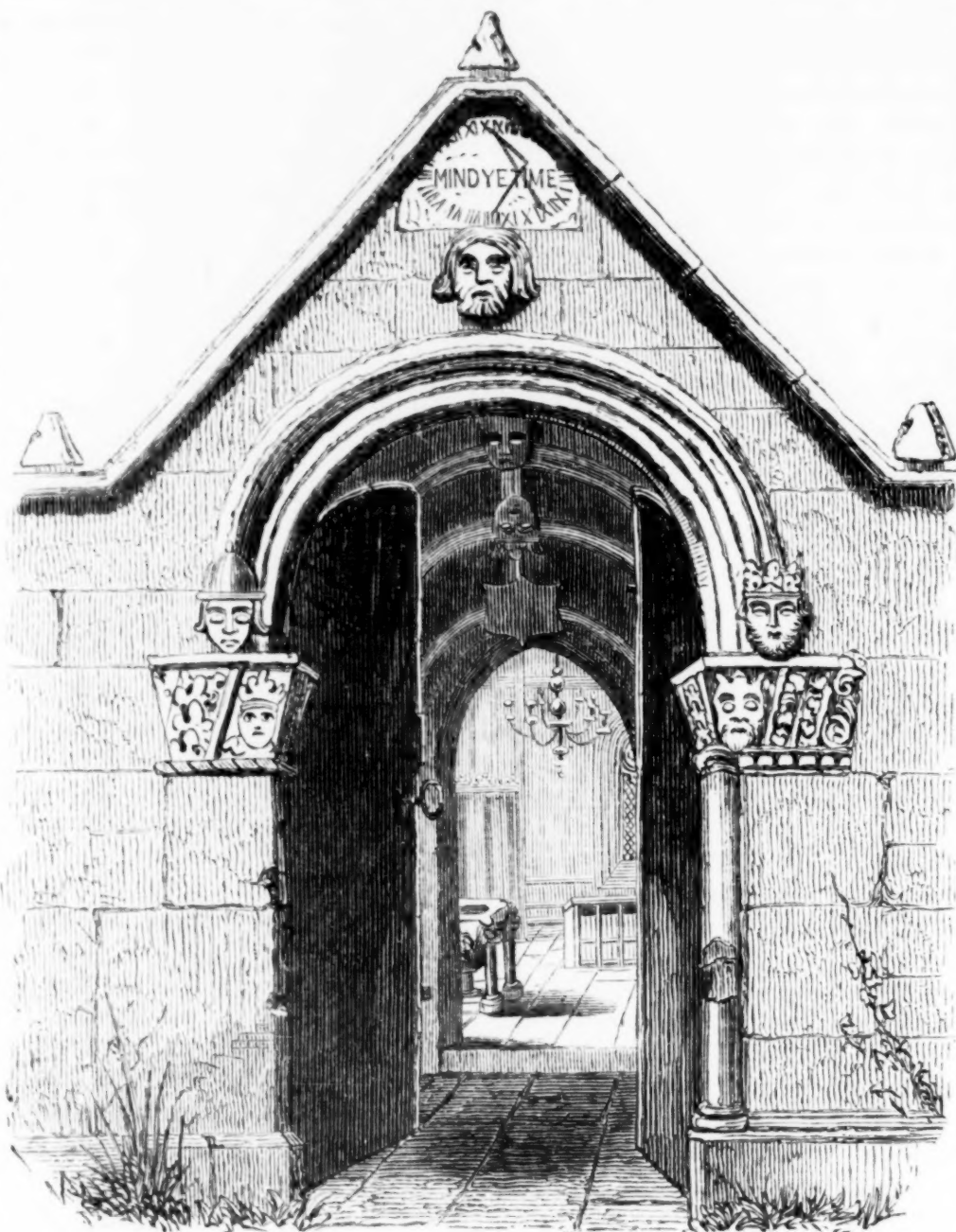
omened no good, informed us that it was quite impossible to accommodate us for the night, even with a sofa, the last possible bed, composed of three chairs and the only remaining blanket, having just been completed to order. Supper too was impracticable it seemed, the last fowl—even the last rasher—having been consumed by her voracious visitors. We must make the best of our way to St. Austle; and the only consolation she could suggest was, that a gentleman-visitor from that place, who was about returning, had offered to be our guide.

Our friend proved a very chatty and intelligent young fellow, who managed so well to beguile the way that we almost forgot how tired we were. He told us of the great prospects of his native place, St. Austle, in consequence of the rapidly increasing demand for the white clay found in its neighbourhood by potteries and porcelain-works throughout the kingdom. He was, he said, in the "clay-business" himself; and we should be able to form some notion of the extent of this new branch of Cornish industry, when, in the morning, we saw every stream for miles round running white as milk from the washings at the numberless works. And then he expatiated upon the size and beauty of the three or four leading shops; after which he passed to the church,—“our famous church,” as he called it,—the tower being covered, he said, with fine “carvings,” among which were “all kinds of beasts, and the twelve apostles, and no end of beautiful ornaments.”

The next morning by six we were again *en route*. The church is indeed a remarkable building, the tower being the finest in Cornwall, with the sole exception of that of Probus. The whole church is richly decorated in the most elaborate manner of the fifteenth century, the principal mouldings being highly enriched with a fine Gothic version of the Grecian honeysuckle-pattern; and along a kind of basal frieze—if one may be allowed to invent such a term—are disposed a series of quaintly-sculptured shields, at equal distances, displaying as their bearings what have been termed the “arms” of Christ; that is to say, the “nails,” the “pincers,” the “ladder,” the “spear,” and many other



objects connected with the Crucifixion, each treated in good set heraldic fashion as the blazonry of a different shield. The figures of the apostles—in corbelled, canopied, and crocketed



CHURCH PORCH AT TREGONY.

niches high up the tower—were in fair preservation; and the body of the church displayed a fine file of traceried windows, of what is termed the “perpendicular” epoch of Gothic architecture. One of the proofs of the great ecclesiastical prosperity of Cornwall in the fifteenth century is, that both this fine church and that of Trenance were only chapels-of-ease to the mother at Tywardreath.

Leaving St. Austle, we met several waggons heavily loaded with the famous white clay. Its final form of preparation for export, after its innumerable washings, is in square lumps, about the size of those of salt. One would be led to think at first that, instead of sending this clay all the way to Staffordshire, it would be more profitable to establish a porcelain manufactory on the spot; but another element equally essential in such a manufacture is entirely absent: there is not a single seam of coal in all Cornwall.

As we journeyed on, the first thing that struck us, on turning to look back towards St. Austle, was the line of the Plymouth and Cornwall Railway, now in progress of construction, a portion of which stretched across the valley, raised in the air upon huge stilts of iron in the form of open branching piers. This viaduct forms a very fine object in the landscape; but has, it is said, been condemned by the Government surveyor as unsafe. Under the bridge from which we obtained this view, dashed a stream from the clay-works, like a cataract of milk; this was joined at different points by many equally milky tributaries, and among the dark foliage of the bank produced a very singular effect.

Tregony—pronounced with the accent short upon the first syllable, Treg'-ony—is a quaint, old-world-looking, single-streeted post-town; the tower and clock of the market-place giving it an ancient look of respectability, and at the same time a touch of the picturesque.

The church stands upon a knoll considerably above the road, at, or rather just before, the entrance to the town; the churchyard being approached by a flight of steps covered by a roof supported on wooden columns, after the manner of the roofs of Swiss bridges, such as I recollect, especially in the Canton of Lucerne. From beneath this roof, on the side next the road, are two depending iron-looped brackets for the reception of lanterns, to light the congregation down the steep steps after service on the dark winter evenings.

The stone porch of the church itself appears older than any other portion of the building, except perhaps the ancient font, supported on its four short columns, the capitals of which are cherubs' heads, looking quite as much like griffins. The carvings about the porch are of a similar order to that of the font, apparently as old as the Anglo Saxon period, though in all probability of native Cornish workmanship. We give a sketch of it above.



INCIDENT FROM "REYNARD THE FOX." BY WILHELM VON KAULBACH.

The National Magazine.

[It is found impossible to reply to the number of letters received; nor can unaccepted Mss. be returned, except in very special cases.]

INCIDENT FROM "REYNARD THE FOX."

BY WILHELM VON KAULBACH.

CARLYLE, in his Essay on Early German Literature, with characteristic force and truth, says of the ancient Apologue of Reynard the Fox, that it "is, more than any other, a truly European performance: for some centuries, a universal household possession and secular bible, read every where, in the palace and the hut: it still interests us, moreover, by its intrinsic worth, being on the whole the most poetical and meritorious production of our western world in that kind; or perhaps of the whole world, though, in such matters, the west has generally yielded to, and learned from, the east."

It is unnecessary to enter upon any detailed explanation of the engraving here presented; it will be sufficient merely to recall to the reader's memory the passage where, in Reynard's description of the mirror, the ass, jealous of his master's preference for the dog, attempts to imitate the tricks

of the latter with his own clumsy gambols, and the reception thereof by his magnanimity the leonine king, which the artist has given with such grandeur of humour, so to speak, supporting the same with all that ludicrous by-play of the alarmed quadrupedal courtiers, and self-sufficient absorbed air of the valet, who has the mane of his majesty in hand, and is too fully persuaded of the importance of that trust to allow himself to be interrupted by any minor matter whatever.

There is a great dispute as to the country and language in which *Reynard the Fox* was first compiled; some authors claim for it a French, some a German (high or low), a Walloon, or a Dutch origin. The earliest known printed copy is, curiously enough, in English; translated, printed, and published by Caxton. He says, "I have not added ne mynsshed, but have followed as nyghe as I can my cotype, whych was in dutche; and by me Willm Caxton translated in this rude and symple englyssh in thabbey of Westminster, and fynnyshed the vi daye of Juyn the yere of our lord 1481, the 21 yere of the regne of Kynge Edward the iiijth." The fact of Caxton publishing *Reynard* among the very few books which it was in his power to produce, proves, more than a dozen volumes of antiquarian research could do, the high estimation in which it was held in his day. A version more resembling that now in use than Caxton's was printed at Lubeck in 1498, under the signature of Himrek von Alkmer.

L. L.

GRAVE LITERATURE.*

"The history of England is written upon the tombs of her departed children." This is true in more ways than one. Most obviously it is true when we visit some such glorious shrine of the great departed as Westminster Abbey, and read over the long roll of noble deeds and mighty works which they have wrought. Less obvious but not less true is this, when we consider the varied mode and style of sepulchre which piety or pride, love for the dead or vanity in the living, has erected in successive ages. What a different tale is told by the image of the recumbent crusader,—clothed as in lifetime with his shirt of mail, and with the trusty sword at his side, whose blade has done fell havoc among the faithless paynims, and whose hilt is the emblem of the holy faith for which he fought,—to that conveyed by the hideous paraphernalia of a Georgian mausoleum, bedizened with blue and crimson, adorned with lachrymose cherubs, and surmounted by urns, pots, and other innumerable devices, which, if they have any symbolical meaning at all, would baffle the skill of the most cunning "mason!" Or if we go back even before the Plantagenet times, to when England was yet under Saxon rule, then the dead were laid to rest in "God's acre;" and over them was set a cross of chaste design, on which were written simply the name and age of the deceased, and an exhortation to the reader to pray for the soul of him who lies there. The English language was not fully formed, and men were not able to be verbose; and so over the remains of Edward the Confessor there are but three lines of praise, while courtly Bishop Porteus has written not less than twenty-eight elegant verses upon that very uncanonical sovereign George II.

Epitaphs of any length are scarcely to be found prior to the eleventh century; and such inscriptions as were common were in the Latin language. During the Norman reigns, and down to the fifteenth century, French epitaphs were frequent in this country. The most interesting of the latter is that at Canterbury Cathedral on the Black Prince, 1376. The following translation is by Mr. J. G. Nichols, and is taken from the *Gentleman's Magazine*:

"Whoe'er thou art, with lips comprest,
That passest where this corpse doth rest,
To that I tell thee, list, O man!
So far as I to tell thee can.
Such as thou art, I was but now;
And as I am, so shalt be thou.
Death little did my thoughts employ
So long as I did life enjoy;
On earth great riches were my fate,
With which I kept a noble state,—
Great lands, great houses, treasures great,
Hangings and horses, gold and plate.
Yet now I am but poor and base,
Deep in the earth is now my place;
My flesh is wasted all away,
Reduced my splendour to decay;
My house is very strait and short,
Forsooth in me is utter naught;
Nay, such a change has passed o'er me,
That could you now my features see,
I scarcely think you aught could scan
To show that I was once a man.
For God's sake, pray the heavenly King
That He my soul to mercy bring!
All who for me their prayers shall spend,
Or me to God shall recommend,
God make His paradise their home,
Wherein no wicked soul may come."

But before this date we meet with epitaphs in the vernacular, most of which end with a request that the reader would repeat a "Pater" or an "Ave" for the benefit of the soul of the departed. Immediately preceding the Reformation, we find a promise of so many days' indulgence appended to the request. After that epoch, the monuments of the dead became prostituted, says Mr. Pettigrew, "to the base purposes of adulation; their only object seeming to be to convey

to their readers a high sense of the personal dignity and importance of the deceased, to commemorate the benefactions he had made, and to acquaint the world with the number of his progeny." (p. 74.)

The tombs of the early Stuart times, though cumbrous, were yet not wholly devoid of beauty. The stately old gentleman, in the graceful garments with which Vandyke has made us so familiar, lying beside his faithful wife in marble sleep, with their children kneeling at their feet, increasing in size with the most perfect arithmetic progression,—all this was of the purest art when compared with the huge abominations of seventy and a hundred years later. Fuller quaintly says, "Tombs are the clothes of the dead; a grave is but a plain suit, and a rich monument is one embroidered." Such hideous costly "clothes" as these should surely have been prohibited by a sumptuary law. Their only use is as a foil; as, for instance, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where they set forth to greater advantage the exquisite purity of the monument to the Princess Charlotte.

With the reign of the third George, medallions began to supersede the old stock of puffy-cheeked archangels and blubbery cherubim. At this time, too, epitaphs had become quite a branch of polite literature. Pope had already shown his skill in elegiac writing; and Johnson took no little pride in composing sonorous Latin sentences to the honour of departed worth.

There is no more striking feature of the habits of Englishmen in this latter half of the nineteenth century than the multiplication of cemeteries; and, perhaps consequently, improvement in our mortuary architecture has of late years been very marked. The Christian artist is no longer confined to the old conventional sarcophagus, the used-up urn, and broken column; the cross is once again restored to its old dignity. We tread on green turf instead of cold flags, and flowers instead of dust cover the last earthly home of the beloved. Here we may walk in solemn thoughtfulness, and with Klopstock muse

"How they so softly rest,
All, all the holy dead,
Unto whose dwelling-place
Now doth my soul draw near.
And they no longer weep
Here, where complaint is still;
And they no longer feel
Here, where all gladness flies;
And by the cypresses
Softly o'ershadowed,
Until the angel calls them
They slumber."

I have said that the epitaphs in the early centuries of English history were mostly very short; they were likewise very little varied. The one on Edward the Confessor, already alluded to, is exceedingly brief. It is as follows:

"Omnibus insignis virtutum laudibus heros,
Sanctus Edwardus Confessor, Rex venerandus,
Quinto die Januarii moriens super aethera scandit.
Sursum corda.
Moritur anno Domini MLXV."

Somewhat later we find two or three sentiments incessantly repeated, although the words may be somewhat varied. One of these occurs in the epitaph on the Black Prince already quoted. An earlier example offers at Lewes, on John Warren, seventh Earl of Surrey, who died A.D. 1304:

"Vous qe passez, on bouche close
Près pour cely ke cy repose;
En vie come vous estis jadis fu,
Et vous tiel serietz come je su," &c. (Pett. p. 43.)

This idea, if of English origin, which is doubtful, was by no means confined to our country. We find in one of the various pieces written for the *Triumph of Death*, by Antonio Alamanni, the following lines:

"Fummo già come voi siete,
Voi sarete come noi;
Morti siam come vedete,
Così morti vedrem voi."

* *Chronicles of the Tombs*. By Thomas Joseph Pettigrew, F.R.S., F.S.A., &c. London: Bohn.

Or, according to Roscoe's translation,

"Once like you we were,
Spectres now you see;
Such as we now are,
Such you soon shall be."

The Triumph of Death was a scenic exhibition, the invention of a Tuscan painter, Piero di Cosimo; and it was thought that he intended more than merely to excite the horror of the Florentines at so gloomy a spectacle. The procession was supposed to intimate the deathlike state of Florence at the time when the Medici were banished.

The following is by no means an uncommon epitaph:

"Look, man, before thee, how thy death hasteth;
Look, man, behind thee, how thy death wasteth;
Look on thy right side, how death thee desireth;
Look on thy left side, how sin thee beguileth;
Look, man, above thee, joys that ever will last;
Look, man, beneath thee, the pains without rest."
(*Pettigrew*, p. 62.)

The following is at least superior to the old worn-out

"Afflictions sore long time I bore,
Physicians was in vain," &c.;

it is to be found at Inverness, on one John Stewart:

"Ask thou who lies within this place so narrow?
I'm here to-day, thou may'st be here to-morrow:
Dust must return to dust, our mother;
The soul returns to God, our Father."
(*Ibid.* p. 65.)

An epitaph on George Heriot of Edinburgh is forcible (A.D. 1610):

"Viator qui sapis, unde vies, quid vis, quidque futurus sis,
hinc nosce:
Vita mihi mortis, mors vitæ, janua facta est,
Solaque mors mortis vivere posse dedit.
Ergo quisquis adhuc mortali vesceris aura,
Dum licet, ut possis vivere, disce mori."
(*Ibid.* p. 65.)

Very common is the inscription,

"What I spent, I had;
What I gave, I have;
What I kept, I lost."
(*Ibid.* p. 72.)

Frequent too is this,—

"The bitter cup that Death gave me
Is passing round to come to thee."
(*Ibid.* p. 62.)

While lastly, under various forms, the following may often be met with:

"Erth goyth upon Erth as mold upon mold,
Erth goyth upon Erth al glystering in gold,
As though Erth to Erth her turne shold,
And yet must Erth to Erth sooner than he wolde."
(*Ibid.* p. 67.)

In all these the sentiment is tersely and aptly expressed. But epitaphs are not always thus perspicuous: some are veritable riddles, by no means easily to be guessed; such as the subjoined, to be seen at Lamspring, in Germany:

"O Quid Tua Te
Be! Bis? Bia Abit
Ra Ra Ra
Es Et In
Ram Ram Ram
II
Et Sis ut Ego Nunc;"

which must thus be read:

"O superbe! quid superbis? tua superbia
Te superabit
Terra es, et in terram ibis,
Et sis ut ego nunc."
(*Ibid.* p. 68.)

"Where are all the bad people buried?" asked the little child of its mother, as hand in hand they wandered slowly through a crowded churchyard. The child, though young, had noticed, that according to the epitaphs every person interred within that ground was possessed of all the virtues and all the graces. Neither mother nor child knew Latin, or else, perhaps, the answer would have been, *De mortuis*

nil nisi bonum. And yet is this a fair answer? Does Death destroy the difference between the *bonum* and the *verum*? Sterne says it "opens the gate of Fame, and shuts the gate of Envy after it;" and Tasso pleads,

"Perdona all' alma mai di luce prive:
Non dee guerra co' morti aver chi vive."

And this is right indeed; for however little we know has been done, we cannot tell what has been resisted. But piety and affection should have their limits. Nothing can be more absurd or profane than to write the laudatory words of Scripture on the tomb of a "notorious evil-liver;" or to inscribe the sixth beatitude on the grave of one who had constantly broken the seventh commandment: and to bestow this senseless flattery on those who from high station or great talents have become conspicuously wicked, is even more unwise. Well says the old dramatist, Cyril Tourneur:

"What is it to have a flattering false inscription on a tomb,
And in men's hearts reproach? The bowelled corps
May be seared; but (with free tongue I speak)
The faults of great men through their scar-clothes break."

And for that great multitude which

"Floruit sine fructu;
Defloruit sine luctu,"

let us not ascribe to each individual thereof sufficient virtues to stock a hundred heroes, but follow Dante's advice:

"Fama di loro il mondo esser non lassa;
Misericordia e giustizia gli degna:
Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa."

Perhaps, indeed, it is amongst these that the "wicked people" are for the most part classed. Perishing without the regrets of the survivors, these have not deemed it worth the expense to erect a monument that shall commemorate great vices, and serve as a beacon of warning to the living. They have died, and made no sign.

But it is not always that they escape a perpetuity of obloquy. The *Chronicles of the Tombs* are not without instances of damnatory epitaphs. Upon our King John more than one such remains; so also upon the vile Borgia, Pope Alexander VI.:

"The Spaniard lieth here that did all honestie defie;
To speake it briefly, in this tombe all villanie doth lie."

Savaricus, bishop of Bath and Wells, seems to have been one of that very disagreeable species of animals, a two-legged whirlwind. Of him it was said:

"Hospes erat mundo, per mundum semper eundo;
Sic suprema dies, fit sibi prima quies."
(*Pettigrew*, p. 178.)

While of a soldier, no less active than the churchman, Guicciardini records:

"Hic mortuus requiescit semel,
Qui vivus requiescit nunquam."

More familiar are the old-fashioned lines:

"My wife's dead,
There let her lie;
She is at rest,
And so am I."
(*Pettigrew*, p. 179.)

Indeed, the *Chronicles of the Tombs* by no means give a favourable impression of the character of the gentler sex.

The Irish widower is careful not to abuse his departed spouse over-much, lest she should find out some means to punish him; and so Patrick Leary of Belfast writes:

"Beneath this stone lies Katherine, my wife,
In death my comfort, and my plague through life.
O Liberty!—But soft: I must not boast,
She'll haunt me else, by jingo, with her ghost."
(*Ibid.* p. 190.)

Burns has given us another epitaph of a similar description:

"As father Adam first was fooled,—
A case that's still too common,—
Here lies a man a woman ruled;
The devil ruled the woman."

"Anna Lovett" seems not to have been particularly lovable:

"Beneath this stone, and not above it,
Lie the remains of Anna Lovett.
Be pleased, good reader, not to shove it,
Lest she should come again above it;
For, 'twixt you and I, no one does covet
To see again this Anna Lovett." (*Pett.* p. 191.)

Yet the other sex has its share of posthumous abuse. William Lilly, the celebrated astrologer, seems to have had foes who survived him, and to whom Death has certainly not "shut the gate of envy."

That which is neither "fish, flesh, nor good red-herring," deserves an immortality of opprobrium; and so in Glasgow churchyard we read:

"Here lies Mass Andrew Gray,
Of whom ne muckle good can I say.
He was ne Quaker, for he had ne spirit;
He was ne Papist, for he had ne merit;
He was ne Turk, for he drank muckle wine;
He was ne Jew, for he eat muckle swine.
Full forty years he preach'd and le'd,
For which God doom'd him when he de'ed."
(*Ibid.* p. 185.)

But perhaps the most tremendously severe memorial is that on the celebrated Francis Chartres. Dean Swift has commonly the merit of its authorship, but it was really composed by his friend Arbuthnot:

"Here continueth to rot
The body of Francis Chartres,
Who, with an inflexible constancy
And inimitable uniformity of life,
Persisted,
In spite of Age and Infirmities,
In the practice of every human Vice,
Excepting Prodigality and Hypocrisy:
His insatiable Avarice exempted him from the first,
His matchless Impudence from the second.
Nor was he more singular in the undeviating pravity
Of his manners than successful in accumulating
Wealth;
For without Trade or Profession,
Without Trust of Public Money,
And without bribe-worthy service,
He acquired—or, more properly, created—
A Ministerial Estate.
He was the only person of his time
Who could cheat without the Mask of Honesty;
Retain his primeval manners when possessed of
Ten thousand a-year;
And having daily deserved the gibbet for what he did,
Was at last condemned to it for what he could
not do.
O, indignant reader,
Think not his life useless to Mankind!
Providence conniv'd at his execrable designs,
To give to after ages a conspicuous Proof and
Example
Of how small estimation is exorbitant wealth in
the sight of God,
By bestowing it on the most unworthy of
All Mortals." (*Ibid.* p. 186.)

Landon remarks, that "though it may seem a paradox, the gravest nations have ever been the wittiest." And the gravest nation of Europe, which "takes even its pleasures sadly," has found matter for mirth in the (asking pardon for an unintended pun) gravest of all subjects. Even Blair's gloomy face must have worn a smile when conning the ludicrous inscriptions that grace our tombs. It has often been remarked, that never does a man feel so inclined to be outrageously merry (provided, of course, he is not a near relative of the deceased) as at a funeral. There is something innately absurd in our present mode of conducting the "last sad rites." Perhaps, for the sake of the real mourners, it is best that this should be. The intensity of grief is lessened, the sharpness of sorrow alleviated. Bishop Horne has added another plea for the cumbersome grotesqueness of our funerals. "Cheerfulness," he says, "is the daughter of employment; and I have known a man come home in high spirits from a funeral, merely because he had the management of

it;" and it was long ago declared, *Curatio funeris, conditio sepulturae, pompa exsequiarum, magis sunt vivorum solatia, quam subsidia mortuorum.*

But still one would scarcely expect that this singularly-timed mirth would linger in the churchyard. And yet the jester may be seen ringing his bells, and sitting astride upon a gravestone. It is not the ghastly laughter of a Hamlet that is heard pealing among the tombs, but the jocund merriment of genuine glee. Horace Walpole truly observed, that while life is a tragedy to those who feel, it is only a comedy to those who think. The anguish of bereavement finds no relief but in a confession of faith, "I believe in the resurrection of the dead;" and inscribes upon the grave of the beloved departed words of resignation and of hope. But where the affections are not concerned, the moralist finds occasion to smile at the futile activity which squanders time and money in celebrating the fame of those who were "never heard of half a mile from home," or the virtues of some whose sole merit was that they did a little less harm than their fellows, or the intellect of others who had but soul enough to "keep their bodies sweet."

The survivors of Catherine Gray, buried in a churchyard at Chester, are exhorted by one of these light-hearted philosophers not to grieve over-much:

"Beneath this stone lies Catherine Gray,
Changed to a lifeless lump of clay:
By earth and clay she got her pelf,
And now she's turned to earth herself.
Ye weeping friends, let me advise,
Abate your tears and dry your eyes;
For what avails a flood of tears?
Who knows but in a course of years,
In some tall pitcher or brown pan,
She in her shop may be again?" (*Pett.* p. 477.)

Wherein we see another illustration of the imagination that could fancy

"Imperial Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

The philosopher is a clever portrait-painter, and hits the characteristic features of a gourmand with a few strokes of his pencil:

"Here lie the bones
Of Joseph Jones,
Who ate whilst he was able;
But once o'erfed,
He dropt down dead,
And fell beneath the table.
When from the tomb,
To meet his doom,
He rises amidst sinners,
Since he must dwell
In heaven or hell,
Take him—which gives best dinners."
(*Ibid.* p. 496.)

The glutton is a favourite study of our Democritus. Here is one:

"Randolph Peter,
Of Oriel the eater.
Whoe'er you are, tread softly, I entreat you;
For if he chance to wake, be sure he'll eat you."
(*Ibid.* p. 497.)

Had John Randal lived when the frantic priests of Bacchus yelled their mad "Evoes," he would have been deemed right worthy of the thyrsus:

"Here old John Randal lies,
Who, counting from his tale,
Lived three-score years and ten,
Such virtue was in ale.
Ale was his meat,
Ale was his drink,
Ale did his heart revive;
And if he could have drunk his ale,
He still had been alive."
(*Ibid.* p. 499.)

The "bull" is a species of witticism generally attributed to "the Irishman;" and in the following inscription, to be seen at Monknewton, near Drogheda, he would seem to maintain his old fame:

"Erected by Patrick Kelly,
Of the town of Drogheda, Mariner,
In memory of his Posterity.
Also the above Patrick Kelly,
Who departed this life the 12th August 1844,
Aged 60 years.
Requiescat in Pace." (Pett. p. 509.)

But "the Irishman" can no longer claim sole possession of this sort of wit. The Welshman and the Englishman may both enter the lists. Thus in Llanmynech churchyard we read,

"Here lies John Thomas
And his three children dear;
Two buried at Oswestry,
And one buried here." (Ibid. p. 509.)

And at Nettlebed, Oxfordshire,

"Here lies Father, and Mother, and Sister, and I,
Who all died within the short space of one short year.
They be all buried at Wimble except I,
And I be buried here."

But the shrewd Scot outdoes the three others, and carries off the prize for a double "bull":

"Here lie the remains of Thomas Nicholls, who died in Philadelphia, March 1753. Had he lived, he would have been buried here." (Ibid. p. 509.)

Judging from our churchyard literature, Napoleon would seem to have been right in calling England *la nation boutiquière*. Thus we read in Crayford churchyard, Kent, the following epitaph upon a parish-clerk:

"To the Memory of Peter Izod, who was 35 years parish-clerk of this parish, and always proved himself a pious and mirthful man.

The life of this Clerk was just three-score and ten,
During half of which time he had sung out, Amen.
He married when young, like other young men;
His wife died one day, so he chanted, Amen.
A second he took. She departed. What then?
He married and buried a third with, Amen.
Thus his joys and his sorrows were treble, but then
His voice was deep bass as he chanted, Amen.
On the horn he could blow as well as most men,
But his horn was exalted in blowing, Amen.
He lost all his wind after three-score and ten;
And here with three wives he waits till again
The trumpet shall rouse him to sing out, Amen."

(Ibid. p. 206.)

Perhaps the neatest of this sort of epitaph is that made by Benjamin Franklin upon himself:

"The body of
B. Franklin,
Printer,
Like the cover of an old book,
Its contents torn out,
And stripped of its lettering and gilding,
Lies here, food for worms.
But the work shall not be wholly lost;
For it will, as he believed, appear once more,
In a new and more perfect edition,
Corrected and amended
By the Author.
He was born Jan. 6, 1706;
Died 17 ."

B. F.

The following, we rejoice to say, is not an English epitaph, but is translated from the Spanish:

"Here lies the body of John Quebecca, precentor to my Lord the King. When his spirit shall enter the kingdom of Heaven, the Almighty will say to the Angelic Choir, 'Silence, ye calves, and let me hear John Quebecca, precentor to my Lord the King!'" (Pettigrew, p. 205.)

Royal epitaphs are not, as a general rule, interesting; but one that may be seen at St. Anne's, Soho, is striking:

"Near this place is interred
Theodore King of Corsica,
Who died in this parish, December 11, 1756,
Immediately after leaving
The King's-Bench Prison,
By the benefit of the Act of Insolvency;
In consequence of which
He registered the Kingdom of Corsica
For the use of his Creditors.

The grave—great teacher—to a level brings
Heroes and beggars, galley-slaves and kings;
But Theodore this moral learned ere dead,—
Fate poured its lessons on his living head,
Bestowed a kingdom, and denied him bread."

(Pettigrew, p. 320.)

The following is a Spanish epitaph written for our Queen Bess:

"Here lies Jezebel,
Here lies the new Athalia,
The Harpy of the Western world,
The cruel firebrand of the sea;
Here lies a Wit the most worthy of Fame
Which the Earth had,
If to arrive at Heaven she had not missed her way."

(Ibid. p. 313.)

The following is a degree worse, though in another way:

"The Queene was brought by water to Whitehall,
At every stroake the oares teares let fall:
More clung about the barge: fish under water
Wept out their eyes of pearle, and swome blind after.
I think the bargemen might with easier thighs
Have rowed her thither in her people's eyes;
For howsoe'er thus much my thoughts have scanned,
She'd come by water, had she come by land."

(Ibid. p. 313.)

Among royal epitaphs may be mentioned one which is not to be found in Mr. Pettigrew's book, but which may be seen in a Somersetshire churchyard. It is on the "Queen of the Gipsies," and has the rare merit of brevity:

"Here lies Margaret Jouly, a beauty bright,
Who left Isaac Jouly to mourn her flight."

We close these specimens of "Grave Literature" with the most beautiful and the shortest that we ever remember to have met with. The former is a different and superior version to that given by Mr. Pettigrew:

"She took the cup of Life to sip,
Too bitter 'twas to drain;
She meekly put it from her lip,
And went to sleep again."

The latter is to be found in Gloucester Cathedral, and consists of but one word:

"MISERRIMUS."

EDWARD SPENDER.

LIFE AS I SEE IT.

By AN ENGLISHWOMAN.

III. IN COUNTRY-HOUSES.

WHEN I turn over the leaves of one of those large volumes, bound in morocco and filled with grandeur, which purport to give an account of the "seats of the nobility and gentry" in any particular county, there rise to my mind various little luxurious interludes of life during which I have myself been a guest at some of the said seats,—have played billiards, and eaten French cookery, and taken my ease to that degree which made me feel like the immortal Tommy of the story-books, who, after a week of unlimited cakes and ale, implores, almost with tears in his eyes, to be allowed to go back to his lessons again. When I was a little girl, I never could be brought to believe in the possibility of such a result; but now that I am a great one, having outgrown tucks and trousers, and put away childish things, I know that the story contained a profound truth, and that it is easier to weary of luxury than of labour.

But there is a distinction with a difference in country-houses,—seats or castles. Some are the abodes of retired worth and learning, filled with the hard-won glories of high professional life; others are interesting from the accumulations of time,—their libraries rich in old, old editions, which went there fresh from the binder in their year of publication,—in tapestry worked by fair ladies, who lived and loved within their walls when those gray walls were young,—in funereal beds and spider-legged tables, showing the taste of

our forefathers to have been neat perhaps, but certainly not gaudy: other large and handsome dwellings, again, are spick and span new,—tossed up hot and fresh like a pancake, and about as devoid of any sentiment at all.

Houses are just as full of physiognomy as men; and the more years, the more lines and wrinkles,—the more varied expressions of an active middle-life, or a beautiful old age.

Who that has travelled will not recognise the soft and fragrant odour of the Mediterranean, when it lingers lovingly about the pictured walls of an English house? Thick are the carpets, and polished are the grates of the millionaire; he may rejoice in the downiest of beds, and in double doors of glass; he may hang his walls with proofs of Landseer, and may have amassed a large library on the principle of the parvenu who gave his librarian an order to furnish his shelves with books—"some of all sorts, big, little, and middling size;" his cook may be French, and his lady wife may pass her luxurious days in reading French novels in yellow binding of every shade between salt butter and beeswax;—but his labour will be in vain, and he will never achieve the distinction which 10*l.* spent in pleasant foreign trifles confer on the simple home of the travelled man. The hall alone of such a home betrays its stamp; the grisly dog, who seems to start from the mat, his dreadful whiskers horrent to behold, and *Cave canem* writ above his head, suggests those dainty courts even yet embedded under the vineyards, until Bomba find funds or tranquillity to disembowel the remaining two-thirds of Pompeii. The hall of such a home is plainly covered with matting, and on the walls thereof hang engravings of the Roman Forum, and the rocky Acropolis of a still more glorious city. The passages of such a home are ornamented with casts from the Uffizzi and the Vatican; but it is in the drawing-room that the choicest relics of travel are set forth. It is rich in portfolios of photographs; and on the mantel-piece are small bronzes of the temples of Vesta and Tivoli. Moorish slippers are under a glass-case; the inkstand is a miraculous adaptation of a Venetian gondola. The paper-weight is alabaster, with a painted picture of St. Peter's; the vases are Etruscan, at least in shape and colour. When one pays a call, and sits waiting for the lady of the house to appear (who always wears a Neapolitan brooch, and a cameo ring cut by Sorlini), one is haunted by a pleasant sense of dancing blue waters that advance not, neither recede, yet lap for ever with a gentle motion the grove-crowned cliffs of southern shores. If the weather is cold, it does but recall that most vicious tramontano, which is the evil one of winds; if warm, we seem to feel the soft thick sirocco blowing persistently from the South. And so we forget where we are for a few delightful moments, and wander with Ulysses once more.

These thoughts were awakened in my mind by a visit to a house on the western coast of Scotland. The Honourable Alexander Mosier was the owner thereof (one of the Mosiers of Harrytown,—his mother was a Campbell); and if he be not a happy man, he cannot have the soul of a poet, for what could a poet more desire? In itself his house is not much—merely a plain white barrack, built by his father, St. John Mosier; but its large rooms are furnished to the taste of a fairy prince. In his youth Alexander had a passion for yachting, and every inch of his dwelling bespeaks the travelled man and the scholar.

It was late when I got in, though I had divided the journey into two days; but Sandilands is some way from the main road, and I had to hire a little open shandy to take me up where the coach set me down. *Sandilands*, you say, reader; good gracious, what a name to give to one's estate! Yes, but in the first place, it is exactly descriptive; and in the next place, Alexander Mosier has in all he says and does a touch of that eccentricity which is to genius near akin. When I drove up in the shandy, at six o'clock of an October evening, I must say I thought it all looked very dreary. The large white house, backed by low firs, which it seemed to overtop by half their height; the long drive, belted by struggling young evergreens,—all looked most un-

promising; and I had never been there before. Mr. Mosier had known my parents; but this was my first introduction. The shandy drove up with a splendid sweep round a huge holly-tree in the grand ring; the bell was rung, out came a man-servant; in another moment out came the master,—a slight elderly man, with perfectly white hair, and eyes of the keenest animation. He had a strong dash of Huguenot blood in his veins; and this long-descended stream perpetually fizzed and bubbled in his lively glances. Something of French courtesy to women might be seen in the way he ushered me into the drawing-room; where sat his wife, a still handsome Scotch woman of sixty, playing with her grandchild, the only daughter of the only son long since dead. They sat me down by the fire, and warmed my soul with tea, and then sent me upstairs to prepare for dinner. My room was of immense height, with a large window, and a very tall bed, trimmed with volumes of light blue chintz. A fire burned brightly, a kettle sang on the bars, and very tall blue curtains draped the window, and excluded the chill October eve. But I like to look about me; and I drew aside the curtains, and opened the window. It looked out over a flat lawn,—a bare lawn embellished with a few new flower-beds,—to the black belt of firs. Hark! is that the wind sighing among their branches? A soft continuous roll, a murmur, a long grating sweep; surely the sea itself is there,—the wide open sea, which holds within its bosom pillared Staffa and Iona's sacred pile, and plays perpetually a bass to the tenderer treble of the firs. But nothing could I see save that impenetrable black barrier, whose sharp outlines now began to blurr with deepening twilight. So I shut the window, and began to reconnoitre the room. In one corner hung a bookshelf,—a little old bookshelf, which might have belonged to the married daughter in her girlhood. I mounted on a chair to examine its contents,—treasure-trove to me. What an odd collection! A battered French *Trésor*, and the single volume of Elizabeth Barrett's *Seraphim*, published in 1838, long ere her name had gone forth across the waters; Grattan's *Highways and Byways*; the *Ingoldsby Legends*, all falling to pieces; and a very clean copy of Mrs. Crowe's *Night-side of Nature*—and certainly once reading such an awful collection of ghost-stories is enough! I remember devouring it years ago, and not liking to go to bed for a month after. Piled on the top was *Grantley Manor*, that very pretty and pious novel, surmounted by the *Femme de Chambre* of the Countess of Blessington; the whole crowned by a dirty little French tome, dog-eared and dangerous in appearance, which turned out to be comparatively innocuous—*Le Beau Démon* of Paul Féval. As I finished reading the titles, the half-hour gong sounded like thunder through the house, taken up by the dogs in the courtyard, who bayed with most melancholy music of captivity. This meant to say that the table was spread in Valhalla, and that the gods must bestir themselves at the toilette; in token of which an infinitesimal French maid—smaller, slenderer, and more dapper, than an Englishwoman could possibly be—came to the door, by whose aid I was made *ravissante*, and ready to descend those wide carpeted stairs, and thread softly those lofty lighted corridors of a wealthy country-house, where nothing was visible but a tiny Italian greyhound, named Dante, dressed in a pink silk jacket, trimmed with fur, who sat up, begged, and cried for a cake, and looked like a king's son transformed by a wicked fairy.

Seated in the drawing-room were several guests, collected from the gentlemen's seats scattered around. Firstly, Lady Matton, the handsome widow of an admiral. Eminently handsome she had been,—one of those tall amply-moulded women who contrive to grow old as gracefully as they do every thing else. She always spoke with a certain soft drawl, beneath which lurked a power of cutting satire oddly at variance with her exceeding gentleness. But cats are to my fancy both gentle and satirical, and Lady Matton was very like a beautiful Persian cat.

Secondly, a certain Lord Henry D—, an old "younger

son; he was a tall slender man between fifty and sixty, who was reported to have been "very wild" in his youth, and to have thereby lost the favour of a great uncle, Mosier, who left a large fortune to our host Alexander instead of to the waster. But Lord Henry did not look wild now; neither did he bear malice apparently, for he sat perseveringly at Alexander's board, always last "over the walnuts and the wine," talking club-gossip and the smallest party-politics to his "slowly-dying pint of port;" always came in for a little Highland sporting in the autumn (on fine days), and flirted à l'outrance with all the young-lady guests who were not engaged with better game.

This brings me to a young lady who certainly never flirted with him, nor with any one else, I imagine,—Miss Rosalie St. John, daughter of that Mosier St. John who won the great chancery suit in 1835. Immensely wealthy, and blessed, or burdened, with only two children, Mosier St. John ranked with nobles. His son, Edward, had his own way in every thing, and parted his hair down the middle; was just at this present time, *à l'etat*, twenty-two, a model of elegant effeminacy, wore gloves in the house whenever the weather was cold, spoke Spanish, and played the guitar; had been caught serenading Miss Burton, the pretty young lady who superintended little Mary's education; only he unfortunately mistook the window, and got much pricked among the gooseberry-bushes, calling on old Mrs. Blowser, the respectable housekeeper (who had been forty years in the family, girl and woman), to "come to me, love." Mrs. Blowser made the house ring next morning with her virtuous indignation, and Mr. Edward was fain to beat a hasty retreat upon his own home.

Miss Rosalie was, to my mind, a more satisfactory character, though the list of her oddities would have stigmatised her as irretrievably "fast" in any other rank of life than her own. This young lady could only have grown up amidst the unchartered freedom of country-life on a large estate; in the middle class, she would inevitably have been drilled and drummed, and finally tabooed as a desperate character;—not so Rosalie! On her father's land, this happy young person—a short active girl of twenty, with fair complexion, dark brown hair, and deep gray eyes—rode, drove, shot, fished, wielded the oar or managed the helm, and did exactly what she liked. I have known her go deer-stalking in the loveliest Highland costume,—short linsey petticoat, thick brown stockings, and a brown hat and feather; her bonny young face shining like a mountain-lake at sunrise. She was a famous sailor, and wore a longish cloth skirt and pantaloons when she went yachting with her brother, declaring that costume to be much the most *comme-il-faut* for climbing up and down from the boats. She painted well in oils—better, I think, than any mere amateur I have known; but the accomplishment on which she particularly prided herself was the making of artificial flies. She showed me a large boxful, made carefully after a direction-book, and said she had made "two a-day for two months." Certainly, they were fine specimens of delusive etymology. Miss St. John and myself did not amalgamate at all for the first few days (she also was a visitor); and, for a short person, she possessed the most remarkable faculty of looking straight over the head of any one whom she did not wish to see. But she gradually made up her mind that I was above the frivolities of fashionable life, and condescended to a certain polite nod, and items of voluntary information about the sights of the neighbourhood.

But I am wandering away from the dinner, which was long; the pretty grandchild came down in a dainty little white frock, of which the skirt was not much longer than the frill of a spencer, and played with a large Princess-Royal doll (it does not seem so long since the august original was a baby, and now she is going to be married). The little lady behaved beautifully, and so did a small companion and second cousin, Horace Mosier. Horace was dressed in a blue velvet tunic, and his long brown curls fell low over his shoulders, nearly hiding his Vandyke collar. These children made

no noise, and it was curious to see how perfectly they were thus early trained to the ways of the world. Bad manners seemed impossible to them; their naughtiness must have had some other safety-valve, and I wondered what it could be,—whether such finished little specimens ever cried and howled for sugared bread-and-butter like other infants, or whether all really was gold that glittered?

Presently the ladies rose, each accoutred with the delicate white gloves, and swam out of the room, managing their unmanageable crinolines with wonderful dexterity, and settled down by the drawing-room fire like so many full-plumaged doves. There they had coffee, and discussed things in general—by no means in a gossiping way, but rather with a certain low-toned elegance which softly touched the tips and prominences of the topics; for be it observed to all defamers of the fair sex, that well-educated women of the upper class do not exactly gossip like washerwomen over a cup of tea. They are too polished, too well furnished by education for that; travel and reading outweigh the petty concerns of a neighbourhood, and their social circle comprises foreign courts and consulates. No, they don't gossip, in the ordinary acceptation of the term; but they seem to live in a charmed atmosphere, where the deeper darker clouds of life float not; in an aerial upper stratum,—among the cirri, as Ruskin would say,—catching the first light of dawn and the last glow of even, and travelling pleasantly in multitudinous companies above all that low cumulous vapour which does the necessary work of the agricultural world. But these ladies, however little they in their park and carriage life can know of the harder facts of existence, are often, so far as I have seen them, amiable, conscientious, often deeply religious, and, in their own way, self-denying. What *can* they know of the blacker phenomena of life? The titled girl visits the cottager; she rarely visits the artisan; and of the non-agricultural people what can she know? What of Chartism, save as the cry of wolves afar off? What of infidelity and its mental pit, into which it is so easy to fall, and from which it is so hard to climb; while from its profound depths the blue of heaven seems black as midnight, illumined only with the stars of science and of song? What of epidemics,—fever and cholera,—and all the wrack they bring? What of debt and the pawnbroker, or offended law and the sheriff's warrants? What of the thousand-and-one chances and events of this busy struggling world which mould the character and fix the lot of the million? In her life she casts but one die,—her heart; and oftentimes, by early precept and inculcated necessity, that one die is loaded.

When a fair aristocratic face reveals some dread and startling tale, then be sure it bears the stamp of a horrible heartache, in which emotions count for incidents and words can kill; which has for the time flung the owner from her soft carpeted palace of art out on to the bare blank stones of existence, where wander perpetually those ghastly companions whom *she* sees not, or cannot recognise,—the apparitions of Poverty and of Crime.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

HE IS NOT WORTH POWDER AND SHOT; *i. e.* He is not worth suing; it would be a waste of money to go to law with him. —This is the only sense in which the phrase is used among us. The corresponding Dutch phrase—"The bird is not worth the shot," *De vogel is het schot niet waardig*—is of more general application, like the French saying, "The play is not worth the cost of candle,"—*Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*. Long before the late controversy on the plurality of worlds, this last proverb was happily applied by a French writer in the following sentence: "If the stars that people the firmament were destined only to gladden our sight, *le jeu ne vaudrait pas la chandelle*."

W. K. KELLY.

PORTRAIT OF GERARD DOUW.

PAINTED BY HIMSELF.

THE portraits of painters by their own hand have always a supreme interest to the spectator, as possessing much of the quality of autobiography, in intense and personal rendering of character; they are almost invariably excellent examples of the artist's skill in execution, because he can therein dispose himself in the *pose* and freedom of attitude most advantageous to the work; he can assume a costume most to his personal taste, and, in short, can wield the whole machine of his picture, so to speak, with the greatest facility and promise of success.

The work here engraved is a marked example of the result of all these favouring circumstances tending to produce a characteristic and valuable portrait. The painter sits before us, precisely as he might have sat two hundred years ago, in a company of his friends, engaged in an easy chat, listening, as he seems, to a remark: he has turned a little round, disengaged the pipe from his lips, with recognising attention heeds the speaker, and seeming to arrange his thoughts for a reply, has become—such is the artist's skill—one of the living company, instead of the dead resemblance of a man who passed from the earth six generations since.

The records of the life of Gerard Douw are, as with most painters, very brief. His history is only to be written in that of his works; these are scattered,—some at St. Petersburg, several at Dresden, many in the Prussian collections, still more in Paris, a considerable number in his native country, while in England they are not infrequent (the portrait is in the National Gallery). Nothing proves the popularity of an artist more than the diffusion of his pictures; and judged by this test, Gerard Douw should stand high in the world's estimation. He belonged to a class of painters somewhat peculiar to his age and country; for with the thought of him the critic always associates the names of Mieris, Metzre, Terburg, and several others of inferior merit. They all took a similar choice of subject,—portraits, scenes in domestic life, military incidents, occurrences in travel, and now and then representations of matters of broad humour; which last, however, were at no time so coarse in feeling as those by Ostade, Teniers, Wouwerman, and others. A lady washing her hands, a trumpeter delivering despatches, the departure of travellers from an inn, are well-known examples of the first-named description; and of the latter, a dentist operating upon a patient was with them all a strong favourite.

It is clear from this that they cared little for subject. They did not seek to tell us any thing beyond the customs of their own time; no lesson and no instruction would be gained from the motive of their pictures. They triumphed in the exquisite finish of drapery, the rendering of texture, of quiet light and shade, and in individual character. These were their aims; and in these they perfectly succeeded. It is scarcely possible to conceive a more perfect success in the painting of satin than some of Gerard Douw's pictures exhibit; all the softness, the firmness, the plumpness, and the lustre of that fabric are reproduced to a marvel. His successes were the result of the utmost intensity of labour; it is recorded that he once spent five days in the painting of a lady's hands in a portrait, to the intense disgust of the sitter; and at last he was compelled to abandon portrait painting, and give himself entirely to such subjects as we have mentioned.

Gerard Douw was born at Leyden in 1613, the son of a glazier; first commenced the study of art under the glass-painter Kowenhoorn; at the age of fifteen became a pupil of Rembrandt, with whom he remained three years, and doubtless derived the power of skilfully painting draperies from this master. His works were greatly prized by the French nobles of that time, and there now exist no less than fifteen of his works in the Paris Museum. He died at the age of sixty-one, in the year 1674.

L. L.

DUMB-SHOWS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THAT the course of time is circular, and time itself a "whirligig that brings in its revenges," is an adage admitted from Æsop to Emerson. The present state of pantomime literature might be quoted by way of example. The Christmas holidays of the past and present year, peculiarly rich in this species of entertainment, demonstrate that more than usual pains have been bestowed on its production. But what principally strikes the thoughtful mind is the higher literary status that the pantomime-openings have attained. The dialogue of their introductions now emulates in elegance the *Rape of the Lock* and the *Dunciad*. The talents of Mr. Mark Lemon, Mr. W. Brough, Mr. E. L. Blanchard, and Mr. Buckstone, are alike ambitiously exerted to impart an intellectual tone to these prefatory dramas. There were, in particular, lines and couplets in the *Conrad and Medora* last year at the Lyceum,—smart, well-balanced, and neatly turned,—which a few years ago would have made the reputation of a satiric writer. The same clever author treats us this Christmas, we find, with a burlesque version of a still more elevated theme. *Lalla Rookh* is the subject; and the adventures of the Peri, first shut out from Paradise, and then readmitted after proper atonement, form the action. We understand that the spectacle will exceed in magnificence that of last season; particularly the transformation-scene, which will present the unfolding glories of a recovered Eden. Fancies of this kind, and smart allusions in the dialogue, are now the principal features of the modern pantomime; and the "dumb-show" that constitutes the harlequinade takes an inferior position.

Modern pantomimes must have a purpose. Perhaps none of our writers better understand this than Mr. E. L. Blanchard; and this year at Drury Lane it is made even ostentatiously apparent. *Little Jack Horner; or, Harlequin A B C*, is the title, and the subject is the conquest of Intelligence over Ignorance. Jack has to overcome the difficulty of learning his letters, making pot-hooks and hangers, and mastering grammar and arithmetic. Driven by Ignorance to the bottom of the sea, the Electric Cable communicates the requisite knowledge. The changes take place in a submarine Coral Palace, built by Imagination. We are not, however, so sure of the object of the pantomime at the Princess's, which reverts to the story of *The White Cat; or, the Princess Blanchefleur and her four Godmothers*; but no doubt the dialogue will be found rich in allusions. The Haymarket, too, prefers an old subject, *The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood*; but carries out the old moral, showing how good ultimately prevails over evil. At the Olympic Mr. Robert Brough is in the ascendant, and has invented a story for the occasion under the title of *The Doge of Duralto; or, the Enchanted Eyes*. The theme is a play upon the phrase "pearly tear." The Doge's daughter is supposed to shed tears that really prove pearls; and the avaricious father to take advantage of the circumstance, and, by his cruelty, to make her shed enough. Out of this fanciful conception a number of amusing incidents are generated. The Doge will afford scope for Mr. Robson's tragic acting, in the style, it is reported, of his Daddy Hardacre. At the Adelphi the aim is still higher; *The Loves of Cupid and Psyche* is the subject. Mr. Charles Selby has resorted to Apuleius for his fable. Sadler's Wells is contented with the old theme of *Beauty and the Beast*; but it is abundant in moral suggestion. The Surrey rejoices in a philosophical and amorous argument, under the title of *Queen Mab; or, Harlequin Romeo and Juliet*.

"Dumb-shows" were frequently introduced in early English plays. The machinery of these accompaniments has been justly described as "cumbrous." They generally preceded the several acts, the contents of which they, for the most part allegorically, prefigured. Sometimes this mute mimicry was employed to cover the want of business in the play, being used by the more fastidious playwright to



SPECIMENS OF FOREIGN SCHOOLS: NO. XIII.

PAINTED BY HIMSELF.

PORTRAIT OF GERARD DOUW.

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fill up the interval during which a hero was expected from the Holy Land; or some similar incident that implied a lapse of time had to be prepared for.

We are probably indebted for the Clown in our harlequinades, the only speaking character in them, to the introduction of the *Devil* and the *Vice* in the Mysteries and Moralities. These personages were constant companions. The wit of the latter consisted in jumping on the fiend's back, and in a buffoon manner chastising the demon with a wooden sword till the latter bellowed under the correction. In dramas of higher mark also, they were accustomed to obtrude their impertinences on scenes of serious and solemn import; and the audiences witnessed such absurdities with rude delight. The grossness of their taste was on these occasions administered to by a clown, who thrust himself upon the scene to vent the ebullitions of his folly or his humour. He served the purpose of the Greek chorus, and was privileged to notice what was passing in the audience part of the theatre, and to enter into familiar conversation with the spectators, either between the acts or in the midst of the business of the scene. But there was a particular expectation that the clown should exhibit his talents at the conclusion of a play in an entertainment called a jig, in which he danced, sang, and chanted metrical nonsense to the accompaniment of a pipe and tabor.

These entertainments, as to their origin, were partly due to the custom of exhibiting pageants on great public occasions in honour and for the recreation of royalty. We find that historical and allegorical characters, appropriately habited, represented stories in dumb-show on temporary movable stages in the streets. It was not till the reign of Henry VI. that dialogue and set-speeches in verse were added. Masques were derived from this mixture. Hence also originated the introduction of profane characters on the Christian stage; and the combination, subsequently experienced, of pantomime and dialogue in the same play, and the allegorical representation in dumb-show of the matter of the scenes that followed.

But to understand the full philosophy of the matter, we must go yet further back in time. We read in Lucian an anecdote of the royal Prince of Pontus, who besought Nero to make him a present of a pantomimist, that he might be able to dispense with an interpreter in his negotiations with the barbarians. Lucian, in fact, gives us a long list of pantomimes; from which we find that the pantomimic art never employed itself in the invention of the subject, which was then always, as at present, founded on some known fable, on the accepted mythology, or on events in the history of former times, and which had grown familiar by tradition. This circumstance renders all the marvellous things related of Pylades, Bathyllus, and other pantomimists, conceivable, which, without it, simple as it may appear, would prove very mysterious. A false consequence was, however, suggested to the spectator. Knowing beforehand all that those celebrated artists wished to indicate and express, he was misled by force of the voluntary illusion to believe that the sole play of looks and gestures communicated to him all the ideas; whereas these, sleeping in the memory, stood in need of only a slight impulse readily to awaken.

It has been argued, that the play of pantomime was a sort of language; "but," says a critic who has treated this question with some acumen, "this pantomimical language will partake the inconvenience of all other languages,—of being forced to recur to certain radical signs and to analogies, which in designing equally a crowd of objects do not indicate any with exactitude and precision, and of which it is impossible to divine the true signification without first having gained a groundwork by instruction or by practice. The language which Rabelais makes Panurge speak might be composed of signs, well-chosen and adroitly adapted, without its being at all less an unintelligible *galimathias* for me, even when the expressions and the terms of the ancient French dialect are familiar to me."

In aid of this argument, the writer cites the authority

of St. Augustine, who reports, that during the establishment of pantomimes at Carthage, an interpreter was necessary to explain them to the people.

Some events in life have well-known characteristics and proprieties; those represented in pantomime speak at once for themselves. Some idea of this may be gathered from the descriptions given by travellers of the warlike dances of the American savages. These in one case, for instance, represented in pantomime all the events practised in a maritime expedition,—the march, the attack, the combat, the manner of taking prisoners, and the retreat.

"The dancer," says M. Charleroi, in relating a similar incident, "represented the departure of the warriors, the march; he goes in ambush, he makes his approaches, he stops as if to take breath; then, of a sudden, he grows furious, and one would think he was about to exterminate the whole world. Recovered from this excess, he seizes some one of the company, as if making him prisoner of war; he pretends to cleave the head of another. At length he falls to running with all his speed; he frequently stops to recover; this is a retreat, first hasty and then tranquil. Afterwards he expresses by various cries the different sensations he had experienced during his last campaign, and finishes with the recital of all the gallant actions he had performed during the war."

In a native dance of this sort, the Indian warrior has precisely the same design as the pantomime-actor,—to excite in the souls of his spectators the images of certain objects in a manner striking and intuitive. He paints, but with the comedian's sight; his representation is clear, for all know what he would imitate. The objects of his imitation, moreover, reduce themselves precisely to the motions of his body, which serve him as exactly as sight, colours, and contour aid and assist the painter. Father Lafiteau states, that

"Many of those who have lived amongst the Iroquois had assured him, that often after a chief of war, on his return, represents all which had passed in his expedition, and in the assaults he had made on or sustained from his enemies, without the omission of any circumstance, then all those who are present at this recital rise to dance, and represent these actions with as much vivacity as if they had actually assisted at them, without having been prepared for such a feat, or even concerting it among themselves."

Words, according to the rigid purists in pantomime-action, should never be resorted to for explaining pantomimic gestures. The same objection lies against the use of picturesque and uncertain signs; every thing, in fact, which is not intelligible by the expression of the sentiment should be rejected. In those sketches of plays which were acted in Italy previous to the reforms introduced by Goldoni, the author only provided the pantomimic *ordonnance*, so to speak; the dialogue was left to be improvised by the actors. In a work just published, we have an interesting description of this sort of play. Four characters, says the writer, appeared in every piece; under different circumstances, it is true, but invariably with the same attributes. They were the very pillars on which Italian comedy was supported. Representative types of character, they were endowed with names, dress, and manners, which never changed. The first of these persons was the Pantalone; he was an honest old man, a trader of Venice. He wore a black robe and woollen cap, a red waistcoat, breeches cut off short like drawers, red stockings and slippers, and a beard ridiculously long. It was the costume of the early Venetian traders, and is that still worn by one of our old friends of Christmas pantomime. The next was a member of the learned professions; he was the doctor. Supposed to be of Bologna, he wore the dress of its university. He also was old. The remaining characters were two valets, Brighella and Arlecchino, who sometimes had other names. Their dress was poor, patched with unnumbered pieces of different stuffs and colours. A hare's tail ornamented their hats. Brighella was all cunning and address; Arlecchino was somewhat of a blockhead. Such were the four personages of the Italian comedy; but in addition to this unchanging feature of the scene, the female characters were almost

always cast in the same mould, and bore the same names. Even throughout Goldoni, nearly all the young-lady heroines are either Beatrice or Rosaura; the one lively, pert, and rattling, the other tender and submissive. The servant is invariably Columbina.

It is impossible for an educated mind not to think of Aristophanes while witnessing the burlesques of the modern English stage, which threaten to extinguish the legitimate pantomime-opening, even where they do not substitute pantomime itself. Their resemblance to the old Greek comedy, with its pantomime machinery and mock-heroic dialogue, is exceedingly close. Some years ago, indeed, Mr. Planché adapted "The Birds" for the Lyceum. The dramatic mask was a great facility in constructing such classical extravaganzas. Their spirit, like that of our burlesques, which admits of allusion to passing occurrences, was personal, satiric, and parodical; indulging in puns and coarseness, and sometimes contrasting the more rustic passages with others of beauty and even sublimity; introducing also music and singing wherever stage-effect or stage-custom required. The authors were the public censors of the time,—its state journalists, its "abstracts and brief chronicles." In the hands of Aristophanes, these productions assumed an elevated character: modern critics speak of the "force of their inspiration" and the "richness of their melody." A similar improvement has taken place with our burlesque writers, who are now the *only* dramatic authors regularly employed by theatrical managements, and whose works secure a periodical appearance for themselves, and a periodical income for their creators.

It is thus that the circle of dramatic as of other events not only returns into itself, but is drawn continually with an enlarged circumference. It is hard to prescribe limitations; and history, fruitful in repetitions, yet so modifies them that the events are different enough in other respects than in date, and easily distinguishable. The inexhaustible fertility of allusion allowed and encouraged by this form of drama is much the same in the classical periods as in the present; but the *matériel* is more intellectual and less poetic. In the Elizabethan age, such works as the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the *Tempest*, and the *Faithful Shepherdess* were the poetic analogues of the old Greek fantastic comedies; and perhaps at some future period they may again receive their apotheoses in similar productions, which may be then acceptable to an advanced and educated public. There is so much in the age in which we live that is clearly transitional, that it is impossible to regard certain "signs of the times" otherwise than as half-way indices, or finger-posts, pointing the direction where the hopes of the traveller may ultimately receive their desired accomplishment.

THREE CHRISTMAS-DAYS IN THE LIFE OF PAUL BISTRE, ESQ., ARTIST.

III.

How difficult in some instances, and how easy in others, to describe the rolling on of a few years,—years of misery or years of happiness, years of despairing inactivity and years of sanguine patient toil; one man finding them too short to work out the hopeful fancies of youth; another, more than enough for the embodiment of strong conceptions of thoughtful hours, bringing wealthy fantastical patrons to his feet!

The world supplies the novelist with strange materials, and furnishes him in the course of a few years with many changing incidents: one hero subsiding into a mere waiter on Providence, listening for the knock of Dame Fortune at his door, and frequently finding only the daughter for a visitor; another lucky fellow will be taken under the especial patronage of the whimsical old lady, who will make love to him, speak well of him, and set him down in the best places, reserving for him the tit-bits of her banquet. One man shall find the trumpet of Fame constantly at his service; another

shall himself take the instrument in hand, blow loud discord into society's ears, and with a wonderful energy and perseverance fill the world with his own praises; another shall not have energy or breath for the display. And as all set about this business in their different ways, who shall say which of them finds the most happiness in the end? The lucky man is ambitious, and in his haste to seize the coveted portions of the feast will offend his capricious hostess; the next will blow his unvarying notes till he collapses; and the last poor fellow shall find more real tranquillity of soul in a quiet solo on the flute up three flights of stairs.

But when the fictional hero is a discreet fellow, getting under weigh with a gallant heart, and bent on steering his way over life's ocean by the chart of duty, we think the voyage will prove a pleasant affair,—a yacht-voyage on a summer sea,—every entry in the mariner's log will be of a joyous nature, and there is every chance of his coming to an anchor in Prosperity Bay.

Markistone Street is not so select as of yore. Badger Smythe, Esq., has most unexpectedly been hurried away to the Brompton Cemetery, and with his great soul has departed the individuality of the street. Plushby Place, quiet but strong in purpose, has asserted its rights, sweeping over the obstacles opposed to it. It has been thriving of late; more rich aunts have died, more advances have been made to clerical salaries, more commissions have waited on its agent, than on any of the like members of society in any other street of the metropolis. And so, with heavier purses and glossier coats, it has stepped out from its obscurity to take breathing space in the wide Markistone Street; driving the older inhabitants, who still cling to the watchwords of Badger Smythe, to seek refuge in suburban villas, corner houses in the great squares, and a multitude of other expedients.

Paul Bistre, Esq.,—not R.A. as yet, but every one at all pretending to be a judge of the question says he is pretty certain to obtain the preliminary step to that high honour on the earliest occasion,—is one of the favourites of fortune. We find him on this Christmas morning full two miles west of his old quarters, a married man, and an exhaustless producer of great works of art. If Badger Smythe were now living, he would be proud of an invitation to the house of the thriving artist. He can hardly find room enough for his rich furniture, his vases, armour, and pictures in the two houses he now owns; he has opened a communication between them, and crammed into every niche and corner a great number of the best selected little gems of art. So well has he got on in a worldly sense, that he spends vast sums on the mere auxiliaries to his art; his studio being crowded with marqueterie cabinets, quaint weapons and armour, and photographs. His wardrobe would be sufficient to dress up every character in all the plays that ever were written, much less acted.

So he goes on, entertaining fellow-workers of an equal standing, welcoming and assisting unsuccessful and struggling ones. It is said that he gives more commissions for pictures to less fortunate practisers of his profession in one year than he received during the whole ten that he himself struggled through.

In his darling studio sat Mr. Paul Bistre, busily engaged, putting in the finishing touches to his famous little picture,—we need not mention its name, every art-lover knows as well as ourselves the title of that surprising effort of Bistre's genius,—which at once settled his fame on a firm and elevated pedestal, and which the reader will remember these astonishing fellows the art-critics quoted as a happy augury of what he would achieve as a married man.

As he leaned over his work, and the light from the broad windows fell upon his face, he formed an excellent type of the true artist,—the earnest and enthusiastic worker, the monk who loved to paint his Virgin in the spirit of sanctified devotion to his work, undisturbed and unhindered by a worldly thought. He looked older than when we last had the pleasure of seeing him; his moustache had grown longer,

and his shoulders broader—so broad and firm, in fact, that they could scarcely feel the pressure of the delicate little hand that rested on them. The hand in question belonged to a lady whom Paul called wife, and who read to him out of one of his favourite books while he dotted in indications of light and shade on the more minute parts of the picture. She was not tall and stately, nor had she raven tresses and bright black eyes, neither was she at all like the beautiful Edith Smythe; but in spite of all this she was pretty; and should the enthusiastic monk at her side ever want a study of a Madonna, he would very likely travel over his native land and not find a better model. As her husband called her Amy, it is only natural to suppose that she was the same Amy we have already been introduced to; but how changed she was! She had grown younger and prettier; her face had lost the serious, and almost care-worn, expression that formerly clouded it, and now looked fresh and blooming. If her life had been cold and wintry before, it was evidently bright summer weather with her now. She ceased reading to watch the progress of the artist.

"Will that bracelet do, Madame Critic?" said he.

Madame nodded approvingly.

"You think so, eh? Well, I sha'n't take your opinion, as I know you to be prejudiced. I will get up and look at it myself." He rose from his seat, and placing his arm round the slender waist of his wife, stood for some time before his work, analysing every effect, and striving to discover the omission of any little shadow or reflected light which nature would have shown.

"Now, Amy," said he, "suppose you were one of the enlightened British public, and you saw that picture hanging on the walls of the Royal Academy, what would you say of it?"

"I should say," said the little lady, looking at her husband very archly,—*"I should say that it was a great daub, fit for a sign-board perhaps, but a great deal too bad for a tea-tray."*

"Would you really. I have no doubt you would, and the world would then be able to set you down at your proper value, namely that of a little imbecile. Go on with your book; I am interested in the fate of the princess, and am anxious to learn how she behaved when she found there were traitors in the camp; besides, you can read, though you cannot talk or criticise great works of art. Read, slave!"

"I sha'n't, griffin."

"How! am I not your lord and master?"

"Dread griffin, I obey your mandate." And the lady resumed her story; and Paul worked, and listened to the sweet voice of his wife, made doubly musical by the smooth rhymes and melodious words she read.

That Christmas morning had perhaps brought joy into many homes, had caused many pleasant meetings of friends long parted; many brothers and sisters, parents and children, estranged from each other by the busy cares of the world, had met together on that day: but Christmas could not visit two happier people than the industrious artist and the loving woman who sat by his side. When the short December day hurried to a close, and the light became too dim for Paul to work much longer, he commenced wiping his brushes and cleaning his palette; then Amy closed her book for that day.

"We shall not have a very noisy dinner-party, Amy," said Paul laughing as he shut up his colour-box. "We don't quite keep up the ancient mode of dining on Christmas Day."

"It is proper for a married man to dine with his family on that day, sir; and as you and I are the only members of the great clan of Bistre, we ought to be content with each other's society."

"And so we are, Amy, you little moralist."

"Besides, we are to have company in the evening: are we not to have your old friend Meyer and Mr. and Mrs. Widdett? or rather Mrs. and Mr. Widdett,—for that lady is

certainly the head of her family, and therefore ought to come first."

"You wicked young person," said Paul laughing, "how dare you say such an ill-natured thing? You don't like your cousin because I used to love her so fiercely."

"I like her very much indeed, and think her a very clever woman. I only wish I knew how she manages her husband so well, as I am very anxious to reduce you to a similar state of subjection."

"Poor Widdett!" said Paul; "he looked very miserable when I met him, and seemed so delighted at the idea of coming here this evening. I know it will be a treat for him."

"Poor fellow," rejoined his wife; "I am very glad he is coming."

"You are! That's very good of you. There, my work is done for to-day, and I expect you to kiss me for being so industrious."

"My own Paul," said the obedient lady, "you—you are always industrious."

"And you always a—let me see what you are always—a little stupid."

"Come to dinner, you griffin." And with this they left the studio, and sat down to their quiet Christmas feast.

Later in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Widdett arrived; the German following soon after. Time had not treated Mr. Widdett so tenderly as his wife. He was now head of the firm of Sedgwick, Bilston, and Co.; and old Smythe had given a good sum with his beautiful daughter. But though he had obtained his stately Edith, and had thriven wonderfully in business, he did not look the happy man one would expect. The truth must be told; there was a great deal too much of the Badger-Smythe spirit in Edith for Widdett's happiness to be quite complete. Mrs. Widdett had unfortunately thought it imperative on her to be constantly breaking-in and combating a supposed obstinacy and wrong-headedness existing in Widdett. This perhaps would have been beneficial to a rougher and stronger nature, but unhappily his weak soul was quite unequal to such vigorous treatment; and though he loved his wife fondly, he was heartily sick of her drill-sergeant propensities. His life was constantly embittered by very disparaging contrasts being drawn between himself and the late Badger Smythe, Esq. The evils of such stern unbending officials' characters will sometimes live after them; and we dare say poor Mr. Widdett often wished in secret that such a grand potentate had not existed, or, at any rate, not have been the father of his Edith.

If Mrs. Widdett acted the character of the queenly despot, she looked and dressed the part to perfection; her form had grown almost majestic, and her face was as regularly beautiful as ever; every thing in the way of improvement that had been denied her husband had been given with lavish interest to herself. We may be sure she presented a great contrast in manner to the little Mrs. Bistre.

The evening passed off splendidly; every body seemed either satisfied or resigned to his or her fate; though Paul could not help congratulating himself on his escape, and something like a sigh escaped him as he looked at Widdett and thought over what might have happened to himself, had some matrimonial arrangements been different. Edith Widdett, however, was as calm and as happy as could be conceived; she was one of those ladies who love undisputed sway, and beyond a doubt she would rather be Mrs. Widdett and absolute than Mrs. Paul Bistre on the limited monarchy plan. The jovial German was the soul of that Christmas party, for, though now one of the richest men in Markistone Street, he had not suffered his animal spirits to abate one jot. He sang, he danced; he told the old anecdotes of his brother the great musician, who was now about to bring out an opera; and read a whole volume of the loving and patient Trudschén's letters.

Mr. Widdett forgot ordinary cares in the society of the hearty German; and both the ladies enjoyed their Christ-

mas evening after their own manner. Meyer told the company that he had entirely changed his opinion in the course of that night as to the impossibility of the English enjoying Christmas, and was determined to bring Trudschen over in the spring, as Mrs. Meyer, to Markistone Street.

JOHN BANIM.*

SOME way out on the high-road that leads from the historic and picturesque city of Kilkenny to the Irish capital, on a rising ground, there stands—or in our boyhood stood—a pretty cottage, known by the name of Altamount; known also as Windgap Cottage, from the elevated and breezy spot on which it was placed. It glistened in the last gleams of the sun as he sank in the purple softness of the summer clouds, its little windows scintillating like burnished gold as they caught the evanescent glory of the sky. From these windows you could see the city in the valley below, with the clear and far-famed Nore stealing silently along, winding away out of sight by the walls of Ormond Castle. From the deepest deep of memory we can just draw up the recollection that the little cottage on the hill possessed for us peculiar attractions,—attractions, we recollect, not unmixed with awe. The sunny spots around it, where the primrose and the daisy lifted soonest their quiet faces, were the scene of picnics,—the sweet reward of the well-learned task. The cottage was reached through a deep shady wood, called locally “the Lacken,” formed on a slope; and the bright river below you could just see through the trunks of the trees. This umbrageous spot, in our imagination, was the scenes of the Babes and the Robins, the haunt of Robin Hood and Little John, the Forty Thieves, and other great adventurers associated with shady spots. But the main object of our respectful fear was the inhabitant of the white cottage. In the warm days he would be wheeled out on the bright sward, and he sat there quietly, his eyes resting on the peaceful prospect. We were only allowed to get an occasional peep at him, for he was sensitive under the eye of strangers. He was a cripple (we were told to say, “a lame gentleman”); his face was long, pale, and suffering-worn; but his eye was clear and bright. He had (we were mysteriously informed) written books that in the great world beyond had made a noise. We thought of the great unknown authors of *Sinbad*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and the *Arabian Nights*, and our veneration rose to an immense height. This poor lame gentleman, passing the evening of his life in the sun, was John Banim the Irish novelist.

The surface of his life we have no doubt appeared even and monotonous enough. The lives of hard-working literary men generally present little indication of those depths of passionate feeling which must flow beneath to enable them to reflect truly the passions and feelings of others. In the biography before us, however, we find, though apparently eventless, a life whose course presents a ceaseless and manful conflict with almost every imaginable trouble that crosses the path of man.

Banim was born in the city of Kilkenny, of respectable parents, in the year that poor Ireland's green shamrock was steeped in blood. The morning of his days was marked by the tastes and sentiments that mainly distinguished his after-life: great love of home; a fond, almost lover-like, attachment to his mother; a strong predilection for literature; and a cheerfulness of mind (under a load of physical torture) perfectly astonishing. The school to which he was sent afforded in its master a type of the tyrant pedagogue. He is depicted to the life in *The O'Hara Tales* as Buchmahon. His name was Buchanan, usually abbreviated to “Buck,” with a sanguinary adjective prefixed, to mark his merciless flagellations of the small victims under his tutelage. While trembling beneath the power of this Kilkenny Dionysius, the youthful Banim's mind was at home with his “dear

mother,” his great fear being lest one Farrel, a daring free booter, would carry her off in his absence. Michael Banim the beloved brother and able co-producer of the well-known *O'Hara Tales*, gives us a graphic sketch of this mother:

“She could not be called beautiful, for her nose was neither Roman nor Grecian; nay, as we wish to speak candidly in all cases, we must confess that it was rather broad at the base, and perhaps about the sixteenth of an inch too wide. But then her lips were cherry-red, and beautifully formed; her forehead was as smooth as polished ivory; her cheeks were round and peachy, and in colour ‘like to the Catherine pear, the side that's next the sun;’ her chin was full, marbly, and a little dimpled; and as for teeth, she might be excused for unnecessarily displaying them, had she had the vanity to do so. The eye is the gem of the countenance, and she could boast two dark hazel ones, beaming with good-nature or with affection, full of sense and intellect.”

Time passes on, and the lad gives indications of the intellect within him. He composes about his tenth year a fairy-tale, and a thousand-line poem! Tom Moore, his idol-poet, is in Kilkenny, busy with its famed private theatricals. The child-poet is seen to dress carefully, pass out with an ominous roll of paper, and knock at the great “T. M.'s” door. Mr. Murray says,

“‘T. M.’ received his odd little visitor kindly. He read a few of the verses, inquired as to his progress at school, advised him to be attentive and diligent, and closed the interview by asking if there was any thing he could do to oblige ‘his brother-poet.’ To be called ‘his brother-poet’ was quite sufficient for Banim.”

He asks, however, one great favour, and readily obtains it—a season-ticket for the private theatre!

Banim is next entered at the Collegiate School of Kilkenny, on whose roll stands many a great name of the past. Here for a time the sister art of painting takes possession of his fancy; and at the end of a term, he starts for the Irish metropolis, where we find him studying resolutely in the drawing-academy of the Royal Dublin Society, yet still attentive to his first love—literature. Of this his earliest experiment in life, he writes to his “dearest mother:”

“Your anxious love could not wish me better than I am. I have the countenance of all, and the friendship of many, of the first artists. . . . If, with the assistance of Heaven,—and I know your prayers will aid me,—I can persevere in my studies, and endeavour to trace the footsteps of eminent painters, what have I to fear?”

He writes to his father, and the true home-love breaks out:

“I write to you on Christmas Day, the first from my birth that I have spent from home. There is nothing in the intercourse with strangers to recompense one for the absence from your kindred; but I must not murmur against what cannot be avoided. The festival of Christmas reminds me that I am solitary.”

His life is hard and cheerless now; but he is sustained by a noble resolution to perfect himself as an artist, then return and settle independently in his well-loved Kilkenny as a teacher of drawing.

“It would be,” he writes in the following March, “the dearest wish of my heart could I have the inexpressible pleasure of embracing you all at Easter. Solitary and retired as I live, it would indeed be a treat to my feelings. . . . I am greatly tempted to yield to the overflowing impulses of my heart, and anticipate my summer visit by an Easter one.”

He does return soon. He is eighteen now; and the poet-painter of eighteen, with a good figure and “dark-hued eyes,” is not insensible, it may be imagined, to the beauties of those ladies whose eyes (as the poet tells us) partake of the black and burning qualities of Kilkenny's black coal. The penetration of a fond mother soon discovers the fact. “John,” says the good woman to him one evening at tea. “Well, mother,” was the response. “Whom do you love, John?” she continued. He parries the question; but a mother's eye cannot be blinded; and she continues, “I see, John, your boyish days are over.” Yes, he is in love; he has embarked on that glittering sea. A sun-bright passion is within his breast, and all around him is steeped in the soft haze of reciprocated affection. But the clouds destined to darken his existence are rising, and the dreamy atmosphere must be rudely rent by the agony of disappointment. “She was a fair bright-eyed girl,” the object of his ill-starred love, “in the full fresh

* *The Life of John Banim the Irish Novelist; with Extracts from his Correspondence, general and literary.* By P. J. Murray. London: W. Lay.

beauty of seventeen; artless, innocent, and pure-minded." Their mutual affection is concealed from all except Michael, his second self. They meet often; they stroll by the sedgy banks of the bright-faced Nore; they roam in the quiet meadows as innocent as the birds that soar above them. The busy town is far away; the undisturbed aspect of nature is around them; the dream of happiness lingers a little while like a gleam of winter sunshine. Banim boldly asks the consent of his Anna's father to their engagement.

"He was a surly rude-tempered old man, and replied to Banim's request of his daughter's hand with sneers and scoffing. The young lover retorted the insulting expressions used; both parties were violent, and recriminations were ended by the order of the old man that Banim should at once leave the house."

The lovers meet once or twice clandestinely. Banim, disguised as a countrywoman in the long gray cloak of the peasantry, presses to his Anna's side as she leaves church, gives her a letter, and breathes into her ear assurances of affection. A traitress ingratiates herself by pretended sympathy into Anna D—'s confidence; she is betrayed and removed. Her lover rushes before the horses of the chaise that bears away his soul's idol: we must imagine how poets love. Anna is pale and terrified; their eyes meet for a moment,—it is the last.

"He re-entered the house," says his biographer, "and uttered no cry, but sat in stony sorrow. A small parcel was placed in his hand; it was addressed to him; the handwriting was that of Anna. He tore it eagerly open; it contained his own miniature which he had painted for her, and which for months she had worn concealed in her bosom; the parcel also contained his letters and verses. . . . He paused a moment looking upon the miniature, and then dashed it to the ground, crushed it to atoms beneath his feet; tore the letters and verses into fragments; and as he scattered them away, the memory of all his hopes and joys came back upon him when he thought of their vows and promises, and he cried, bitterly and fiercely, 'Curse her! curse her! to abandon me, and break my heart!'"

He wronged her. But can the heart convulsed beneath the weight of its own affliction, rolled back upon itself, be stilled in a moment? Can the mind listen to the voice of reason when the strong man is in his agony? Poor fellow! the moral forces itself on us—those curses went forth, and, as the old saying has it, they came home to roost.

In the November following, Anna D— was dead; his name had been last upon her lips. It is a cold November morning; the rain is falling, and there is gloom on earth and sky. It matters not. It accords with the gloom within the breast of Banim, who traverses five-and-twenty miles on foot, and night closes round his dripping figure as he stands gazing on the cold features of his beloved. He is called a murderer, and thrust from the room. He sinks down in an outhouse; he has eaten nothing for days. He steals in again, and sees for the last time that face as the coffin's lid hides it for ever. He follows the funeral. All have withdrawn from the churchyard. He sinks on the grave, and remains there he never knew how long. His brother meets him next day trailing his limbs along; twenty years after that trailing eventuates in paralysis of the lower members; he is helped to his room, and sinks down a moral wreck.

A dreary year of suffering has passed. His head is on his mother's breast. "It seems," he says, "as if the brain were surging through the skull." But youth triumphs, and he emerges from his sorrows. He is again in Dublin; a literary man now. He contributes articles to the daily press, which are not unnoticed. He is known in "poets' corners." We turn to Mr. McCullagh's memoir of the brilliant Shiel, and find, about 1820, Banim submitting a play—*Damon and Pythias*—for the opinion of the recognised dramatist and able lawyer. Shiel has heard of him as a young man of literary promise, and he introduces him to Sir Walter Scott. Banim begs Shiel to make any amendment in the play he thinks fit; but the latter hesitates; he will, however, if it is considered a joint production. A large portion is re-written; it is performed; 300 guineas are realised, Shiel receiving 100; but some misunderstanding arises, and

they are estranged. Shiel, however, ever afterwards acts towards Banim as if nothing unpleasant had occurred. The latter is in high spirits now, and writes home:

"The play has been successful. . . . The moment I receive even part of the proceeds, I will fly to Kilkenny! . . . Joanna [his sister] is to weave a laurel-crown for me, my poor mother shall place it on my brow, and we shall be as happy as happy can be."

He is at the oar now, "that once fast chained to, men quit no more." He has many literary employments, and is constantly travelling through Ireland, catching up those pictures his living page so often presents. He is always "running down to Kilkenny." He visits the leafy Woodstock, where Mrs. Tighe—"Psyche"—once lived; and in "The Fetches" has left a fine description of the sylvan spot. Once more he loves; in a short fortnight he declares his passion, in five months he marries the lady. She is only nineteen, she has a pure heart, a sweet kindly face, and great love and trust in her husband. These qualifications comprise her fortune. But she will be the patient loving wife-nurse in the years of agony that are to come.

They are poor, but he has a fine spirit, and gathers up his strength for the serious conflict of life. The time was come to sound his favourite watchword: "By the life of Pharaoh, sir, if I do not ply and teaze the brain, as wool-combers teaze wool, the fire should go out, and the spit could not turn."

The young couple quit the old folks and the old town, and get to London,—that field of many a hard-fought moral fight. They are happy in securing the lodgings at Brompton once occupied by Curran; and Banim sets to work in downright earnest, for he has another now to care for. His name is not unknown, and he finds employment on the magazines. Irish literature is in the ascendant now; it is a new field. Lady Morgan, Miss Edgeworth, Lover, Carleton, and others, are cultivating it, and the harvest is bountiful. Banim is a nature painter, a character painter; he draws from life. He sends his brother Michael the most exact directions as to the material of the tales they are conjointly producing; and Michael is ranging hill and valley in search of scenery and heroes. But his destiny is upon him.

"Ellen (his wife) has just escaped with her life; . . . and our little infant came into the world still-born," he writes. "My expenses have been great,—between nurse, doctor, and apothecary. But God has done all for me; notwithstanding that I have encountered real difficulties, I may say I enjoy absolute comfort. . . . Conceive how grateful I ought to be to Heaven for my real independence, hardly earned, but the sweeter for that very reason."

But it is hard work for all that. Again Ellen is ill; he has to "knuckle down" to his work and live close.

"You remember," he says in a letter home, "I used to like a cheerful glass. Not one libation now, even to the temperate fireside Bacchus. I am in great spirits for all that, . . . thank God for it."

At this time there arrives to him, with a letter of introduction, a healthy-looking handsome youth from Limerick, who has come to sell a tragedy and try his fortune. The handsome Irishman is poor Gerald Griffin. Banim is most kind. The tragedy is produced; it is called, *The Prodigal Son*. O most miserable of the miseries of authorship! Banim has just disposed at Drury-Lane Theatre of another *Prodigal*, the scenes and characters almost identical. But this causes no estrangement. "Mark me," Griffin writes to his brother of Banim, "he is a man,—the only one I have met since I have left Ireland, almost." In passing we may as well tell, that through the elder Kean's whims Banim's *Prodigal* was never acted; and what is more singular still, its Ms., through Elliston's carelessness, was never found. It is, with the vagrant Pleiad, the Livyian books, and the other real or imaginary matters, lost to the world for ever. Though well known and appreciated now by publishers and managers, our hero finds occasionally the wolf at the door of his suburban cot. On one of these dark days he is low indeed; he goes out and in some hours returns, apparently lower still, and looks sadly at the

patient partner of his joys and sorrows. But he jumps up, pours thirty bright guineas into her lap, and they are happy. He has sold a collection of sketches, and they are saved from the immediate pressure of want.

This time, the time of his London experience, is a period of great intellectual brightness. We have searched with some diligence in the gossiping records of those days for Banim's name. We see that he has met Washington Irving, and is delighted with his childlike simplicity,—“he is as natural as his sketches,”—but we do not find him in the coteries. Doubtless, his ailing frame, the dire necessity for labour, his love of home and its quiet associations, the anxious fondness of one true heart, thus rivet him in his humble abode. It must be so, for he is seldom found abroad. But the clouds of his destiny are lowering.

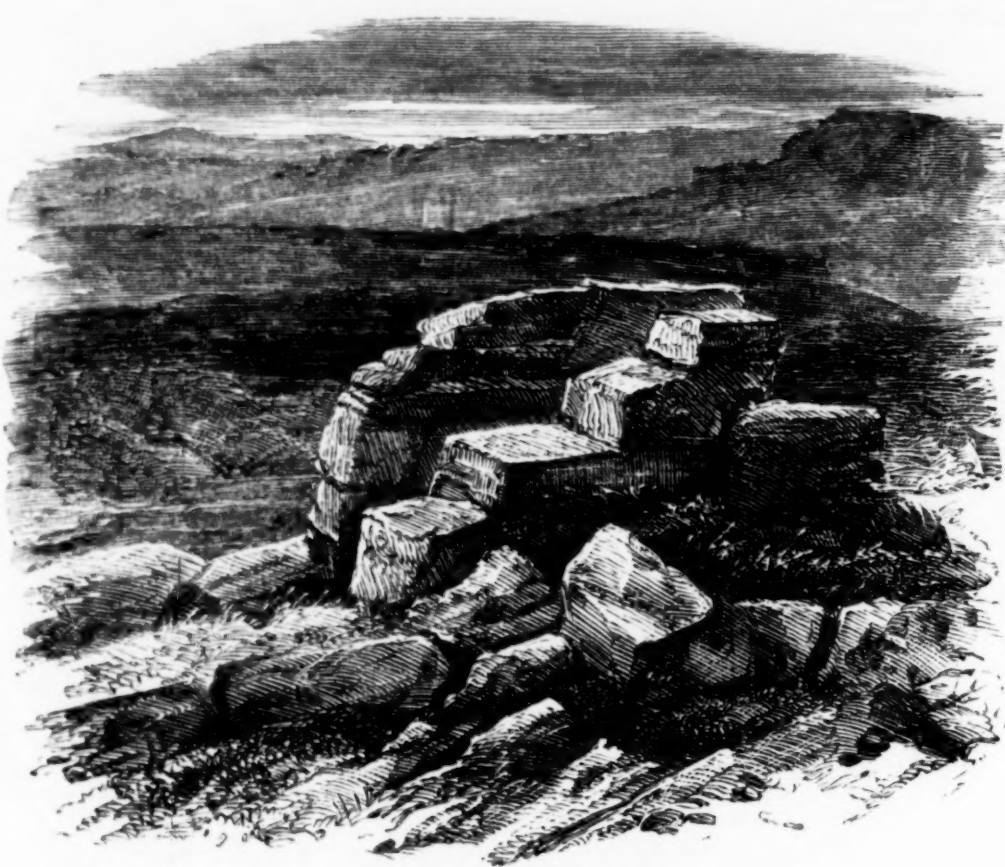
“At the time when Banim most required health and energy, a terrible sickness settled upon him, the malady of his life began. . . . Early in the year 1823, the racking pains which had afflicted him during the twelve months succeeding the death of Anna D—, returned with all their violence.”

He must give up all literary employments. This is an appalling sentence. Yet he is spared a while, and writes: “Praises be to Heaven, I am better, and likely to mend.” But his Ellen is ill again, and she must seek a foreign climate. Literature he now finds a marketable commodity; and he is not only able to place his dear one abroad, but see once more the home of his heart.

“One can fancy,” Mr. Murray remarks, “this deep-hearted man returning to ‘the old house’ where he first saw the light, and where he had known such joys and sorrows—such real cares and such cloud-land visions—as, happily, few men experience in their darker phases. Joanna and Michael rush forth to greet him, and the more sober, but not less intense, joy of the father and mother need no word-painting. . . . It must have been the realisation of a dream-vision.”

Again he is in London, in the dog-days, “plying the skreeking pen might and main.” He is working at *The Nowlans*,—“that analysis of passion.” It is most successful; but at its close he is again interdicted from study and work. He has been suffering greatly, but he writes hopefully: “I am much better; but for the diabolical London weather— . . . enough to relax the system of the big metal Achilles in Hyde Park—I should be better still.” He meets John Sterling, the friend of Carlyle, and is delighted with his spirituality. But sorrows are again upon him. The torture of his limbs returns; his wife is ill; his furniture is taken in execution. His “dear mother” is ill too, and he cannot go to her. But a “big daughter” comes to him, and he forgets all his troubles. After many promises, Michael comes to him. He finds him sadly changed. He looks forty, though not eight-and-twenty. He stoops; his face, all except the eye, is that of an elderly man. He becomes crippled and broken down. He visits France, Eastbourne, Blackheath. He writes: “I am now a paralysed man . . . I am embarrassed. By what means? By extravagance? No;—‘THE VISITATION OF GOD.’”

At home his mother is ill; indeed, slowly dying. She totters into the room where John used to sit. She sits for hours before his portrait; she prays as she gazes on it, and tears



CROCKERN TOR, DARTMOOR.

roll down her cheeks. She cannot leave her bed now; the portrait is hung at its foot. John Banim cannot come; but he writes: “Go to my mother’s bedside, . . . and say what you can for me.” She is dead. A letter with a black seal is placed in his hand, and he falls senseless to the ground; the cup of his bitterness is nearly full now; he declares that he never knew sorrow before. He endures extreme medical remedies; and “often, as he writhed beneath his tortures, he thrust sharp-pointed pins through his thighs, . . . to check the pangs that came.” Another sorrow he announces: “I have lost my noble

little son. . . . The event has almost killed his father.” Longings for home and its sympathisers arise. To be at home in Kilkenny is now the only happiness left. He desires “a little house with a sunny aspect;” “a little garden not overlooked.” It must have paths and grassplots, and a few flowers. He is there at last, and old friends gather about him; though tortured in body, his spirit rebounds, and he is cheerful. Government grants him a pension; he is at ease as to pecuniary matters, and happy amid his flower-beds. His dark mid-life is over now; its evening is clear and calm. There is an interval of twilight happiness ere the night closes in, which will be replaced by the morn that brightens more and more into the perfect day.

One night in July 1842, Michael is summoned to his brother John Banim’s bedside. He is dying; he whispers, “Michael, I have only one request now; lay me so that I may be nearest to my mother, with my left side next her.”

Our sketch is finished. We commend heartily Mr. Murray’s instructive and beautiful piece of biography, from which we have drawn very little, compared with the interesting and carefully-collected mass of matter it contains.

But before concluding, where, we ask, is the Michael we have seen hovering so often in the background of our sketch? He is postmaster of Kilkenny, we are answered. But again we ask, has the gray-goose quill, that invested with such dramatic interest *Crohoor of the Bill-hook* been transmuted hopelessly into the governmental steel pen? Are the romantic dells and leafy woodlands of Leinster faded? Is the Nore of our boyhood less bright? does it wind its gentle way through less peaceful scenery? Are the “Magazines” dead, and making no sign? We think we know one, “not a hundred miles off,” having an eye for the beautiful in art, whether pictorial or descriptive. G. R. POWELL.

CROCKERN TOR, DARTMOOR.

CROCKERN TOR, of which we give an engraving above from a recent sketch, is one of the most interesting of those natural rocky mounds with which the granite districts of Devonshire and Cornwall are studded. On it was held the Stannary parliament, in those antique times when such assemblages were held in the open air. There were standing until comparatively recent days the tables and seats used on such occasions; but they have been broken up for building purposes. The president’s chair, a portion of the bench for the jurors, and some irregular steps still partially remain.



THE RUSTIC CONNOISSEUR. BY LANFANT DE METZ.

The National Magazine.

[It is found impossible to reply to the number of letters received; nor can unaccepted Mss. be returned, except in very special cases.]

THE RUSTIC CONNOISSEUR.

BY LANFANT DE METZ.

THE fair little *paysanne* before us appears to have stolen into the studio of some landscape-painter, nervous and heedful lest the clattering of her *sabots* over the bare wooden floor should betray to the artist the approach of an intruder. Tenderly she came on her toes, half mindful to remove the vast and heavy shoes which impeded, while they also announced, her progress. At last the resounding boards are crossed, and she has attained the object of the perilous passage;—a picture, a landscape, upon which she proceeds to pronounce judgment of unqualified admiration, if we are to be guided by the expression of her face.

If the work be truly natural, no one is better fitted to criticise from education and knowledge than this little child of the village, who has apparently spent her life before the face of nature. (Would that every critic had such preparation and was as worthy of credit as this "rustic connoisseur.") Of bright atmospheres, of sparkling water, and varied

tints, what an enthusiastic applauder this little one would be! how stern a condemnation of all conventionalities, brown trees and black skies, might seem the apathetic puzzlement of her regard, should the picture leaning upon the rustic stool display those tricks of ignorant and insensate indolence which have degraded the art of painting into an empirical quackery, in which the coarsest and most vulgar executant claims, and too often receives, equality of honour with the subtlest masters of the palette, who have devoted the earnest energies of their intellects to the development of the secrets, the wisdom, and the beauty of a study that desiderates a profound knowledge of a most recondite science in absolute unison with a perfect and delicate art;—for such is painting.

We presume the work to be highly satisfactory from the critic's wrapt manner and attitude, as she leans half supported by one hand, the other hanging freely beside her. Such fixed attention would perhaps satisfy the artist himself, could he but see the earnestness of her look. Maybe she knows the spot represented by the picture, could trace the windings of every footpath, remembers the trees, the hedges, and the banks, and could tell of romps and gambollings amongst them; so that her fancy recalls those that are past, and she hopes for more. If this be the case, it is a vision of delight for her, a new sense discovered,—the sense and faculty of memory's vivid presentations reproduced by the painter's art—something marvellous and something new.

L. L.

THE EPIC OF TRAVEL.*

POETRY is of various kinds. There is written poetry, and there is acted poetry. The latter is either representative or actual; this is personal, that merely artistic. The personal poet is his own hero; and he acts the poetic, not on theatrical boards, but on the great stage of the world. Great warriors and great travellers have a title to this character, and their exploits and adventures are of the nature of poems. This nature, however, in most instances, is incidental, and more in the situations than in the author's genius. It has, however, been observed that in "the journeys and researches" of Dr. Livingstone there is in the substance of the narrative the poetic spirit, and in the style of it the true poetic colour. The book, recently published, that contains the account of them has by critics been described as a poem; and justly. It is a living epic of travel, though written in prose, and as such it is our purpose to regard it.

Our modern hero of travel claims no "descent from the gods;" he has neither the blood of kings nor nobles in his veins, but is content to derive his being from labouring ancestors. His father was a clerk in a cotton manufactory "on the beautiful Clyde above Glasgow," and subsequently a small tea-dealer, honest but poor, and died in 1856. Dr. Livingstone's earliest recollections are of his mother, when he was about ten years of age, and recall "the anxious housewife striving to make both ends meet." For himself, he was placed in the factory as a "piecer," to aid by his earnings in lessening her anxiety. With a part of his first week's wages he purchased Ruddiman's *Rudiments of Latin*, and studied at an evening school, which met between the hours of eight and ten. The dictionary part of his labours was followed up till twelve—or later, if his mother interfered not by jumping up and snatching the books out of his hands. By six in the morning he was back to the factory, and had to work till eight o'clock at night.

"I read," says our hero, "in this way many of the classical authors, and knew Virgil and Horace better at sixteen than I do now. Our schoolmaster—happily still alive—was supported in part by the company; he was attentive and kind, and so moderate in his charges, that all who wished for education might have obtained it."

His father was inclined to theological reading, and sought to enforce it on his son, who preferred scientific books. Later in life, the works of Dr. Dick showed him that religion and science were not hostile; and soon after the spiritual life opened in him, and gave a new motive to his conduct which has never since ceased to operate.

Such, and so laid, were the bases of our hero's character.

Young Livingstone now resolved to devote his life to the amelioration of human suffering. He studied medicine, that he might be qualified for a mission to China. His first medical books were Culpepper's *Herbal* and Patrick's *Plants of Lanarkshire*; these books he read while at work, placing the book on a portion of the spinning-jenny, and so learned to abstract his mind from the interference of surrounding noises. He was, however, able to make excursions to the country-side in company with his brothers. On one occasion they entered a limestone-quarry, and began to collect the shells found in the carboniferous limestone which crops out in High Blantyre and Cambuslang.

"A quarryman, seeing a little boy so engaged, looked with that pitying eye which the benevolent assume when viewing the insane. Addressing him with, 'However did these shells come into these rocks?' 'When God made the rocks He made the shells,' was the damping reply. What a deal of trouble geologists might have saved themselves by adopting the Turk-like philosophy of this Scotchman!"

To this we must add another brief citation:

"The toil of cotton-spinning, to which I was promoted in my nineteenth year, was excessively severe on a slim loose-jointed

* *Missionary Travels and Researches in South Africa; including a Sketch of Sixteen Years' Residence in the Interior of Africa, and a Journey from the Cape of Good Hope to Loanda on the West Coast, thence across the Continent, down the River Zambesi, to the Eastern Ocean.* By David Livingstone, LL.D., D.C.L. London: Murray.

lad; but it was well paid for, and it enabled me to support myself while attending medical and Greek classes in Glasgow in winter, as also the divinity lectures of Dr. Wardlaw, by working with my hands in summer. I never received a farthing of aid from any one, and should have accomplished my project of going to China as a medical missionary in the course of time by my own efforts, had not some friends advised my joining the London Missionary Society on account of its perfectly unsectarian character. . . . Looking back on that life of toil, I cannot but feel thankful that it formed such a material part of my early education; and were it possible, I should like to begin life over again in the same lowly style, and to pass through the same hardy training."

This is in the true heroic vein, and it achieved an early success. Young Livingstone was admitted a licentiate of Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons; but the opium-war prevented him from venturing to China. He turned his attention to Africa. After a more extended course of theological training in England, he embarked in 1840, and in a voyage of three months reached Cape Town. Remaining but a short time there, he started for the interior by going round to Algoa Bay, and soon proceeded inland; and he has spent the following sixteen years of his life, namely, from 1840 to 1856, in medical and missionary labours there, without cost to the inhabitants.

From Algoa Bay, Dr. Livingstone reached Kuruman, or Lattakoo, and thence proceeded to the Bakuéna, or Bakwain country, and found Sechele, with his tribe, located at Shokwane. At Lepelole (now Litubaruba) he secluded himself for about six months, in order to obtain an accurate knowledge of the language, and gained by this ordeal an insight into the habits, ways of thinking, laws, and language of that section of the Bechuanas called Bakwains. Ultimately he settled in the beautiful valley of Mabotsa, and here met with an adventure that might have befitted Gordon Cumming. He had shot a lion. The tail of the animal was erected in anger; and shortly after it sprang upon him, catching his shoulder, and both came to the ground below together:

"Growling horribly close to my ear, he shook me as a terrier-dog does a rat. The shock produced a stupor similar to that which seems to be felt by a mouse after the first shake of the cat. It caused a sort of dreaminess, in which there was no sense of pain nor feeling of terror, though quite conscious of all that was happening. It was like what patients partially under the influence of chloroform describe, who see all the operation, but feel not the knife. This singular condition was not the result of any mental process. The shake annihilated fear, and allowed no sense of horror on looking round at the beast. This peculiar state is probably produced in all animals killed by the carnivora; and if so, is a merciful provision by our benevolent Creator for lessening the pain of death."

Evidently the lion had mesmerised the man. The paroxysm of the former, however, was that of dying rage; he soon fell down dead. Besides crunching the victim's bone into splinters, he left eleven teeth-wounds on the upper part of his arm. Dr. Livingstone's tartan jacket wiped off the virus from the teeth that pierced the flesh. His companions, who were also wounded by the beast, fared worse, and experienced the usual sloughing and discharge, and the subsequent periodical pains. One man, whose shoulder was wounded, showed him his wound actually burst forth afresh on the same month of the following year. "This curious point," adds Dr. Livingstone, "deserves the attention of inquirers."

We confess that, in this paper, we are more solicitous to show the heroism of the missionary character than the incidents either by flood or field that befell the author, or the discoveries made by him.

The character and story of Sechele is very interesting, and forms a sort of pastoral epos, in which patriarchal customs are picturesquely illustrated. We regret that our space will not permit of its relation. The missionary induced the chieftain to study hard: "He set himself to read with such close application, that, from being comparatively thin, the effect of having been fond of the chase, he became quite corpulent from want of exercise." He had little trust, however, in mere oral teaching:

"Seeing me anxious that his people should believe the words of Christ, he once said, 'Do you imagine these people will ever believe by your merely talking to them? I can make them do nothing except by thrashing them; and, if you like, I shall call my head man, and with our litupa (whips of rhinoceros-hide) we will soon make them all believe together.'"

Polygamy stood in the way of progress, and Dr. Livingstone thought it prudent and merciful to humour the situation. At length Sechele was baptised; but his teacher was suspected of glamour. The good seed was sown. When will it spring up? Perhaps in a distant future.

A description of drought, to which the country was subject, presents new points of interest. It follows:

"Not ten inches of water fell during these two years, and the Kolobeng ran dry; so many fish were killed that the hyenas from the whole country round collected to the feast, and were unable to finish the putrid masses. A large old alligator, which had never been known to commit any depredations, was found left high and dry in the mud among the victims. The fourth year was equally unpropitious, the fall of rain being insufficient to bring the grain to maturity. Nothing could be more trying. We dug down in the bed of the river deeper and deeper as the water receded, striving to get a little to keep the fruit-trees alive for better times, but in vain. Needles lying out of doors for months did not rust; and a mixture of sulphuric acid and water, used in a galvanic battery, parted with all its water to the air, instead of imbibing more from it, as it would have done in England. The leaves of indigenous trees were all drooping, soft, and shrivelled, though not dead; and those of the mimosa were closed at mid-day, the same as they are at night. In the midst of this dreary drought, it was wonderful to see those tiny creatures the ants running about with their accustomed vivacity. I put the bulb of a thermometer three inches under the soil in the sun at mid-day, and found the mercury to stand at 132° to 134°; and if certain kinds of beetles were placed on the surface, they ran about a few seconds, and expired. But this broiling heat only augmented the activity of the long-legged black ants."

Dr. Livingstone is at fault to discover whence the ants derive their humidity, which under all circumstances they appear to preserve: "Can it be that they have the power of combining the oxygen and hydrogen of their vegetable food by vital force so as to form water?"

Connected with this description are some particulars as to "the rain-makers;" but having treated this subject in a previous article, our readers need no information on the point. Suffice it to add, that Sechele's uncle said to our author:

"We like you as well as if you had been born among us; you are the only white man we can become familiar with: but we wish you to give up that everlasting preaching and praying; we cannot become familiar with that at all. You see we never get rain, while those tribes who never pray as we do obtain abundance."

This was a fact; and it seems that if the Prince of the Power of the Air had no hand in scorching them up, that Dr. Livingstone was tempted often to give him the credit of doing so.

The practice of compelling unpaid labour by the Boers, or farmers, is sternly and justly condemned by our author. Murder is made by them the means of enslaving "men and women,—of a different colour, it is true, but possessed of domestic feelings and affections equal to their own." Yet these men, descended from the Huguenots and Dutch, claim to be Christians!

"I can never cease," adds Dr. Livingstone, "to be most unfeignedly thankful that I was not born in a land of slaves. No one can understand the effect of the unutterable meanness of the slave system on the minds of those who, but for the strange obliquity which prevents them from feeling the degradation of not being gentlemen enough to pay for services rendered, would be equal in virtue to ourselves. Fraud becomes as natural to them as 'paying one's way' is to the rest of mankind."

These Boers, at length, destroyed the missionary stations, and plundered the houses. This conduct, however, only set our author free for his expedition to the north. "The Boers," he says, "resolved to shut up the interior, and I determined to open the country; and we shall see who has been most successful in resolution—they or I."

To effect his object, he must cross the Desert. At length he came to the north-east end of Lake Ngami; and on the 1st August 1849, went down, together with his companions, to the broad part, and for the first time this fine-looking sheet of water was beheld by Europeans. He had now come to a half-tribe of the Bamang Wato, called Batauana. In the course of their journeyings, they discovered an entirely new species of antelope, called leché, or lechwi. It is a beautiful water-antelope of a light brownish-yellow colour. Its horns—exactly like those of the *Aigoceros ellipsiprimus*, the water-buck, or tumōga, of the Bechuānas—rise from the head with a slight bend backwards, then curve forward at the points. The chest, belly, and orbits are nearly white; the front of the legs and ankles deep brown. From the horns, along the nape to the withers, the male has a small mane of the same yellowish colour with the rest of the skin, and the tail has a tuft of black hair. It is never found a mile from water; islets in marshes and rivers are its favourite haunts; and it is quite unknown except in the central humid basin of Africa. Having a good deal of curiosity, it presents a noble appearance as it stands gazing with head erect at the approaching stranger. When it resolves to decamp, it lowers its head, and lays its horns down to a level with the withers; it then begins with a waddling trot, which ends in galloping and springing over bushes, like the pallahs. It invariably runs to the water, and crosses it by a succession of bounds, each of which appears to be from the bottom. We here, too, get an account of Sebituane, a chief who always led his men into battle himself,—a custom, it seems, not common,—and whose death took place in the presence of our traveller.

Experience proved to Dr. Livingstone that there was no hope that the Boers would allow the peaceable instruction of the people at Kolobeng. He therefore determined to save his family from exposure to that unhealthy region by sending them to England, and to return alone, for the purpose of exploring the country in search of a healthy district that might serve as the centre of civilisation, and open up the interior by a path to either the east or west coast. In the beginning of June 1852, he started on his last journey from Cape Town. A waggon, drawn by ten horses, served for his conveyance. Waggon-travelling in Africa, he tells us, is a prolonged system of picnicking; excellent for the health, and agreeable to those who are not over-fastidious about trifles, and who delight in being in the open air. The greater vegetation, he adds, presents for South Africa prospects of future greatness which we cannot hope for in Central Australia. In some parts of the country, the remains of ancient forests, of wild olives, and of the camel-thorn are still to be met with; but when these are levelled in the proximity of a Bechuāna village, no young trees spring up to take their places. This is not because the wood has a growth so slow as not to be appreciable in its increase during the short period that it can be observed by man, which might be supposed from its being so excessively hard; for having measured a young tree of this species, growing in the corner of Mr. Moffat's garden near the water, our traveller found that it increased at the rate of a quarter of an inch in diameter annually, during a number of years. Moreover, the larger specimens, which now find few or no successors, if they had more rain in their youth, cannot be above two or three hundred years old. It is probable, he adds, that this is the tree of which the Ark of the Covenant and the Tabernacle were constructed, as it is reported to be found where the Israelites were at the time these were made. It is an imperishable wood, while that usually pointed out as the "shittim" (or *Acacia nilotica*) even decays and loses beauty.

Mr. Moffat, who is above mentioned, has been a missionary in Africa during upwards of forty years. Dr. Livingstone met with him at Kuruman. He is the author of *Scenes and Labours in South Africa*; and was busily engaged in carrying through the press, with which his station is furnished, the Bible in the language of the Bechuānas, which is called Sichuana; a work of immense labour. He

was the first to reduce their speech to a written form, and has studied it for the last thirty years.

"Some idea of the copiousness of the language may be formed from the fact that even he never spends a week at his work without discovering new words; the phenomenon, therefore, of any man who, after a few months' or years' study of a native tongue, cackles forth a torrent of vocables may well be wondered at, if it is meant to convey instruction. In my own case, though I have had as much intercourse with the purest idiom as most Englishmen, and have studied the language carefully, yet I can never utter an important statement without doing so very slowly, and repeating it, too, lest the foreign accent, which is distinctly perceptible in all Europeans, should render the sense unintelligible. In this I follow the example of the Bechuana orators, who on important matters always speak slowly, deliberately, and with reiteration. The capabilities of the language may be inferred from the fact that the Pentateuch is fully expressed in Mr. Moffat's translation in fewer words than in the Greek Septuagint, and in a very considerably smaller number than in our own English version. The language is, however, so simple in its construction, that its copiousness by no means requires the explanation that the people have fallen from a former state of civilisation and culture. Language seems to be an attribute of the human mind and thought; and the inflections, various as they are in most barbarous tongues, as that of the Bushmen, are probably only proofs of the race being human, and endowed with the power of thinking; the fuller development of language taking place as the improvement of our other faculties goes on."

In this part of his work Dr. Livingstone introduces many sensible and pregnant remarks on Christian missions, and insists on the propriety of young men being sent into new fields of endeavour, in preference to their entering into the labours of others.

An outrage of the Boers upon the Bakwains caused Dr. Livingstone to be detained for months at Kuruman. Sechele, being imbued with the then prevalent notion of England's justice and generosity, determined on a journey to the Queen of England, to lay the case of his wrongs before her. He proceeded as far as the Cape; and then, for want of resources, returned. Subsequently he

"Adopted a mode of punishment which he had seen in the colony, namely, making criminals work on the public roads. And he has since, I am informed, made himself the missionary to his own people. He is tall, rather corpulent, and has more of the negro feature than common, but has large eyes. He is very dark; and his people swear by 'Black Sechele.' He has great intelligence, reads well, and is a fluent speaker. Great numbers of the tribes formerly living under the Boers have taken refuge under his sway, and he is now greater in power than he was before the attack on Kolobeng."

From this point Dr. Livingstone appears to acknowledge in an especial manner the Divine leading in the course and accidents of his travels.

"If," he writes, "the reader remembers the way in which I was led, while teaching the Bakwains, to commence exploration, he will, I think, recognise the hand of Providence. Anterior to that, when Mr. Moffat began to give the Bible—the Magna Charta of all the rights and privileges of modern civilisation—to the Bechuanas, Sebituane went north, and spread the language into which he was translating the sacred oracles in a new region larger than France. Sebituane, at the same time, rooted out hordes of bloody savages, among whom no white man could ever have gone without leaving his skull to ornament some village. He opened up the way for me; let us hope also for the Bible. Then, again, while I was labouring at Kolobeng, seeing only a small arc of the cycle of Providence, I could not understand it, and felt inclined to ascribe our successive and long droughts to the Wicked One. But when, forced by these and the Boers to become explorer, and open a new country in the north rather than set my face southwards, where missionaries are not needed, the gracious spirit of God influenced the minds of the heathen to regard me with favour, the Divine Hand is again perceived. Then I turned away westward, rather than in the opposite direction, chiefly from observing that some native Portuguese, though influenced by the hope of a reward from their government to cross the continent, had been obliged to return from the east without accomplishing their object. Had I gone at first in the eastern direction, which the course of the great Leeambye seemed to invite, I should have come among the belligerents near Tete, when the war was raging at its height, instead of, as it happened, when all was over. And again, when enabled to reach Loanda, the resolution to do my duty by going

back to Linyanti probably saved me from the fate of my papers in the *Forerunner*. And then, last of all, this new country is partially opened to the sympathies of Christendom; and I find that Sechele himself has, though unbidden by man, been teaching his own people. In fact, he has been doing all that I was prevented from doing, and I have been employed in exploring, a work I had no previous intention of performing. I think that I see the operation of the Unseen Hand in all this, and I humbly hope that it will still guide me to do good in my day and generation in Africa."

Such is the *résumé* of the entire work before us made by the author himself. What remains to be done by ourselves may be more conveniently connected with an episode, the materials of which are to be found in the book, but which require to be brought together, and well deserve the labour.

The name of the hero of this remarkable episode is Sekwébu. He had been captured by the Matebele when a little boy; and the tribe in which he was a captive had migrated to the country near Tete. He had travelled along both banks of the Zambesi several times, and was intimately acquainted with the dialects spoken there. He was recommended to Dr. Livingstone by the Makololo as one of his guides on his journey forwards. With his usual prudence and judgment, he at once recommended the party keeping well away from the river on account of the tsetse and rocky country, assigning also as a reason for it that the Leeambye beyond the falls turns round to the N.N.E. On the 3d November 1855, Dr. Livingstone and his companions bade adieu to their friends at Linyanti, accompanied by Sekeletu and about two hundred followers. We next meet with Sekwébu at the river of Dila, near the spot where Sebituane lived, and where Sekwébu pointed out the heaps of bones of cattle which the Makololo had been obliged to slaughter, after performing a march with great herds captured from the Batoka through a patch of the fatal tsetse. Sekwébu had been instructed to point out to Dr. Livingstone the advantages of the position for a settlement. He also proved himself ready to defend his employer from the battle-axe of a frantic native. Our next notice of him will be found in the following citation:

"On the following day, while my men were cutting up the elephant (which had been killed the day previous) great numbers of the villagers came to enjoy the feast. We were on the side of a fine green valley, studded here and there with trees, and cut by numerous rivulets. I had retired from the noise, to take an observation among some rocks of luminated grit, when I beheld an elephant and her calf at the end of the valley, about two miles distant. The calf was rolling in the mud, and the dam was standing fanning herself with her great ears. As I looked at them through my glass, I saw a long string of my own men appearing on the other side of them, and Sekwébu came and told me that these had gone off, saying, 'Our father will see to-day what sort of men he has got.' I then went higher up the side of the valley, in order to have a distant view of their mode of hunting. The goodly beast, totally unconscious of the approach of an enemy, stood for some time suckling her young one, which seemed about two years old; they then went into a pit containing mud, and smeared themselves all over with it; the little one frisking about his dam, flapping his ears and tossing his trunk incessantly, in elephantine fashion. She kept flapping her ears and wagging her tail, as if in the height of enjoyment. Then began the piping of her enemies, which was performed by blowing into a tube, or the hands closed together, as boys do into a key. They call out, to attract the animal's attention,

'O chief, chief! we have come to kill you;
'O chief, chief! many more will die besides you, &c.
The gods have said it,' &c.

Both animals expanded their ears, and listened; then left their bath as the crowd rushed towards them. The little one ran forward towards the end of the valley, but seeing the man there, returned to his dam. She placed herself on the danger-side of her calf, and passed her proboscis over it again and again, as if to assure it of safety. She frequently looked back to the men, who kept up an incessant shouting, singing, and piping; then looked at her young one, and ran after it, sometimes sideways, as if her feelings were divided between anxiety to protect her offspring and desire to revenge the temerity of her persecutors. The men kept about a hundred yards in her rear, and some that distance from her flanks; and continued thus, until she was obliged to cross a rivulet. The time spent in descending and getting up the opposite bank allowed of their coming up to the edge, and discharging their spears, at about twenty yards' dis-

tance. After the first discharge, she appeared with her sides red with blood; and beginning to flee for her own life, seemed to think no more of her young. I had previously sent off Sekwébu with orders to spare the calf. It ran very fast, but neither young nor old ever enter into a gallop; their quickest pace is only a sharp walk. Before Sekwébu could reach them, the calf had taken refuge in the water, and was killed. The pace of the dam gradually became slower. She turned with a shriek of rage, and made a furious charge back among the men. They vanished at right angles to her course, or sideways; and as she ran straight on, she went through the whole party, but came near no one, except a man who wore a piece of cloth on his shoulders. Bright clothing is always dangerous in these cases. She charged three or four times, and, except in the first instance, never went farther than one hundred yards. She often stood, after she had crossed a rivulet, and faced the men, though she had received fresh spears. It was by this process of spearing and loss of blood that she was killed; for at last, making a short charge, she staggered round, and sank down dead in a kneeling posture. I did not see the whole hunt, having been tempted away by both sun and moon appearing unclouded. I turned from the spectacle of the destruction of noble animals, which might be made useful in Africa, with a feeling of sickness; and it was not relieved by the recollection that the ivory was mine, though that was the case. I regretted to see them killed, and more especially the young one, the meat not being at all necessary at that time; but it is right to add, that I did not feel sick when my own blood was up the day before. We ought perhaps to judge these deeds more leniently, in which we ourselves have no temptation to engage. Had I not been previously guilty of doing the very same thing, I might have prided myself on superior humanity when I experienced the nausea in viewing my men kill these two."

The African is eager for peace, and readily accepted the Gospel as the means to that end. He requires no explanation of the existence of Deity. Sekwébu made use of the term "Reza," and the natives appeared to understand at once. He was the only one of the Makololo who knew the region near the Kafue river; and this, to his mind, was the locality best adapted for the residence of a tribe. They passed near the Losito, a former encampment of the Matebele, with whom Sekwébu had lived. At the sight of the bones of the oxen they had devoured, and the spot where savage dances had taken place, though all deserted now, the poor fellow burst out into a wild Matebele song. He pointed out also a district about two days and a half west of Semalembue, where Sebituane had formerly dwelt. There is a hot fountain on the hills there, named "Nakalombo," which may be seen at a distance, emitting steam.

"There," said Sekwébu, "had your Molekané (Sebituane) been alive, he would have brought you to live with him. You would be on the bank of the river, and by taking canoes you would at once sail down to the Zambesi, and visit the white people at the sea."

All parts of the country were well known to Sekwébu. He took our travellers to the most hospitable chiefs; among these, one Pangola was the most generous. Pangola provided them with food, and entertained them with dancing. He promised also to ferry them across the Zambesi; but they were compelled to proceed along the bank, for fear of Mpende and his people. But Sekwébu managed adroitly in addressing Mpende, and the forest-despot aided the party to cross the river. The English name, as inimical to the slave-trade, proved a tower of strength. Throughout all Sekwébu was so serviceable, vigilant, and intelligent, that Dr. Livingstone wished to reward him by enabling him to witness the beneficial effects of civilisation. Alas for poor Sekwébu!

When they parted from their friends at Kilimane, the sea on the bar was frightful even to the seamen. Now Sekwébu had never seen the sea. Two boats had been sent in case of accident. The waves were so high, that when the cutter was in one trough, and poor Sekwébu with Dr. Livingstone in the pinnace in another, her mast was hid. They then mounted to the crest of the wave, rushed down the slope, and struck the water again with a blow which felt as if she had hit the bottom. Sekwébu was filled with unaccustomed terror. He was acquainted with canoes on his native rivers, but these perils were altogether strange to him. Even when the ship was reached,—a fine large brig

of sixteen guns, and a crew of one hundred and thirty,—she was rolling so that they could see her bottom. It was quite impossible for landmen to catch the ropes and climb up; so a chair was sent down, and they were hoisted in as ladies usually are. Once on board, Dr. Livingstone found that he had forgotten the English language. By the 12th August 1856 they reached the Mauritius; and Sekwébu was picking up English, and becoming a favourite with both men and officers. But all was so new and strange, that the poor fellow was evidently getting bewildered. "What a strange country," said he, "is this,—all water together!" adding, "Ah, now I understand why you use the sextant." Having arrived at the Mauritius, a steamer came out to tow them into the harbour. And now it became apparent that the constant strain of novelty and strangeness on the astonished African's mind had been too much for its untutored energies. During the night he became insane. He descended into a boat; when Dr. Livingstone attempted to go down and bring him into the ship, he ran to the stern, and said, "No, no; it is enough that I die alone. You must not perish; if you come, I shall throw myself into the water." We give the remainder in our traveller's own words:

"Perceiving that his mind was affected, I said, 'Now, Sekwébu, we are going to Ma Robert.' This struck a chord in his bosom, and he said, 'O yes! where is she? and where is Robert?' and he seemed to recover. The officers proposed to secure him by putting him in irons; but, being a gentleman in his own country, I objected, knowing that the insane often retain an impression of ill-treatment; and I could not bear to have it said in Skeletu's country that I had chained one of his principal men, as they had seen slaves treated. I tried to get him on shore by day, but he refused. In the evening a fresh accession of insanity occurred: he tried to spear one of the crew, then leaped overboard; and, though he could swim well, pulled himself down, hand under hand, by the chain-cable. We never found the body of poor Sekwébu."

Such is the closing incident of this book of travels; and perhaps the most wonderful in it. See how the first sight of civilisation demented the poor savage! Estimate thereby its power over uncultivated races. With this lesson, we close our present labour; adding only that the work is illustrated with forty-seven excellent engravings, including maps and a portrait of the author.

THE STEREOSCOPE.

THERE are few things, of which the cost is so trifling, that contribute so much to the delight and instruction of our homes as the Stereoscope. In the earlier Numbers of the NATIONAL MAGAZINE, we gave a series of papers on this curious instrument from the pen of Sir David Brewster, in which he explained its construction both in theory and practice, and indicated some of the various uses to which it may be applied. To those valuable papers we refer such of our readers as have not yet studied them; for it is only by study and thought that an understanding of the how and why of the stereoscope can be attained. We revert to the subject, not with any scientific purpose, but because the common remark that a stereoscope is now to be found in every house is not so true as it ought to be, and because the instrument is especially valuable at this season of friendly gifts and friendly gatherings: as a present, indeed, it is unrivalled; nothing is so sure of universal welcome. Perhaps the chief cause that prevents persons purchasing is the lingering notion, among those who do not possess one, that it is merely a curious and amusing toy, whereas it is eminently utilitarian; for more information on certain points can be gained by it than by any other means with an equal outlay of time and money. No one who has ever seen a slide in a stereoscope needs telling of the great superiority it has, from the objects standing out in their true relief, over all other pictures, whether of the works of nature or of man; every thing, therefore, that has been or can be said of the value of pictures as a means of education applies with increased force to the stereoscope,

which has, moreover, the additional advantage of the accuracy obtainable by the photographic art, by which each minutest detail may be represented with a truthfulness impossible to achieve by the most careful efforts of human hands. Again, the rapidity with which views are taken, when the photographer with his camera is once on the spot, enables us to have many representations of the same object or the same place from different points of view, from which an intimate knowledge is attainable, scarcely, if at all, inferior to that to be derived from actual personal inspection. For example, the catalogue of the London Stereoscopic Company contains some sixty different views of Rome. Now, spite of the character Englishmen bear for locomotion, it is only the units amongst us who have been to Rome; for only the comparatively wealthy can afford the requisite time and cost; the millions know the Eternal City only by description, written and pictorial. Even to the fortunate units these slides are of the highest interest. They have seen the objects, indeed, with their own eyes, and gazed on them so delightedly, that they thought perhaps the image would never fade from their minds: it was a vain imagination; "Time's effacing fingers" soon obliterate the traces of the most striking scenes: but by these slides the impressions are made permanent, an occasional glance at them keeping the "memory green in our souls." But if thus valuable to those who have seen the realities, what shall be said of the worth of the stereoscope to those who have not? To them it is as a new sense, giving them a distinctness of idea of scenes and places which it is more than probable they will never witness that words and other pictures utterly fail to convey. Again, not a small amount both of time and money is expended in teaching our youth Roman history; the boy learns, and the young man forgets. But it will not be so when the events are fixed in the mind by stereoscopic representations of the buildings or places where they occurred; views of the Forum, the Capitol, the Coliseum, the temples, the statues, the arches, will recall to the mind in all subsequent time the events with which they were associated in youthful days.

This instance of Rome will be sufficient to point the moral we were desirous of enforcing, of the value of the stereoscope as a useful instrument. Of course much that has been said is applicable to other of the celebrated cities of Europe, of most of which numerous slides may be had; and the same moral might have been drawn from the many views of natural scenery, in its sublimity and its loveliness, and especially from the representations of ecclesiastical edifices, which, showing us what miracles of beauty and grandeur men have achieved, deepen our impression of the religious idea that inspired them.

We have hitherto spoken of the stereoscope as including the instrument and the slides, but we have a remark or two to make on each of them separately. And, first, of the instrument itself it may be said, that though better material and nicer workmanship are of course to be had for money, yet that the cheapest are almost as good, practically, as the most expensive. The only noticeable improvement that has been made has been introduced by Mr. Chappuis, of "Daylight Reflector" fame, and consists in fitting a reflector to the little door which opens in front. This enables us to hold the instrument horizontal, as though we were looking through an opera-glass, instead of stooping to let the light fall directly on the slide; and also, by shifting the position of the reflector, to see views with appropriate or various lights, the effect of which in some of the scenes is very charming.

In the slides there is one very common defect, to the mitigation of which, if it cannot be entirely remedied, all persons interested in their production should give serious attention; it is the exaggerating the relief of objects, representing them as though our eyes were $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet apart instead of $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches. In portraits and statues this amounts to positive deformity. And the evil is not confined to the annoyance it occasions to the educated eye—the habit of seeing

such distortion is very hurtful to the uneducated; and thus, what should be an instructor is made a misleader, especially of the young, who are apt to believe that it must be right, as it is delineated by Nature herself.

The question of colouring slides bids fair to be as "vexed" as that of colouring statues. There has been great improvement in the colouring lately, but the result must always be rather coloured prints than pictures; and there is besides the peculiar disadvantage that the shading in the slides is complete, while in prints the portions to be coloured may be left white.

Among the slides popular just now, the Ghost scenes—"suggested by Sir David Brewster"—are prominent. Very curious they are; and having said this, we may add, very detestable they are—bringing the eyesight to give definiteness to the superstitious fears instilled into infant minds by ignorant nurses—the cause of so much misery to many a child, ay, and to many a man. After science has given the death-blow to the superstition by teaching us that spectral images are the result of diseased vision, it is too bad that she should be made instrumental in prolonging its baneful existence.

Sufficient attention has not yet been paid to the obtaining and publishing stereoscopic portraits of eminent individuals, our "public characters" being as yet confined to some theatrical celebrities. Yet we can hardly imagine that any one who would allow his portrait to be engraved would have an insuperable objection to sitting for a stereoscopic picture. At present our collections consist mainly of private friends; but the value of these makes us desirous of extending to public men this most perfect mode of portraiture.

THE MASTER'S DAUGHTER.

I.

Wise of heart and cunning of hand,
The Master Builder wrought and planned;
Many fair houses builded he,
That should still be stout and strong,
Standing after centuries long
Amidst the men that then should be.

The Master Builder wrought and planned,
Till he grew famous in the land,
And the high nobles on him wait:
He built them houses great and fair,
With spacious courts and carvings rare,
And turrets high and halls of state.

And when to God an house he made,
The Master Builder wrought and prayed;
Before they set a single stone,
Master and men to church repair,
To begin their work with prayer
To Him who giveth strength alone.

Then rose apace the holy pile,
Wall and buttress and pillared aisle,
Under the Master's watchful eye;
But the chisel drove and the mallet fell,
And the busy trowel fetched as well,
To work his will when he was not nigh.

And twice in every year, at least,
He called his workmen to a feast;
Freely they quaffed his ripe brown ale,
Freely they strove at stone or ring,
Or who the bravest song should sing,
Or who should tell the merriest tale.

The Master's daughter, his one child,
Sat at her father's board, and smiled

On him who held the highest place ;
And so bold Robert, year by year,
Kept his seat the maiden near,—
For the best craftsman claimed the grace.

On the morrow of such an eve,
Ready as if to take his leave,
Robert before the Master stood ;
With downcast eyes his cap he doffed,
He craved to speak, yet stammered oft :
The Master marvelled at his mood.

Robert, so frank and free of speech,
What doth his tongue confusion teach ?
But more the Master marvelled yet,
When the youth catching sudden breath,
Crushing his cap the meanwhile, saith,
"I love your daughter Margaret."

"Aye, faith, and is the maiden told ?
Young man, I think thee over-bold."
"I told her not," the youth replies.
"Thou from my service must depart,
Thou shalt not trouble the maiden's heart,"
The Master answered, calm and wise.

Then said the youth, "I mean it so ;
Ready am I this hour to go.
I only came farewell to say."—
He strove to carry it with pride.
"Good Master, fare thee well," he cried ;
"I may come back another day."

"And this is all I ask of thee,
If maiden Margaret still be free,
And I return a richer man,
And she, no more above my state,
May wed me as an equal mate,
That I may win her if I can."

II.

Brave Robert journeyed many a day ;
To foreign parts he held his way ;
He took the humblest task that came,
Upon the humblest food he fared,
And oft the beggar's straw he shared,
Travelling to cities great of fame.

And where the noblest works were wrought,
The masters of his craft he sought,
And there to try his skill did crave ;
And when beneath his hands the stone
Grew fairer than their thought had known,
To him the foremost rank they gave.

And where the lofty churches stood
Open, inviting all who would,
Passing to work, he stopped to pray ;
So early, he was oft alone
With the sweet angels carved in stone,—
And teachers to the youth were they.

And not one day did he forget
To think of his fair Margaret ;
Such thoughts as guardian saint might claim ;
And every night before he slept
His waking thoughts for her he kept,
And through his dreams he breathed her name.

III.

The Master, chief of all the guild,
A royal Abbey now doth build,
Fair as any the sun shall see ;
And much he lacked a skilful hand
Something to work that he had planned :
"If Robert were but here!" thought he.

Where our hearts have open door,
Thoughts, like heralds, go before,
And bid our friends our coming hail.
The Master's thoughts on Robert ran,
And there before him stood the man,—
He deemed his eyes began to fail.

Yes, it was Robert, he could see ;
But travel-soiled and worn was he.
He was no richer man 'twas plain ;
His cheek, once like the apple-skin,
Ruddy and smooth, was dark and thin :
"Master," he said, "I've come again."

A welcome to his native land
The Master gave, and wrung his hand ;
But naught how he had fared did ask.
As but a night had come between
Since he the Master's face had seen,
The morrow saw him at his task.

To his care the Master gave
Twin pillars for the lofty nave,
By the high altar's hallowed space,
These to work in every part
With excess of lavish art,
With wreath, and scroll, and cherub face.

Beneath his hand the flowers grew
As fair as those that feed on dew,
In wreaths around the pillars thrown ;
And fairer than the Master's thought
Were the rich traceries he wrought,
And the sweet angels carved in stone.

And every face that there was set
Wore some sweet look of Margaret,
In pity, love, and sanctity.
As 'neath the finished work they stand,
The Master grasped brave Robert's hand ;
"Thou art the richer man," said he.

Thus did the good old Master hold
His noble craft more dear than gold,
And maiden Margaret's heart was free.

C.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

MARRIAGES ARE MADE IN HEAVEN.—Upon this James Kelly, the collector of the Scottish proverbs, observes, "If marriages be made in heaven, some had few friends there"—a jocular remark which appears to us more accordant with the real spirit of the proverb than Trench's unctuous comment. "A proverb," he says, "of such religious depth and beauty it would have been quite impossible for all antiquity to have produced, or even remotely to have apprehended." This is quite beside the mark ; for there is no religious depth at all in the proverb, and its beauty consists only in its apt expression of this true but commonplace observation, that it is not forethought, inclination, or mutual fitness that has the largest share in bringing couples together in matrimony. More efficient than all these is the force of circumstances, or what people commonly call chance, fate, fortune, destiny, and so forth, as often as they find it making naught of their calculations, and bringing about results they had not dreamt of. In the French version of the adage,—"*Marriages are written in heaven*," *Les mariages sont écrits au ciel*,—we find the special formula of Oriental fatalism, and fatalism is every where the popular creed respecting marriage. Witness the Scotch proverb, "A man may woo where he pleases, but he must wed where his hap is." Hence, as Shakspeare says,

"The ancient saying is no heresy,
Hanging and wooing go by destiny."

W. K. KELLY.

ST. CUTHBERT AND THE KING OF NORTHUMBRIA.

BY WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.

ABOUT a century ago, or a little more, painting applied to architecture ceased in England. Before that time there were adepts in allegory, from Rubens to Sir James Thornhill, who covered acres of walls and roofs with gods and goddesses, heroes and heroines,—impenetrable masses of composition, which, so far as we ever heard, nobody thought of interpreting. Painted in oil on the wall, the effect must have been gorgeous; now it is black and nightmare-like. Perhaps some of our readers may remember the great staircase of the British Museum in the red-brick days of Montague House: here and there a head or a limb, a figure in a red or blue mantle tossed abroad in a fantastic manner, with clouds all about, like brown volcanic smoke, oppressing the juvenile mind most successfully. Since the rejection of this exotic art, the instance we are about to mention is, as far as we know, the first of a private kind combining pictorial art—pictures let into panels, and painted decorations of a naturalistic description—with the architectural arrangement. The new mansion at Wallington in Northumberland, built by Sir W. C. Trevelyan, Bart., has in the centre of the quadrangle of buildings a great hall, a wide and lofty apartment lit from above, two sides of which are divided by pilasters of stone into eight panels, four on each side, and these are to be filled by Mr. Scott with subjects from the history of the locality, the ancient kingdom of Northumbria. The earlier periods are to occupy four subjects, two of which are already done; the first being an illustration of the Roman occupation, "The building of the Roman Wall between the Tyne and Solway," and the second, the one now before us, from the life of St. Cuthbert, the great apostle of the north.

The holy and venerable Cuthbert (says Bede) was inflamed from his childhood with the desire of a religious life, and took upon him the habit and name of monk when yet a young man in the monastery of Melrose, over which he afterwards presided as abbot. Being translated to Lindisfarne, or Holy Island, as it was more lately called, he became still more conspicuous for his virtues, "and at last proceeded even to the adoption of the hermetical life."

A few miles by sea from Lindisfarne, and about two off the coast of Bamburgh, lies the nearest of the Farne group of small basaltic islands. Here St. Cuthbert built himself a cell and oratory, having been assisted, according to tradition, by an angel in fetching and placing the great stones of which the walls were composed. The island rises precipitously out of the sea, only sloping down on the ocean-side into the little bay represented in the picture; and near the landing-place is a small chapel, lately restored by the Chapter of Durham, marking the supposed place of the hermitage. This is the spot where stand the three figures of Mr. Scott's design,—prophet, priest, and king,—just within the boundary-wall of the saint's croft, where he has been uprooting his dinner of onions, when the young king thrusts upon him the staff of episcopal dignity.

But the solitude was now the abode of angels to him; God had there answered his prayers, and prospered him in the way of peace; besides, his homely toil may reasonably have grown pleasant to him, and some old Solan gander, as our artist has imagined, may have become his friend, sympathising in his own wise way with all the devout industry of the saint. It was only when King Egfrid and the bishop came over in state, and many great men and brethren kneeling and praying him, that he yielded at last, and left his happy rock. Such is the subject of the picture: the young king kindly and earnestly presses him to exchange the spade for the crosier; the bishop points to the kneeling people as to a flock in want of a shepherd; and the consenting saint seems humbly to say, "Not my will, but Thine, be done." After two years only had passed, he returned to die alone in his cell.

ASHBURN RECTORY.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "GILBERT MASSENGER," ETC.
IN FIFTEEN CHAPTERS.

I.

"SUCH news, such glorious news, Anna! Lord de Plessy has presented papa to the living of Ashburn."

Anna Brooke had had a long walk through a wet August twilight from her teaching, which had tired her more than usual, and she did not hear exactly what it was her young sister said; so she deliberately put down her umbrella, and shook the rain from her shawl and dress before speaking.

"What is it, Nora; what has happened?"

"Papa has had the living of Ashburn given to him by Lord de Plessy."

"And where is Ashburn? and who is Lord de Plessy?"

"Doesn't it sound like a fairy-tale? But come in and hear all about it."

"No; let us go up-stairs first. Who is in there?" indicating the parlour-door.

"Only papa and uncle Ambrose and Cyril."

"Nobody else?"

"No."

The two sisters went softly up to their bedroom. Anna closed the window, drew down the blind, and lighted a candle on the dressing-table, with the same deliberate gentleness with which in the hall she had put down her umbrella before taking any heed of her sister's joyful announcement. You might see from her most trivial actions that she was the very soul of method. The way in which she stood before the glass, sleeking her dark bands of hair, arranging her collar, and straightening her trim waist mechanically, with a far-away pre-occupied look on her careful young face, would have convinced you that it was a necessity to her that all things should be done in order. Nora grew impatient, and bade her make haste.

"They are all waiting for you down-stairs. We thought you so late in coming home to-day, because we wanted you to hear the good news. Do be quick. There is uncle Ambrose calling of you."

"Mrs. Driver kept me talking about the children's music. Go and say I will be down in five minutes."

Nora ran off; and Anna's five minutes were passed by her standing in the middle of the floor, with her arms down-dropped, and her eyes gazing into the dark blank of the glass. She could not be thinking of the great family event certainly, for her face was very sad.

"He might have *made* time to come," she said to herself, and then walked softly down-stairs and entered the parlour. Her father rose to meet her.

"Nora has told you, Anna?"

"Yes, papa; and I am so glad, so very very glad." And she kissed him. "Now you must tell me all about it." She drew a chair close by the steaming window, and sat down, turning her eyes for an instant towards the gray outside atmosphere with a quick searching glance, and then composed herself to listen to the details which the others were waiting to give.

The story may be briefly told. Mr. Brooke was a London curate of forty-nine years of age, with a family of three children, and a very small stipend. He had taken upon him the responsibilities of life very early by marrying before he was ordained, and had been curate of the same overcrowded and extensive parish ever since; hoping against hope that some preferment would fall to his lot by luck, for patron he had none. Though his home had been hallowed by much love from first to last, that could not keep aloof many and severe privations; and this had been more peculiarly felt when, on the birth of Cyril, his wife fell into bad health, and after lingering through ten years of feeble suffering, died from sheer exhaustion. Since then four years had elapsed,—years of unremitting exertion and stringent economy. Anna was now twenty, and a daily

BLESSED ARE THE MEEK FOR THEY SHALL INHERIT THE EARTH.



HENRY LINTON.

SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL: NO. XVII.

PAINTED BY WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.

ST. CUTHBERT AND THE KING OF NORTHUMBRIA.

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governess; Nora was sixteen; and Cyril, at fourteen, was gathering from his uncle Ambrose, an old Indian officer, the foundation of the military education which was to give him a start in life.

During the past spring, there had prevailed, especially in the district where Mr. Brooke laboured, a cruel epidemic. He had always been attentive, but now he was indefatigable; early and late, in season and out of season, braving faithfully imminent danger in the execution of his duty, he was always with his people. When, by the return of a healthy time, the strain was somewhat relaxed, his own strength gave way. There seemed for some weeks little chance of his recovery; and Anna had begun to say to herself fearfully, "What shall we do, what *shall* we do, if he be taken from us?" when, as if his powerful will to live for his children had prevailed over bodily weakness, he took a sudden turn, and amended rapidly. His doctor recommended rest for a short interval, or at any rate an exchange for some lighter provincial work; but this was not easy to obtain, and after two failures, he gave up seeking for it, and returned to his own heavy labours.

Anna was disappointed. She thought they might have afforded the sum to send her father and Nora to the sea-side for a month if Mrs. Driver would pay her the half-year's salary that was six weeks over-due; and one morning she summoned courage to ask for it. Mrs. Driver asked if it would not be all the same to her next week, and Anna said, "Yes, it would;" but in such a cold tone, being hurt, that an explanation was demanded of her extraordinary behaviour. She gave this explanation in her own plain matter-of-fact way, without observing that a thin, gray-haired, elderly man, whom she often saw there at luncheon, was taking in every word she said. The money was paid to her; but her father refused to profit by it, and she had offended Mrs. Driver to no purpose.

It was just ten days after this that Nora met her sister at the door in the rain with the announcement, "Such news, such glorious news! Lord de Plessy has presented papa to the living of Ashburn."

For the solution of this apparent mystery, it will suffice to say, that Mr. Brooke's name had many times occurred in the public accounts of the epidemic as that of a most hard-working and energetic man. His reputation was thus familiar to many; and the person who had heard Anna's reasonable request was by that made acquainted with his poverty as well. He was a lawyer, and he was moreover the lawyer of the noble family of De Plessy, who all did their duty by deputy, even to the bestowal of the Church preferments in their gift. Mr. Lindsay suggested to his patron that the living of Ashburn, which was worth three hundred and fifty pounds a-year, could not be better appropriated than as the reward of a London curate of five-and-twenty years' standing who was breaking-down under his work.

"Very well, write the letter," said my lord. "You know what to do, Lindsay."

And the letter was written; and O the tears of joy that were wept over it at the first reading! It was life to them, hope to them, every thing to them. Lord de Plessy seemed some fabulously noble benefactor; and when, in after-days, he followed up his gracious kindness by a personal call upon the family at Ashburn Rectory, in the plenitude of their gratitude they could almost have fallen down and kissed his feet. One must have been very poor to exult so keenly in the prospect of a bountiful to-morrow.

"It is a beautiful letter, papa. But where is Ashburn? is it the Ashburn in Kent?" Anna asked, when having read the letter that her father gave her, she returned it to him. "If it is, it is a very pretty place: it is where Jane comes from."

"Yes, it is the Kent Ashburn, Jane's Ashburn, Anna. This letter must be answered at once; but we waited to tell you. I will go and do it now, while tea is got ready. And, Nora, light the fire; it is a very damp chilly night. Ambrose, you may help me, perhaps."

The two brothers went away through the folding-doors that divided the two small parlours from each other, leaving the three young ones alone. Nora went down on her knees to blow the flickering fire into a blaze, and Anna stood straining her eyes into the darkness, and seeing nothing but the dim forms of the trees in the small court waving solemnly in the rainy night. At last she closed the shutters, and drew the crimson curtains close; then turned and stood upon the hearth-rug watching the smoke struggle up the chimney.

"Ashburn Rectory! What a change it will be!" said she half aloud, but to herself.

"Won't it?" cried Cyril, shutting up his book with a clap that startled her. "We have not had time to think half about it yet. I sha'n't believe it till we get there. Isn't papa glad? Where is Jane? why don't she bring tea? She's lost her wits since Nora told her."

Anna rang the bell; and when the old servant came in with the tray, she busied herself in making tea, and then cutting the bread-and-butter, all with her usual mechanical precision and neatness. Yet hers was not exactly a countenance that impressed you as that of a person of cold or weak feelings. She was reserved, silent, and singularly undemonstrative; but the position she held in the family testified to a strong under-current of goodness and affection influencing her daily conduct. Much of her quietness and method arose from natural temperament; but the being early thrown upon her own resources had developed them into character. Her shape was rather tall and slender; her face clear and pleasing, without any absolute beauty; her eyes looked cool, limpid, emotionless, and comprehended in one glance what another person might have looked at for an hour without seeing; her mouth was delicate and refined in expression, her brow expansive, and her complexion fair and pale. Simplicity of mind, simplicity of manner, and a gentle, if rather proud, independence, were her marked traits—if any thing could be marked in such a character. She was clever and intelligent, but not many people found it out; she was generous and self-sacrificing without a shadow of display. "A solemn automaton," said some; "a good and gracious woman," said others. In her own family, where it will be acknowledged she must have been the best known, the general opinion was, that it would be impossible to live without Anna.

Nora, sixteen-year-old Nora,—Eleanora she had been christened, but affection always abbreviates a long name,—was a great contrast to her sister. She was a very fine creature, possessing all that brilliance, colour, and impulse which Anna lacked. Passionate, wilful, petted but very loving—there was light and shade in her character, meteor-light and thunder-cloud. Gratify her, and her countenance shone from within like some beautiful illuminated porcelain lamp; excite her anger, and down dropped her curved brows like an eclipse over her eyes;—very lovely eyes they were, of that bluish iron-gray which varies with almost every thought; and Nora knew very well that they were beautiful. By the curve of her lip and nostril you could tell that she was impetuous as well as proud; and by the ring of her step and the straight poise of her light figure, that she was imperious. Old Jane, her nurse, used to tell her she was born to be a queen.

Cyril was merely a high-spirited warm-hearted boy, selfish and inconsiderate, as boys usually are, but not more so. He loved his uncle Ambrose, who taught him and told him histories of Indian warfare; he thought no man living to be compared with his father for learning and excellence; he looked up to Anna as if she were his mother, and he teased Nora and old Jane. For the rest, he was passably handsome, audacious, frank, and brave. He was a lad of fine promise altogether.

The room in which these three waited the return of their elders was the, by courtesy called, drawing-room of one of those tiny cottages which are so thickly sown in every suburb of London. In other hands it might have been only

a small, dull, stiffly-furnished, comfortless closet; but, presided over by Anna, a very pleasing effect had been elicited from the simplest materials. It must have been observed over and over again, by those who *do* observe, that while one acquaintance can put a touch of her own refinement and taste into woman's peculiar province, home, and educate from cheap materials a certain elegance, brightness, and an indefinable charm of comfort, another, with double the cost, provides only a necessary amount of chairs, tables, and upholstery, as uninteresting and inharmonious as the contents of a furniture-broker's shop.

When Nora had caused the fire to burn up brightly, and the lamp was lit, every corner of the little drawing-room reflected back the flashing light either from a picture-frame, or the curve of a white figure on a bracket, or the shining gold on a book-back; and yet there was repose about it too, —a repose which seemed to emanate from the calm pale face by the tea-table. Nora had seated herself on the hearth-rug as if it were December, with her white chin pushed forward, and her hands clasped round her knees; a favourite attitude of hers that reminded Anna of a certain old-fashioned picture of outcast Hagar removed a stone's-throw from her child that she may not see him die; only in Hagar's face there was a passion of restrained grief, and in Nora's there was nothing but a girl's dreaminess. Cyril was already in his place, waiting for his tea with a hungry boy's impatience of delay; wondering when that letter would be done, then beating a tattoo on the table with his fingers, and next asking Anna if he might call them in the next room.

"Go and ask Jane to give you a pot of preserves—plums," said Anna. And away he sprang.

While he was gone his father and uncle came in.

"You must read the letter before we seal it, Anna," said her father, putting the document into her hand.

Nora rose up lazily and looked over her shoulder.

"Will it do?" asked uncle Ambrose.

Anna read it to the end, folded it carefully, and gave it back.

"Yes; it could not be better; it conveys all our gratitude without a trace of servility. Now, will you come to tea?"

"Jane says there is no end of plums at Ashburn, Anna," said Cyril; "and that the rectory is like a bird's-nest."

Anna cut the paper neatly from the pot, and Cyril instantly plunged a spoon into its sweet contents.

"It is a fête-day," remarked uncle Ambrose.

What trifles indicate fête-days in the houses of poor folks! When Jane brought in the toast, she apologised for not having made some currant-cakes for tea; and her master, in perfect seriousness, bade her "never mind, since the children had some preserves."

"You will have to tell Mrs. Driver, Anna, of our change of home," said her father. "We shall have to go to Ashburn next month."

"She will not care, papa. You know she only engaged me from week to week; and she said to-day that they intended going to the sea-side very soon, and that she should not need me when they returned."

"Then things will fit in capitally—Cyril, if you eat any more plums you will be ill. You will have enough to do, Anna, in our flitting. Do you not think we had better keep Jane's niece permanently? She asked me to-day about giving her a character."

"Yes, papa; but Nora and I will make all those arrangements; don't let them harass you."

"Papa, when you go to read yourself in, may I go with you?" demanded Master Cyril with the air of a boy used to indulgence.

"Yes, my son, perhaps you may, if it is fine. I must borrow Mr. Reeves's chaise-cart to go down in, and Josy and Thomas."

"The whole equipage—man, horse, and chaise-cart—is to be disposed of in one lot, papa; you had better buy them at once."

"Very well, we will consider of it; they would be in

good old-fashioned keeping with the bird's-nest house that we are to live in."

"Papa, does it seem *real*? I don't quite believe it yet; I don't think I shall believe till we get there,—shall you, uncle Ambrose?"

"You will believe it fast enough, Master Cyril, when you are making havoc amongst the ripe fruit."

"Another cup of tea, Anna. Cyril, open the shutters and throw up the window a little way; the room is too warm. You are tired, Anna; are you quite well?"

"Quite well, papa, and not particularly tired. It is always a long walk from Hampstead, especially in the rain."

When the window was opened, the gentle "whushing" of the summer wind amongst the trees in the court, and the tinkle of the falling rain upon the paved footpath, made a pleasant murmuring accompaniment to the singing of the kettle on the bar. There was a short silence, during which every one in that family circle appeared to be dealing with some inner thought, more or less glad; then the talk recommenced by uncle Ambrose asking his brother if there were any books in the house in which information touching the noble family of De Plessy might be found. Yes, there was the county history of Kent; and when the tea-table was cleared, Cyril fetched it from the book-case in the other parlour, and uncle Ambrose and he sat down to study it, while the girls brought out their work-baskets. Nora was idly disposed, and scarcely set a stitch a minute; but Anna sewed as swiftly at her brother's new shirts as if Ashburn and Lord de Plessy had never been heard of; only now and then, when the wind came with a louder gust through the branches and the rain fell a little faster, she seemed to listen for a moment towards the open window.

"Here is an engraving of Plessy-Regis; what a grand place!" cried Cyril. "Come and look, papa."

Nora leant over the table to catch a glimpse too, and uncle Ambrose turned the book towards her.

"O, I should like to be mistress of a house such as that," said she.

"Now let us read what it says about the family. Norman of course—De Plessy. The name is not historical, Philip; you don't remember it in any of the old chroniclers, do you? There is nothing remarkable mentioned here. Let me see? Vanbrugh built the house; fine collection of pictures; Gibbon's carvings; copies in marble of antique groups. Gardens laid out in the Italian manner; extensive deer-park, and fine sheet of water; some of the noblest timber-trees in England. Family mausoleum at Larkhill, an elevated part of the grounds from which the sea is visible. Here is a picture of it, half as big as the house. The name Plessy-Regis, or King's Plessy, dates from Henry VIII.'s time; that monarch having taken refuge there when the sweating sickness raged in London. The old house was pulled down by Lord Hugh de Plessy, and the present structure erected by his son."

"Here is Ashburn, papa. 'A village picturesquely situated by the river Darrent. A rectory rated in the King's books at 4*l.* 10*s.* 8*d.* The church is an interesting specimen of the early Norman architecture.' That's all; there is no difference between this village and another. Any body else want the book? Nora? Then you must put it away yourself when you have finished."

Nora gladly threw her seam aside for a longer study of the home that was to be; and sat over the volume profoundly interested until, at half-past nine, her father rang the bell for Jane and her niece to come to prayers. Anna then folded away her work, and, with a low sigh of disappointment and a last look out into the rainy night, shut down the window, and drew the curtains close. A grateful mention of special benefits that day received concluded the short earnest prayer, and gave even to Cyril an impression of substance about what he was half disposed to call "too good to be true." A few more words about the fireside, and then the three young ones went up-stairs to bed, leaving their uncle and father to talk over the great event till past midnight.

II.

"Anna, I forgot to tell you that Mr. Hartwell came yesterday afternoon, while you were out. I could think of nothing but charming Ashburn."

"Did he, Nora? Was he here long?"

Nora's forgetfulness had cost her sister a very unquiet night. She had an interest in Mr. Hartwell, and had been blaming him in her own mind for a little neglect. They had been engaged two years, and were to marry when she was of age.

"He did not stay above ten minutes; for papa was gone into town, and uncle Ambrose was busy with Cyril."

"Had the letter about Ashburn come?"

"No; or if it had, it was not opened. Papa left soon after breakfast, and ever so many papers came before he got back. I believe the midday post brought it. He won't like your going away from London, will he?—Mr. Hartwell, I mean."

"He can come down and spend Sunday with us. If he should come while I am away to-day, Nora, will you keep him to tea?"

"Yes, if he will stay; I tried yesterday, but he said he had an engagement for the evening. Don't you think he is very gay, now?"

"He has a great many friends."

There was a short silence, during which Anna dressed herself to go to her teaching at Hampstead.

"It often strikes me as very odd how you two, who are so different in every thing, should have contrived to fall in love," said Nora.

"Extremes meet, Nora," replied her sister. "Good-by; I will try to be back earlier than I was yesterday. Come and meet me, if it is fine."

It was a deliciously cool clear morning; and though Anna was late in starting, and she had a three-mile walk before her, she could not prevent her busy thoughts beguiling her into lingering by the green hedgerows and on the dewy footpaths, when she came to them. Insensibly the balm of August raised her spirits; and as fancy is independent of time, she contrived to hope, fear, doubt, prefigure, and settle much in the space of an hour. Her mind ran principally on John Hartwell's visit of yesterday in her absence. He knew she was always at home by dusk, why had he not waited? And as for his evening engagements, were they not becoming more and more frequent? so frequent that they had only met once during the last fortnight, and then he was out of humour. Anna tried to think that she might have been mistaken about that; but she was not. There was something mysterious in John's manner now; he was unsettled and restless; his countenance was anxious and fevered, and he would not tell her why, but put aside her questions with some idle excuse that could not satisfy her.

The Hartwells were people of property, living in an expensive showy style; and John was clerk in a bank, with a very handsome salary, which never sufficed for his wants. He had told Anna that his father would start them in house-keeping when the time came, and that would be soon enough to practise economy. Notwithstanding the intended connection between the two families, their intercourse was limited to occasional morning visits. Anna would have liked to be more friendly, but she could not accommodate herself to the manners and tastes of John's relatives. His mother had an insatiable taste for gay society and great people; and her life was made a toil of a pleasure in the pursuit of high acquaintance, who despised while they made use of her. His sisters were both handsome, lively, and accomplished girls, without an idea beyond present amusement. They thought John was quite throwing himself away, and were not careful to conceal this feeling from Anna, who was profoundly hurt by it. The engagement had been formed when she was only eighteen, on a slight intimacy contracted at Mrs. Driver's Christmas parties, to which she was invited because her pianoforte-playing was useful; but as Mr. Brooke and uncle Ambrose disapproved of it altogether, and the Hartwells were far from cordial, its fulfilment was by

general consent deferred for three years; every body but the two young people themselves hoping that in the long interval they would change their minds.

But full two years had now elapsed, and Anna still regarded John as the handsomest, gayest, kindest, noblest creature in the whole universe. Her love for him was an enthusiasm, and her estimate of his merits a complete delusion; and between her delusion and her enthusiasm, she generally contrived to be very happy, as most of us are while those pleasant things stay by us, indeed, permanence is all they want to make life Paradise.

She was full half an hour late when she arrived at Mrs. Driver's nondescript villa at Hampstead; cheerful enough, though she had run over in her mind all the plain facts above recorded, because her hope was of a very tenacious nature, and her faith in John so perfect that, notwithstanding adverse signs, she chose to think that all was running smooth with her love, and that the fault of her sometimes uneasy heart lay entirely in her own weakness.

Mrs. Driver, however, put a speedy end to her visions by sweeping down upon her like a whirlwind the moment she entered the schoolroom, with a frown on her brow and reproach on her fluent lips. "Late again, Miss Brooke; look at the clock," said she, pointing to the time-piece on the mantel-shelf. It was ten instead of half-past nine, and Anna naturally supposed it must be forward; but Mrs. Driver, who was never convicted of a mistake in her life, and kept every thing in her house, clocks not excepted, under the most rigid discipline, drew from her pocket a large chronometer, and bade Anna look at that, for it was *never* wrong. Anna consulted her own irregular little French watch before she would be convinced, and then she blushed an apology.

In the evening, as was generally the case when Anna was in haste to get home, her pupils kept her answering a hundred trivial questions, and then, as it was so late, insisted upon her making tea for them in the schoolroom, and having some herself before they would let her go. When she was at last released, it was growing dusk, and the fields had begun to look gray and quiet. She met a few people sauntering homewards, or come out from the great dizzy city to breathe the pure air after a long day's toil; but she did not meet John Hartwell, or uncle Ambrose, or Nora. Nora had walked earlier in the day, and John Hartwell had never been; but there was a note for her from one of his sisters inviting her to tea, and asking her to take all her new music with her, the next day.

"It is the music they want, Nora," said Anna gently, with a pang that this opportunity of seeing John must be lost; "so will you send Jane's niece with it in the morning? I will write a line of excuse for myself. I promised the little Drivers to stay with them to-morrow night: they have a child's party."

"Very well, I'll remember."

Nora was deep in the perusal of a new book, and did not observe how pale and disappointed Anna looked. But Anna Brooke was not of the stuff of which heroines are made; she did not grieve all night because John Hartwell had not come; she simply felt grieved in her own mind, and said nothing about it. She made tea, and sewed at Cyril's shirts; and when uncle Ambrose asked her to sing, she sang three or four of his favourite English ballads as pleasantly as if some one else had been there; only she did say to herself rather woefully before she fell asleep, "I wish I could see John; it is so long since I have seen him."

III.

She was rewarded the next morning by meeting him on her way to Mrs. Driver's; and he turned to walk part of the way with her, saying he had come out early for the purpose. Anna felt infinitely revived, and looked up in his face with an innocent joy that made her almost beautiful.

"You will be at our house to-night, Anna; I made Louy write for you," said he. "It is only a quiet party—people you know."

"I am very sorry, John; but I have promised the Driver children to stay with them. I don't go there any more after Saturday, and I have great news to tell you; you will never guess what it is."

"What is it, Anna? You have not vexed Mrs. Driver, have you? She is a mischievous woman where she takes a dislike."

"No; nothing of that kind. It is that papa has had a living in Kent presented to him—Ashburn; do you know the place?"

"Then you will be taken away from London. You cannot expect me to rejoice very sincerely in *that*."

Anna's heart bounded, as it always did at any the slightest expression of John's affection, and a soft delicate colour suffused her cheeks. "We shall not be very far away, John," said she.

"Too far for me to drop in to tea once or twice a-week. How many miles is it off? ten, twenty, thirty,—how many?"

"I cannot say exactly, but it is within a ride or drive; it is near Plessy-Regis, if you know that place."

John Hartwell did not know it; and Anna's news seemed to have discomfited him no little. His countenance was very overcast and pre-occupied, and Anna soon perceived it.

"What is the matter, John?" she asked, watching him gravely. "Has any thing gone wrong?"

"I don't know whether to tell you or not," said he. "If you were like my sister Louy, I would in a minute; but you are such a dear, peculiar, upright little soul, that you would be dreadfully shocked, though it is such a mere trifle."

John's restless eye and uncertain tone gave his words the lie; and Anna's heart throbbed with a fear that she had never felt before, but she put a restraint on herself.

"Tell me what it is, at all events; you can trust me, John," said she quietly.

He looked at her for half a minute without making any reply, as if doubtful what to do,—whether to give or to withhold his confidence; but at last said, "I have got into some money difficulties."

Anna breathed a sigh of relief. "Is *that* all?" thought she.

"It is not much to speak of, but I dare not tell my father: he hates extravagance; and certainly this time I have rather overstepped the mark," added John with ill-affected carelessness.

"I would tell him, if I were you. Why are you afraid of him?"

"O, Anna, I wish I could stir you out of your apathy. Say something angry and savage, but don't look at me in that meek trustful way; it makes me feel as if I were one of the vilest wretches breathing!" cried John with vehemence.

"What in the world do you mean? I never saw you in this way before," exclaimed Anna. Their eyes met. "Tell me, John, only tell me you have not done any thing wrong?" she entreated.

He gnawed his nether lip, and repeated her last word twice over: "Wrong, wrong; isn't it always *wrong* not to have any money to pay your bills? What do you suspect me of?"

"Nothing, dear John, nothing; but your speaking in that wild way startled me."

"Anna, I'll tell you what I've been thinking of—going to America," said he suddenly.

"America!" echoed Anna in dismay. "What can have put that into your head? O, John, there is something you won't tell me!"

"Louy would go with me in a minute, if I asked her; but you are not like Louy."

"My father would never hear of my going so far away, John—"

"You don't understand that I want you to *trust* me, and not say a word to any body—not to your father, or any of them at home. Louy would."

"I can't do that, John, it is impossible; you know I never could," replied Anna, with tears in her eyes.

"Then the next best thing you can do will be to keep a dead silence on what I have said to you this morning, or you ruin me."

"John, *what* is it that you keep back from me; tell me what it is that makes you look so wretchedly ill?"

"I *have* told you; a money difficulty that I don't see my way out of clearly. I think I shall tell my father, after all."

"O yes, John, do, and don't put off; for those things always seem to get worse when you delay. You have lightened my mind by that promise."

"I wish I could lighten my own as easily. I must go back now, my dear good child. Anna, I wish they had let us marry two years ago; you would have kept me straight. I never could bear the reproach of thy bonnie eyes full of tears."

They were standing holding each other's hands, and John looked into Anna's face with a shrinking hesitation quite unintelligible to her. She laid it to the account of his tender conscience and his fears of her reproaches—as if she ever could or would reproach him.

"Good-by, John; go to your father to-day; promise me again. No; I cannot stay any longer; I was late yesterday, and I shall be late again to-day."

"I give you my word, Anna; give me yours that not one syllable of what we have been talking about shall transpire through you to any living soul."

Anna promised, and bade him not doubt her.

"I only doubt your courage, neither your truth nor your love, Anna," said he. "I wish you could have come to us to-night; I have so much to say to you, and there is no time now."

"I would come if I could, dear John, but I cannot. When shall I see you again; on Sunday?"

"Yes, and perhaps before. Think about my American plan—I am in solemn earnest, Anna; if you would consent, I would go to-morrow."

"No, no, don't think of it; it is a bad scheme altogether. Now, good-by for the last time."

John let her hand go, and stood looking after her for a minute or two, as she almost ran to make up for delay; she paused a second, and turned her head just before going out of sight, and waved her hand slightly.

For a young man full of health and strength, John Hartwell carried a very haggard countenance, as he returned over the fresh fields gnawing his restless lip: it must have been a heavy debt indeed to be such a nightmare on his spirits; for it sent him to his desk that morning as uneasy as ever that man could be who, having pledged his soul to the devil, sat waiting in misery until the bond was forfeit. As for Anna, she was disturbed, but happy; for the first thing that a woman requires from the man she loves is that he should love her; and of this she considered John had given great and undeniable proof by his proposition that she should deceive every body, trust herself entirely to him, and go off secretly to America. And with regard to his money difficulties, what were they? He was too much troubled about them, she was sure. He ought not to exceed his income, or be extravagant; but if he *did*, it was no irreparable sin. He would tell his father, who would lecture him perhaps, and then make all straight; for he was a rich man, and not illiberal; and he was quite devoted to John. Anna had a talent for theoretically smoothing life's hard places; but it was rather beyond her skill to unravel the tangle that her lover had made of his.

CHARISMA BASILICON; OR, THE ROYAL GIFT OF HEALING.

THE royal gift of healing,—the belief in which attained its culminating point during the rule of the Tudors and of their successors the Stuarts,—had its origin in the belief which arose after the death of Edward the Confessor, that

that prince, for his saintly life, had been gifted with the power of healing diseases. The early Anglo-Norman kings were continually reminded that, as lawful successors of the pious king, a precious gift had been transmitted to them: and letters from influential churchmen to persons about the court are still extant, in which the revival of its exercise is earnestly urged. It was not till the reign of Edward I., however, that "touching" was regularly practised, and its extent defined by being restricted to the particular scrofulous disease which was thenceforth called "the king's evil." It may have been about that time, but probably much later, that several works were written on the subject; in which, to show its great antiquity, passages were cited from the writings of William of Malmsbury and other chroniclers concerning the miracles of Edward the Confessor; and it was asserted that the custom of healing the particular disease by the royal touch existed in the time of that sainted king, in exactly the same form as was observed when the authors wrote. In order to establish the antiquity of the ceremony the more securely, they professed to have found a gold coin bearing the letters "E. C." (which was explained to stand for Edward the Confessor), with a hole drilled in it to receive a ribbon for wearing round the neck (as practised in their own time), which proved it to have been bestowed by the king for that purpose. The inventor of this artifice was evidently no numismatist, and entirely ignorant that no gold coins were struck in England until nearly two hundred years after the reign of Edward the Confessor; and also that the surname of "Confessor" was not conferred during the king's life, and could not therefore have appeared upon his coinage.

Even the most zealous among those who thus sought to raise the popular veneration for this practice tell us nothing of the *success* of any sovereign until we get to Edward I. (1277 to 1307), who is said in his different journeyings to have visited all the hospitals, and "touched for the evil" with great success.

The same is recorded of Edward III. (1327 to 1377); and as he was the first to issue a substantial gold coinage, it was probably during his reign that a gold coin was first suspended from the neck of the person "touched;" especially as the scriptural motto of the gold nobles was considered at the time to possess a miraculous charm, if worn about the person.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the numbers of the applicants for the royal favour became so numerous, that the gift of a gold noble on each occasion was a serious tax, and medals were struck expressly, of much smaller dimensions; so small, in fact, that the only scriptural phrase they afforded space for was "Soli Deo gloria," instead of the "Jesus," &c. of the nobles.

During the reign of James I. the popular faith in this "divine mission of healing" seems to have been much upon the increase; but it was reserved for his son Charles I. to surpass all his predecessors in the wonderful nature of his cures. During the troubles consequent upon the war with the parliament he was so short of money that he had to dispense with the custom of giving a gold coin at the time of the "touching," and substituted a silver piece; and as matters grew worse even this was dispensed with; yet we hear from writers favourable to the royal cause, that the king was more successful than any of his predecessors had been. When he became a prisoner in the hands of the parliament, people still flocked to the different places where he was confined, in order to be "touched," and especially to Carisbrook. At the time of his execution, a miracle is reported to have been experienced by many of those who had received benefit by his touch, who on that day suffered a sudden renewal of their old disease; which, however, almost as rapidly disappeared "without any of them being again troubled during their lives." It is stated also that cures were performed by means of handkerchiefs dipped in the blood of the "martyr king" on the scaffold; and these relics supplied the place of the "touch" to a certain extent during the reign of the

"regicide" Oliver Cromwell, who by the Cavalier party is said to have attempted to exercise this royal prerogative without the slightest result.

The faculty appears to have descended to Charles II. immediately upon the death of his father; and he is said to have exercised it very widely and successfully during his exile. Many children were secretly taken abroad to receive the royal touch, especially while Charles was in Bruges, through the clever devices of maternal faith, and in spite of the rigid disbelief of Puritan fathers. On the Restoration, the rush to Whitehall to be touched was so great that for some time the ceremony was performed three times a week, with an average of six hundred at each sitting. During the first twenty-two years of his reign, the number of people touched amounted to 92,107. This extraordinary increase in the number of the applicants rendered some rules necessary to prevent people, through "stealth," from being touched twice, and so getting two gold medals: such regulations are referred to in the following passage from the *London Gazette* of Nov. 21st, 1672:

"ADVERTISEMENT.

His Majesty hath commanded that no persons whatsoever do come to be healed of the *King's Evil* unless they bring a certificate, under the hands and seals of the Minister and Churchwardens of the parishes where they inhabit, that they have not been touched before; and his Majesty requires that the Ministers in their respective parishes do keep a constant register of such persons to whom they give their certificates."

It was afterwards ordered that the applicants should also bring a certificate from a physician or surgeon, to attest that the disease from which they were suffering was really "king's evil."

After the death of Charles II., the practice gradually declined from public favour, and surgeons began to write books suggesting other remedies. A work, entitled *A Specific for the Cure of the King's Evil*, was published in 1709, by a clergyman, one William Vickers, M.A., who in his youth had been much afflicted by the disease, and who states that he was "stroaked" twice by King Charles II. and thrice by James II. without any effect, and was afterwards cured by his medicinal specific. Yet even as late as 1721, in a letter written by an English gentleman at Rome to his friend in London, is to be found the following passage:

"Can we already," he writes, "forget the multitude of cases whereby among other glorious things our late queen of transcending excellence signalised herself? Can you, I say, already let these things escape your memories so soon, or suffer the extraordinary things of this nature which are still effected abroad to pass unregarded by a fatal and incurious negligence? For shame, Britons! Awake, and let not a universal lethargy seize you."

This is about the last instance in which we find the royal power of "touching for the evil" upheld in a really serious manner.

The nature of the ceremony observed by the different princes in "touching" varied at different epochs. In early times, ceremonial forms appear to have been deemed unnecessary; and the number of applicants being small, each was probably treated in a different manner. It was reserved for Henry VII. to ordain a regular service, which was inserted in the Book of Common Prayer, and thenceforward used on each occasion of public "healing." We are not informed by any of the writers of the time what were the reasons which induced Henry VII. to make it so completely a religious ceremony; whether it was that, on account of his being by a large proportion of the nation considered a usurper, his succession to the royal gift of healing might be doubted; or whether he wished to secure the adhesion of the clergy by thus associating them in this regal prerogative,—it is not easy to say. From that time, however, it is well known that on the introduction of afflicted persons to the royal presence, the above-mentioned prayers were recited by clerical officials, according to directions printed with them in the Church Prayer-Book. At a certain part

of the ceremony, as directed, the king took an angel-noble,—that is to say, a noble with the new and favourite device of the archangel Michael piercing a dragon with a spear, which was first adopted by Edward IV., the coin bearing on the other side the motto, "O crux ave spes unica;" having crossed the sore therewith, the sick person had the same "angel" suspended about his neck, which he was to wear until he became "whole."

The changes made in the form of prayer ordained by Henry VII. were not very material, even down to the time of Queen Anne, who was the last that "touched." The following is an extract from a Prayer-Book of the last-named reign:

"Then shall the infirm persons, one by one, be presented to the Queen, upon their knees; and as every one is presented, and while the Queen is laying her hands upon them, and putting the gold about their necks, the chaplain that officiates, turning himself to her Majesty, shall say these words following."

Charles II. used to perform the ceremony in the banquetting-room in Whitehall, seated on a throne at the upper end of the apartment. The ceremony usually took place on a Sunday; and after the patients had been healed and dismissed with their golden charms, the lord-chamberlain, or in his absence the vice-chamberlain, and two other nobles, brought forward the "Linnen and the Bason and Ewer" for washing and wiping the royal hands, a performance with which the ceremony concluded. During the summer, it was usual to discontinue the "touching," lest at a time when so many epidemics generally raged the sovereign might become infected, and his health be endangered; this was announced in the *London Gazette* by some such paragraph as the following, extracted from the Number for "Monday April 5th, to Thursday April 8th, 1669:"

"ADVERTISEMENT.

His Majesty has been pleased to declare, that by reason of the approaching heat of summer, he shall continue to touch for the Evil onely until the end of this present moneth of April. It being his pleasure that no persons after that time apply themselves to him on that account till October next."

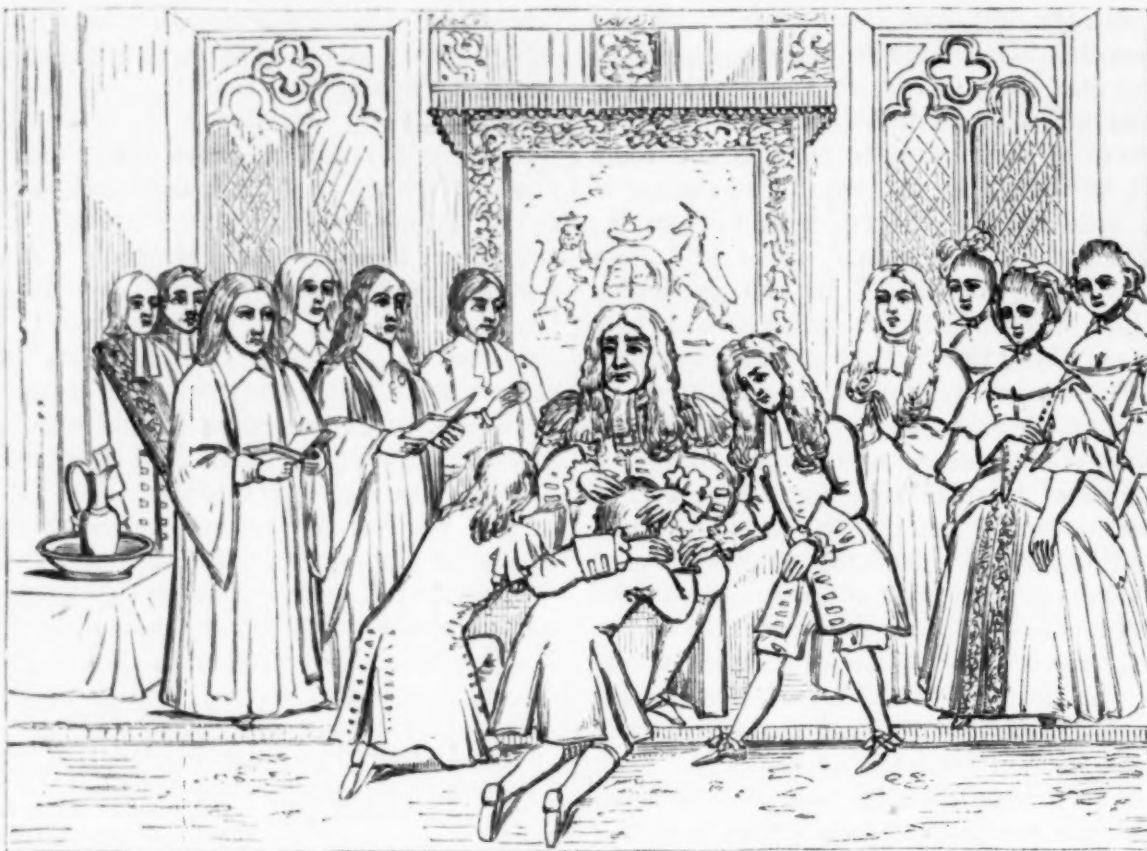
One John Browne published a curious work on the subject in 1684, which he entitled,

"ADENOCHOIRADELOGIA;

OR,

An Anatomick, Chirurgical Treatise of Glandules and Strumæ, or King's Evil swellings: together with the royal gift of healing, or cure thereof by contact or imposition of hands, performed for above 640 years by our kings of England, continued with their admirable effects and miraculous events, and concluded with many wonderful examples of cures by their sacred touch,—all which are described by John Browne, one of his Majesty's Chirurgeons-in-Ordinary and Chirurgeon of his Majesties Hospitals."

At the end of his preface, he affects to illustrate and confirm his belief by declaring that his work "lies prostrate at your Majesty's feet, humbly imploring your Majesty's sacred touch, dedicated and presented with all obedience to your Majesty's royal hand." John Browne



HEALING IN WHITEHALL. FROM A CONTEMPORARY PRINT.

thinks it hard that people should disbelieve in the power of the king; he cites passages from Scripture, in which similar gifts of a healing power are recorded, and reasons ingeniously that

"If Stones, Metals, Waters, and Herbs are imbued with such wonderful powers, why should any one be so narrow-minded as to disbelieve that Christian men, being the most noble of corporal creatures, and kings the most noble of Christians, and kings of Great Britain the first-fruits of all Christian kings, should re-

ceive this Christian and peculiar privilege, and sanative power, whereof daily instances do give us a greater light of the truth thereof."

Our ingenious author also gives a list of some hundreds of miraculous cures performed by the 'touch' during the reigns of Charles I. and II., with the names in full, and testimonies of different physicians, or others, whom he believed to be deserving of credit. One of his first cases is that of a lady, who had been touched by Charles I. in the early part of his reign. Many years after, having journeyed to Russia, she visited the family of a merchant most "sorely afflicted," who was making every exertion to come to England to be "healed" by the king. This lady lent the merchant the gold coin she had received at the time of the "touch;" and after he had worn it for a week, so complete a cure was effected that there was no longer a necessity for the projected journey to England.

Another case is that of a labouring man in Oxfordshire, so much affected with the disease that he was nearly lame and blind. On hearing that the king was to pass near his dwelling, he secreted himself at a convenient spot on the road, and before he could be prevented rushed up to the king (Charles I.), who was upon horseback, and "rubbed his scrofulous nose," on the king's hand. "The king was sorely discomfited," but the man was "made whole."

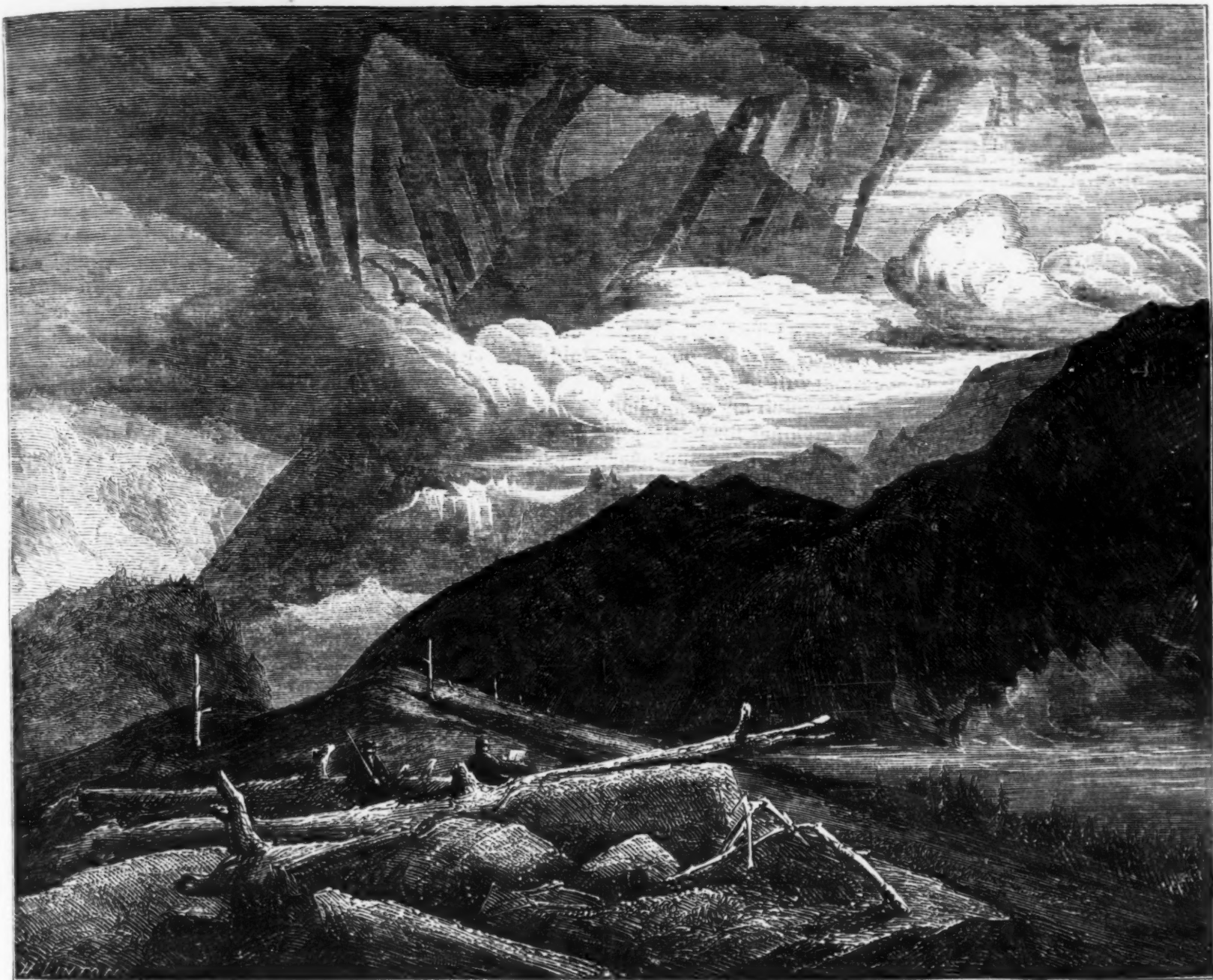
Another case is that of the wife of a Nonconformist, just before the breaking-out of the civil war, who, very ill with the evil, from which she had long suffered, tried long, but in vain, to obtain her husband's consent that she should go and get touched by the king. He, however, at last yielded reluctantly, and the woman was, of course, immediately cured,—the Nonconformist being almost persuaded that there was something more in the touch of a king than in that of an other man.

One more case. In Holland, where Charles II. resided while in exile, a poor Dutch market-woman, who was in such a reduced state from the disease that it was thought she might die under his hand, entreated to be "touched," and received such a miraculous relief, that a few days afterwards she was seen "walking in the streets to market with a basket of fruit on her head."

Many cases are cited of Charles's power after his restoration to the throne of England. It is curious to find, however, that, notwithstanding the well-known miraculous power possessed by this truly virtuous prince, no fewer than sixty persons died of the "king's evil" in the city of London alone during the year ending 16th of December 1673.

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THE LAUTERBRUNNEN VALLEY. BY E. K. JOHNSON.

The National Magazine.

[It is found impossible to reply to the number of letters received; nor can unaccepted Mss. be returned, except in very special cases.]

THE LAUTERBRUNNEN VALLEY.

BY E. K. JOHNSON.

THIS is a view from the path leading over the Wengernalp to Grindelwald; the latter a district admirably represented by our engraving on page 128. All the country here trends towards the Lake of Thun, and supplies some of the most grand scenery in Switzerland. The mountains, which mass themselves together as if to defy all passage, rise haughtily into the air, and seem to meet other mountains of cloud that hang above their heads; for the masses of cumuli lie heaped and piled hill upon hill, until the eye almost fails to reach their summits, lost, as these often are, in a whole world of brooding and heavy vapours.

The feeling of high air, to coin a phrase expressive of immensity and clearness, which the artist has given to the drawing before us is very noticeable; our vision seems to shoot over and athwart the mountain-peaks into infinite space beyond. It is a sterile-looking region, grand and magnificent from the simplicity and ruggedness of its parts, which by the enormous spaces they occupy are noble and impressive. A vast variety of light and shade is constantly produced in such a country as this from the shifting of the position of the sun; so that one may study an infinite change

of effect throughout a single day while remaining in the same spot. This constant alteration of aspect is one of the great charms of mountain scenery.

The huge pine-trunk that has fallen across the front of the picture marks the desolate nature of the spot; companions in ruin stand stark and lifeless higher up the valley, seeming to be memorials of storms and tempests, which even their hardy nature could not endure without destruction; so there they are, trophies of the mountain-wind and the frosts and snows, which a few winters shall utterly destroy and eradicate.

L. L.

PADDY AND I.

BY WALTER THORNBURY, AUTHOR OF "ART AND NATURE."

CHAPTER I.

WHEN I heard a grave gentleman-like man, at the Ballybrogue Station of the Great Punster Railway, say to a friend, who asked him how he should spend the half-hour he would have to wait, that he should spend it thinking of all the kind things he (the friend) had been saying to him, I said, "*The Irish are a polite people.*"

When I saw, at a Dublin theatre, the whole house to a man get on their legs, and howl at the manager because he wouldn't introduce a national jig in the middle of *La Sonnambula*, I said, "*The Irish are an excitable people.*"

When a Killarney guide swore to me on the tomb of his grandmother that there was a small lake up in Mullacap, county Kerry, which contained a giant eel, that swam twice round the enclosure every day at two o'clock, with a pan of

old gould tied to his tail, I said, "*The Irish are a superstitious people.*"

When a Tipperary landlord, in a Galway railway carriage, told me he was surnamed "the Woodcock," because he had been shot at so often by the "noblest tinantry" and missed, I said, "*The Irish are a revengeful people.*"

When I saw my friend Mike Rooney's best blue breeches stuffed into his window to keep out the rain, I said, "*The Irish are a thoughtless people.*"

And, lastly, when I refused the beggar-woman at Castlebar a halfpenny, and she ironically hoped "the Lord would make my bed that night in heaven," I said, "*The Irish are a witty people.*"

But this is nothing to do with my story; for what I want to say is, that I got into Westport on the fair-day and the sessions-day, and found the coffee-room full of bagmen and sessions people, just hot from a case in which an action had been brought against the owners of a steamer for putting a cargo of eggs with which they had been intrusted too near the funnel, in consequence of which half the eggs had been hatched and half addled. I first threw myself heart and soul among the bagmen; those whom I chiefly valued were a big-headed elephantine Smith, in the hardware way, and Fitzgibbons, an invalid,—a neat-featured droll Dublin man,—very full of anecdote. Thus we began:

"Why, what's the matter, Smith?" said Fitzgibbons the Dublin bagman to the big-headed gentleman in the hardware line.

Smith had thrust his hands in his pocket, shut up with a bang the order-book, in which he was making memoranda of the day's work, stretched out his shapely legs, and seemed entirely intent in staring with a quaker-like concentration at the tips of his boots.

"I tell you what it is," said Smith moodily, "I can't get on without my claret."

"The house is going to rack and ruin since Proger's death," said a neat handbox man in the floor-cloth line.

"O, you shouldn't be hard on the house. They do their best," said the full-whiskered neat-featured Fitzgibbons. "Have you ever heard, Smith, that story of Dwyer, the Dublin 'beak'?"

"No," said Smith, not yet rallying from the effect of the absence of his favourite wine, but wishing to be amused.

I was somewhat tired of the endless ceremonial of "Mr. President, may I be permitted," "Mr. Vice, I am intruding, I fear, on your province," and bridled up to hear the story which the eccentric dispenser of justice had himself told Fitzgibbons.

"Fill your tumbler, old fellow, before you begin," said Smith.

"Thank you, old boy," said Fitz, twisting his mouth into an elongated tube adapted for probationship in "screeching" hot whisky and aqua.

"I'll tell you the story, boys, as the ould jintleman himself told it me. 'The other day,' said he, in his own mealy brogue, 'as I was sitting for the administration of justice on my judgment-seat in Ormond Street, a little boy was brought up before me charged with robbing an orchard out somewhere by Donnybrook. The case was clearly proved; and the keeper of the nursery-garden deposed that the boy was an old offender, and that he had visited the place so often that he had cleared it of every sort of fruit. Having no pity on such villanous young marauders found guilty upon the clearest possible evidence, I sentenced him to three months' imprisonment, not forgetting to add the usual whipping,—the peculiar prerogative of juvenile offenders. Just as I had delivered this sentence with a solemn air, I looked in a dignified way round the court, and to my surprise observed the old gardener, who lingered in the witness-box, standing there still, and pulling down his forelock as if he wanted to speak to me, and had something on his mind. 'If you please—' he said. 'What are you wanting, fellow?' said I. 'If you please,' said the man, 'I've got a peculiar favour to ask.' 'What is it?' said I. 'Why,'

said he, 'if it please your honour's worship, that I may see the little boy receive his sentence.' 'What, be whipped?' said I. 'Yes; be whipped,' said he. Well, as soon as the business of the day was over, I went down into the back-court, feeling anxious to know what sort of morbid curiosity impelled the man. When I got there, the little boy was receiving his first lash, and I saw him, all in a shivering heap, cramming his dirty knuckle into the extreme corner of his left eye; and there, in the corner, stood the prosecutor looking on and rubbing his hands as if it was, 'pon my sowl, the Royal Theatre he had got a dress-box in. Well, I watched him; and before the whip could come down again on the poor little devil's dirty hide, he goes up to the urchin, and giving him a dig in his very small ribs, cries out, 'There's a Mogul plum for ye;' and the next time the whip came down, he goes up on the other side, and cries, 'There's a jargonelle for ye;' and the third time it was, 'There's a Kerry pippin for ye;' and so the cruel villain went on, till, I'll be bail, there wasn't a fruit or vegetable known in Paradise, much more in Ireland, that he did not mention to the poor boy.' (Loud laughter, &c.)

Smith. It's a good story now, ain't it?

Fitzgibbons. Why, you never heard it before.

Smith. Och, haven't I! Weren't we all half kilt with it the other week at Derry?

Fitzgibbons. Bad luck to the big head of ye, so I did. Well, it's a good story, ain't it? Yet, hang it, I towld it the other day to a man who couldn't for the life see the point of it. 'Why did he say, 'There's a Mogul plum for ye?' he kept repeating; 'Ah, there's a jargonelle.' Now why did he say 'jargonelle'?' I could have laid hold of the boiled leg of mutton, and beaten him into capers with it.

After this, the neat little man in the floor-cloth way volunteered a long and pointless story, all about "a clock" running up a wall. Now, I could imagine a clock on a wall, or a man running away over a wall with a clock; but what was this?

It was a new hotel, and he had just gone to bed, when he heard a mysterious noise, and presently saw "a clock" run up the wall.

"A clock?" said I, unable to contain my amazement.

Smith. O, they call them in England beetles.

Well, the clock did not end the story; for the small neat man went on to say, that in all his circuit he had never seen such a place. All night he was kept awake with the gnawings of something sharper than even conscience. Day broke, and yet no sleep. He could not stand it; he leaped out of bed, and rang a yawning peal that made night hideous and roused the whole house. Soon at his door came the half-dressed indignant landlord. Our friend grew tranquil; he asked if they'd any toast-and-water ready made. The landlord was furious. "Look here," said I, drawing him to the bedside; and flinging back the clothes, I showed him the white sheets spotted with black. "Lord!" says the landlord, with an expression of mingled astonishment, pity, and indignation, "*why it's only a parcel of bed-bugs;*" and he went shuffling off, grumbling at being rung up at such an hour about so mere a trifle.

Fitzgibbons. That's a neat little mare you drive in your trap, Grady; but where's the cob gone?

Grady. Gone? why, where the good niggers go,—to the knacker's.

Fitzgibbons. Well, I hope you sent him to our ingenious friend at Sandymount. You have heard his way of doing business, haven't you? No? Well, I'll tell you. When a man takes his horse there, he generally leaves him in the yard, panting and wheezing, while he goes into Geoghean, in the little box of a counting-house, where he finds him, pen behind his ear, running his finger down a ledger, and sharper than a Tipperary fox. They cannot come to terms at all. Our friend asks 3*l.*; Geoghean won't give more than 2*l.* 2*s.*, and wants the harness in besides. At last, in a tiff, off goes the owner to get up in his cart and whip home again. In the mean time, however, Geoghean has slyly

sent out one of his men to knock the beast on the head, and there he lies stone-dead between the shafts. The owner does not know what to do. He won't take the price; but he cannot get the carcass home, and when he does, it won't keep. While he is trying to flog his brains for a plan, out comes Geoghean in a burning storming rage, threatens him with prosecution, orders him directly with his own hand to remove that carrion from his yard, or he will charge five shillings for every hour it is kept there. In despair, the mortified owner re-opens the negotiation; but Geoghean, stern and obdurate, will not now give more than 1*l.* 15*s.*, and at that miserable and insufficient price the bargain is closed.

Smith. And mighty ingenious too. The *coup-de-grace* most judiciously applied. (Seriously.) This house isn't as it used to be in Rooney's time: there was no talk of a gentleman wanting claret then.

Fitzgibbons. Och, man, never mind the claret; tell us the story how you took in the Dublin carman.

Smith. O, it's not worth the telling. It was last year, I was coming home from my circuit, and I arrived by the seven-o'clock train at the Drogheda station in Dublin. I thought I would have some fun,—for I had a white hat on at the time, and looked mighty like a tracker (pedestrian); so I went staring about the station, and called for a jaunting-car. Three men ran up, whip in hand: one would drive me for nothing, and give me a dram besides; another had a horse that would make the tay-kettle's steam-boiler burst; a third would go bail that his horse could drive all the rest before him. I hired one, clung on the side-seat like a stranger, and told him to drive to the Gresham. "The Gresham, is it?" Away he went,—such a drive!—round by the Quays, and the Phoenix, and Grafton Street, and the Liberty, and back to Sackville Street. Then he pulls up at the lamp with a start, leaps off as if he had done the thing well, and waits for his fare, expecting a crown or so. I handed him the statute sixpence. "What's this?" said he, looking at it as if it was a bad one. "Is it bad?" said I. "No," said he; "but I want four-and-tin-pence." "For one set down within the municipalities," said I, "fare, sixpence." "O, by Jabers," said he, "the mealy-mouthed rascal! To the ould Harry with your municipalities! Sorra to your big head, if I didn't take ye for a *rowler* (tourist)!" (Laughter.)

I. They tell a story in Dublin of a magistrate there who has a peculiar mission for putting down carmen. His object in life is to check extortion; he lives to suppress carmen. One day he sent his little girls to school in a car, putting them in at the turnpike to save over fare, and directing them with many precautions to get out this side the municipal boundary. When they get out, they hand the carman, who had prepared himself to pluck his young fare, sixpence. The carman looked at it first, and then at them. "What's this dirtying my hands?" says he. "It's your sixpence." "Is it sixpence?" says he. "It's your proper fare," they said, "and we shall not give any more." "You'll not give any more?" "No; it's what papaw told us to give." "And who is your papaw?" (with a voice of drawling disgust). "Mr. Flannigan, the police magistrate." "Mr. Flannigan!" (with a look of discomfiture rising to terror, regaining his seat, and whipping off). "Och! then good morning to ye, my little darlins, and remember me to your papaw."

Smith. There are two magistrates, Flannigan and Flannerty, of whom many good stories are told. One is peculiarly hard on people who are found incapable of taking care of themselves or of any one else, and who, because they have been generally already robbed, are also fined. The other is equally forgiving. I heard a drunken fellow once, lying in the gutter and talking with his wife, who was swearing at him for not coming home. "Where's your manners, ye dirty baste!" she said, pushing him with her foot, "bringing disgrace on the ould name and the ould blood? Och! you big baste, to leave your poor neglected wife and childer;—get up with you." "Biddy," said the drunken vagabond from the kennel, "for the love of the

Virgin and St. Patrick, just rowl me over to Flannigan's side of the street, and I'll be all right in the morning."

Fitzgibbons. He's the magistrate who examined the man of straw as to the value of his property. "Will you swear," he said, "that your holdings are worth twenty pounds?" "Bedad," said the bail, who was holding his nose as if he was rubbing it, "I swear that I wouldn't part with my holdings for twice twenty pounds." So he was admitted.

As a change from the bagmen, I turned to the sessions-table, where the chief speakers seemed a Mr. Joyce, a low attorney and parasite, a fat Falstaff, with a wavering cunning eye; Mr. O'Donnel, a barrister; and Mr. Muffington, the owner of the steamer in fault in the egg-question. He had a swollen-looking red face, and a punchy vulgar little body; but Joyce spoke of him as the prop of the town, and the glory of county Mayo. Joyce was not a peace-maker, as we see when he gives tongue.

Joyce. I go on the broad principle. I say, put a six-barrelled revolver to their jaw, and blow them to everlasting blazes.

I. Gently, gently, Mr. Joyce; the law will see us righted.

Joyce (squeezing a lemon viciously). What I told them was, when you're all dead and rotten the steamer will go ahead. Westport for ever! What I want is a revolver—a legal revolver. Revolver is legal; who says it isn't? I should like to see any one say it isn't. Where is he? I'm not too old yet to fight; and I can hit a gnat at forty paces without telescope-glasses.

Muffington. We shall win our action; there's no doubt about it: Counsellor Brady says we shall.

Joyce. Snaffle him, that's what I want; just as I did for Captain House. Is the country to be destroyed?—that's what I ask. Is it to be ruined? Och! rascal; och, the murdering villains! Take it patiently; yes, I will. Let me purpose as a toast, "Muffington and the steamer." Hurrah! GIVE IT STAMPING.

Toast drunk with dance and jingling acclamations.

Mr. Muffington, the little podgy, red-faced, swollen sort of man, got up and proposed the health of the counsel for the defendant—Mr. O'Donnel.

Drunk with fresh glass, dancing.

Joyce. That's what I like. I hate all your finical dirty talk. Grapple with 'em; drag them to blazes; throw rotten eggs at 'em; pillory them. Och! that's the way; give 'em Lynch law!

Mr. O'Donnel, a spare, care-worn, pale, clever-looking man, his thin face working with excitement, got up and made a speech to return thanks. He had striven to do his duty, as he always tried to do, without acrimony or personal feeling, as he always tried to do it. His name was, he hoped, a respected name in the county—

Joyce. Bravo for the O'Donnells!

O'Donnel. It has been known in Mayo for centuries.

Joyce. The Tyrconnells!

O'Donnel. But he could not sit down without saying, that he thought he never, in his small experience, had conducted a case which reflected more discredit on the plaintiffs.

Joyce. Mat, get a six-barrelled revolver, and blow them to ould Nick.

A quiet farming-man in frieze rose to propose the health of a gentleman well known in Westport,—a gentleman respected, he believed, by all who had the pleasure of knowing him,—he meant Mr. Muffington.

Tremendous cheers; old Joyce beating on the table with both fists, and continuing two minutes after every one else had finished.

Joyce. Shoot them all, like d—d rapparees, as they are; nothing less. I say it emphatically, be gad, shoot them all! I go upon the broad principle.

I (aside). Good heavens, what a man for an attorney!

Bystander (in a whisper). He used to keep his carriage and four; but he drove through all his property, and is now known only for his chicanery and trickery: as an attorney he is sunk to the lowest depths.

Joyce. Play up, Larry,—“Mike Rooney’s Ganthier.” Put ‘em in the pillory, that’s my way; give ‘em good musical and pistol law. Every one knows Phil Joyce. He has a fine constitootion (slaps his stomach), and never goes beyond his nointh tumbler! Shoot ‘em all, I say! Send round the hat for poor dark Larry.

Larry. More power to ye, Mr. Joyce.

Joyce. There’s an ould proverb about the transplanted tree. Now Mr. Muffington is a transplanted tree, whose roots have taken great and deep hold in this Irish soil; and all I wish to do is to end my days under the shadow of the Muffington tree,—may it live for ever, and a day longer. The chairman is the man who knocks down any one that disagrees with him, and so will I any one who says the word against “Muffington and the steamer.” I’m for morality and all that sort of thing. Now, then, we must remember Larry. No one will grudge sixpence for poor Larry. Mr. Muffington, I respect ye: the Muffington tree is what I hope to die under, when this last—John, some hot water,—quick, you divil,—and more spirit on the top of it, you blackguard.

Tired of this scene of blarney, confusion, and noise, I broke from the turbulent coffee-room, crowded with witnesses and attorneys, and got out into the pure air of the street. It was fair-day, and the town was alive with moving wheels, bellowing oxen, and expostulating pigs. There, in a snug corner, was the indefatigable brogue-seller, with one hand in a shoe and the other rubbing it, as he spit upon the leather. “If it does this with a spit, what will it be with a black?” is his argument. There, safe under the church-tower, were the women with their stalls of clean printed calicoes, running their fabrics between their fingers and thumbs, to the intense admiration of the dark-eyed Colleens, the young sisters that clung to their skirts, and the boy who stopped the slip of the “peg” with the long hayband tied to his left hind-leg as a sort of rein. There was the bowl-seller, with his nest of bowls and cogs and noggins, at whose store stood the sturdy farmers with buttoned-up frieze and stout blackthorn under the arm. There were gingerbread-stalls, and men selling halters and whips, all ranged in rows on either side of the High Street, round the chief inn, through whose door worked in and out a jostling crowd of graziers and drovers, from the mere cotter, who had brought his single pig—the hope of the family—as a great venture, to the lordly grazier, with his five dozen bulls of Bashan, and his big pocket-book swollen with greasy one-pound notes. And through all this chatting, laughing, excitable, cheerful, eager, good-natured crowd, with variegated colours flying, came the band of the Galway militia,—the non-commissioned officers, four abreast, as large as life, with drawn swords; the drum in a painful state of apoplectic excitement and inflammatorily red in the face; and last, four abreast, arm-in-arm, the newly-caught recruits, shouting their sanguine and sanguinary anticipations of endless bounty and tremendous glory. Raw Irish lads, just caught from the bog, they looked as green as the laurels that a phantom without a head waved above their as yet unbroken skulls.

“Militia is doing better than the line,” I said half-maliciously to a grizzled recruiting sergeant of the 52d leaning against a chemist’s door-post, his stained scarlet matching very well with the adjacent blue bottle.

“Och,” said he, with a professional and crafty smile, “they’re only decoy-ducks, sir.” And away they went, ruffling the fair with their parchment-thunder to the Spartan-like bray of the

“Tow, row, row
Of the British grenadiers.”

Pushing through the crowd of hot rosy girls,* and uncomfortably-fine farmers’ sons, and sagacious old women, and farmers with hay stirrups, narrowly escaping a violent Juggernautic death from cage-carts of anxious-looking and self-conscious pigs, wondering empty-headed calves, and

mischievous-looking runts, driven with yells in the Irish language, and thwacks not needing translation, I worked slowly through the gossiping, busy, chaffering crowd, till I got to the low stony hill with the turf trodden off it, where the cattle-market was held: it was a bovine Witenagemote, an Æsop parliament. The money-market I saw was tight, by the buttoned-up look of the old farmers, and the reserved and cynical manner of the splashed graziers, who eyed the cows with contemptuous criticism, nudged their stomachs with Abernethy-like roughness, and walked off, beating their muddy boots with their ground-ash sticks. Between the countless horns of leathery dry-looking kine country girls and farmers’ sons with meteor-like neck-handkerchiefs exchanged meaning nods, in spite of watchful mothers heedful of bargains, and Fardorougha-like fathers. The busiest men were the small higglers and jobbers, with two dirty pound-notes or so to invest, determined to speculate desperately in some moribund cow or spavined horse. I saw one of them leading about any thing but the fatted calf; its hide a vamped old shoe, its hair like an old school-trunk’s, its eye fishy, its gait feeble. A jolly Rory O’More offered him a pound-bill for it, and said it didn’t look likely. “Never judge a book by the cover,” says Jim, down upon him with an old saying. “Don’t be wiser than wise,” says another O’Rourke to a well-to-do farmer who is sticking out for a high price. Talk of coquetting! these graziers know every trick of the art. Look at that fellow with the frieze-blanket coat, how much he longs for those tight-skinned active pigs—pure Connaught; but he fights, and scolds, and beats his hands, and buttons his coat, flies at the pig-jobber, and now that all is nearly over, actually claps on his hat tighter, puts his shillalah under his arm, and walks coolly off to one of the long waggon-tilt booths for a “half-one” of whisky. That bold act is a fine stroke of generalship; it is the *coup-de-grace*; it wins the day. The pig-jobber, almost tearing his hair, runs after him, claps the earnest-money in his expectant palm, and cries, “Mike, the pigs is yours.” Then with stentorian violence to the boy, “CALL ‘EM BACK! You’ve got them dirt-cheap.” Out comes the pocket-book, out come the notes; and observe the dry smile of the satisfied purchaser, and the feigned discomfiture of the diamond-cut-diamond jobber. The long low booths,—so low that you cannot stand upright in them,—are worth a visit. See the little peat-fire at the door, with its pleasant whiff of curling blue smoke; that’s for the hot water, and the hot water is for the whisky. Within, facing each other, on long low benches, sit the drovers and farmers, scraping their boots with switches, and hands on knees, laughing and chaffing with thorough Irish lightness of heart. They do love pleasure, these Celts. French or Irish, they work at play, and play at work; they dance themselves to death, but they dig with the listlessness of convicts.

Between the rows, smoking jug in hand, passes the widdy Grattan, with always some story to tell you of what M’Cor-mac’s pig said to King O’Toole. O the pleasant bustle and flurry of those simple-hearted happy wretched-papists, who should be miserable with pigs, priests, mud-floors, and dung-hills, yet are so obstinately jolly while Paddy’s rich morbid brother John is hipped in spite of mahogany, port-wine, and roast-beef! Shall I forget, dear Ireland, the fun and witty bantering on that grassless hill, where shock-headed boys ran about madly after mountainous short-horns ten times their size, where pigs nuzzled in straw, where horses trotted in and out, where every body shouted, sang, bellowed, and brayed in noisy competition? How the farmers’ wives culled the fairest pigs with proud air of experience; how the jobbers rushed into butting knots of oxen, and picked out their own special brand; how every body escaped goring, and made a bargain, and went home, driving like drunken goblins, singing and racing,—I still remember well! In a little green field of my mind, that grassy hill stands up the Acropolis of my Erin, the echo of a perpetual laugh always round it, and the smell of the peat-fire dew filling its soft nimble air.

ASHBURN RECTORY.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "GILBERT MASSENGER," ETC.
IN FIFTEEN CHAPTERS.

IV.

THE circumstance of Mr. Brooke becoming rector of Ashburn reconciled the Hartwells to an engagement which they had been accustomed to regard as far below the deservings of the only son of their house. "It was not money they cared for so much as connection," as Mrs. Hartwell remarked to her confidential friends; and now that Anna's father had been taken by the hand by such a noble and powerful patron as Lord de Plessy, there was no saying to what eminence he might rise in his profession—archdeacon, canon, dean, bishop, perhaps! The ambitious lady's towering imagination quite carried her off the feet of her judgment.

There was in consequence a great family gathering at Mr. Hartwell's house, for the purpose, as it were, of publicly adopting the Brookes, especially Anna, into their bosoms, and of setting the seal of approval on what had hitherto only been whispered as a meet subject for condolence. John himself protested against this demonstration as a piece of unnecessary fuss, he would much rather have had Anna by herself; but his mother insisted on the expediency, the propriety, and the absolute obligation they were under to receive the other members of her family upon their accession of dignity; and she had her own way.

"When Mr. Brooke was a miserable curate, it did not matter," was her remark on the occasion; "but now that he is rector of Ashburn, we owe it to ourselves to show him a certain respect."

The invitation, including uncle Ambrose and Cyril, was accordingly sent and accepted, though two at least, Nora and her uncle, would gladly have declined; but Anna said there was no excuse, and they must go to please her; so they went.

The entertainment had been got up regardless of expense; partly to impress the Brookes with the splendour of the alliance they were about to form, and partly to encourage the nascent attentions of a very rich and foolish young man of ostentatious tastes to the eldest daughter, Sophia. All the Hartwells who were presentable had been collected to give force to this friendly demonstration, which, perhaps from the many efforts to make it succeed, turned out a deplorable failure. The guests were almost strangers to each other, and their component elements would no more amalgamate than oil and water. Uncle Ambrose described his own feelings afterwards as similar to those he experienced at a pantomime, where, notwithstanding the glare and glitter, you are conscious that all is sham. Mr. Brooke, while listening to his hostess's vapid and inflated speeches, could not help thinking in his benevolent heart what a very unpleasant mother-in-law she would be for his dear Anna. The aspirant to Sophia was troubled in his mind as to the solidity of the silver corner-dishes and the enormous *épergne*; Nora was uncomfortable because old Mr. Hartwell patronised and my-deared her; John was thinking about *that bill* that was coming due so soon; and Anna was restless because John looked gloomy: nobody was thoroughly happy except Cyril; for the world had not begun to dash his feast with wormwood yet, and he found every thing toothsome and delicious. Above all, Mrs. Hartwell was troubled, and her trouble was twofold: in the first place, she had indiscreetly boasted to her sister-in-law that very morning that Ashburn was worth a thousand a-year, and at every turn of the conversation she dreaded an exposure; and in the second, the faithful Thomas of the establishment had found means to exhilarate himself so successfully, that he was constantly coming into collision with Mrs. Arthur Hartwell's man, and dropping plates short of the table, besides other and minor delinquencies. The expression of superiority and lofty scorn on Mrs. Arthur's plump countenance was gall and wormwood to the giver of the feast; and it was felt a relief when

the ignominious failure ended, and the ladies adjourned to the drawing-room.

But matters were not much mended there. It was one of those grandly furnished apartments for which money had done every thing, and good taste nothing. The satin-damask had been denuded of its chintz covers, as also had the ornamental pieces of tapestry-work; but the worsted-parrot screen, and the Great Mogul on horseback, and silk-canvas screen, and the roses and poppies blushing all over downy cushions and Elizabethan chairs, were all old acquaintances; nobody *could* make conversation about *them*. The annuals on the round table had run to seed long ago, and no new ones appeared; even Anna, rare guest as she was in that state-room, knew every one of the round-eyed gazelles and lights of the harem therein depicted perfectly well by sight.

The younger members of the company had from the beginning of the evening, according to sex, conceived a violent indignation and jealousy against Nora for looking so proud and so perfectly beautiful; so that while she retired alone into a sofa-corner, Sophia Hartwell and her cousins formed a party in the bow-window for the purpose of criticising the make and simple materials of her white muslin dress. Louy, the youngest daughter, and John's favourite sister, took possession of Anna, and carried her off to the piano; where, with a running accompaniment of music to drown their voices, they talked of John without pause. Meanwhile, Master Cyril, who had been ordered up-stairs by his father was enlightening the insidious Mrs. Arthur Hartwell with regard to Ashburn in a manner which caused the hostess to designate him, in her own mind, "a shameless boy;" meaning thereby, that he was so insensible to the world's good opinion as absolutely not to endeavour to make himself or his family appear any greater or more important than they really were. And poor Mrs. Hartwell herself,—being obliged to sit, and be silently civil to a deaf great-aunt of her husband's, who had a great deal of money to leave to somebody,—was reduced to console herself for her sister-in-law's triumphant aspect at her annoyances by recollecting that she had once heard her daintily described by a connoisseur in feminine beauty as "a fillet of veal on castors."

"And have you been down to Ashburn yet, Mr. Cyril?" inquired that fair and plump person in her sweetest company-voice. Cyril was in jackets still, and being, like all young male animals, peculiarly open to the flattery of being addressed as a man of mature years, he suffered himself to be drawn out quite to her satisfaction.

"No; but we all go down there next week."

"You must be very glad. What a change it will be for all of you! I suppose the house and grounds are very beautiful, are they not?"

"Anna says it is a queer old house, almost buried in creepers, but very comfortable; and there is an orchard and a flower-garden."

"Indeed! No more than that? I understood that it was quite a mansion, environed with park-like grounds." Mrs. Arthur elevated her voice that her mortified sister-in-law might hear her. "With his splendid income of a thousand a-year from the living, it surprises me that the late rector did not build a more suitable residence."

"But Ashburn is not worth a thousand a-year, or any thing like it; it is three hundred and fifty at most, papa says."

"Ah! then I have been altogether misled by my informant," cried Mrs. Arthur, darting a malicious glance at her sister-in-law, who pretended not to see her. "And is it easily attainable, Mr. Cyril? How do you go down?"

"My father has bought Mr. Reeves's chaise-cart and the pony Josy—I dare say you have seen him drive into town in it many a time. We go in that; for it holds four comfortably, and I pack in any where. And he has hired old Thomas too, for we could not do without a man-servant in the country; you know that is impossible where there is a garden to attend to."

At the mention of this magnificent acquisition, Mrs.

Arthur could not forbear an indulgent smile. The chaise-cart was just such a rattletrap as Noah might have driven his wife to the ark in, had they been personally like their straight-skirted representatives in the children's boxes of Dutch toys; and Josy and Thomas were in perfect keeping with it.

"I have known Josy many, many years, and his master also," she said affably. "You will be quite out of the world. Do your sisters like the prospect of ruralising so completely?"

"Yes; we all think it will be a glorious change. Nora does, I know. Nora, don't you revel in the idea of Ashburn?"

Young Nora came out of a profound reverie, which almost portended sleep, to ask what her brother said; and leaving her sofa-corner, stood before Mrs Arthur fair and shapely and pure as a lily.

"Ah, my dear, you were not born to blush unseen," said that lady warmly, admiring in spite of herself the perfect grace of the young girl; "you were never meant to waste your sweetness on the desert air!"

"Ashburn is not a desert, but, on the contrary, a very beautiful and fruitful place," replied Nora coldly.

"It is your modesty, my love, which will not allow you to understand a pretty speech," said Mrs. Arthur significantly; "and that modesty becomes you as the blush becomes your cheek. I am no flatterer; I only intended to say, that it is a pity to bury so much beauty in the country, where you *can* have no society. We shall be happy to welcome you at our house sometimes, when our families are connected; I always like to give what pleasure I can to young people in the way of parties."

"Thank you, Mrs. Arthur, you are very kind," returned Nora, with a bend of her stately head.

"My sister does not understand the fine art of party-giving; it is quite an art, my dear. If you look round, you will see every body is weary; it is always so where the hostess is without tact."

Nora had just eaten of Mrs. Hartwell's bread and salt, and had much too fine a sense of the sacredness of hospitality to join in or respond to this sneer; so Mrs Arthur returned to the theme of Ashburn.

"Is Ashburn in a good neighbourhood? Are there many nice sociable families about?" she inquired.

"I cannot tell you, Mrs. Arthur, indeed. There is Lord de Plessy's house three miles off; but we don't know any body else, even by name."

"You can hardly count the De Plessys as neighbours, my love. People of that class are so very exclusive; they live quite in a set of their own."

"Do they? Well, I know nothing about them, except that papa has to thank Lord de Plessy for the living; he must be a good man."

"I did not wish to insinuate that your beauty would not embellish any, the very highest, society, my dear—pray don't misunderstand me. And as for being good, those people, they have nothing else to do, and it would be a scandal if they were not. They have no temptations to resist like poor folks; if they wish for any indulgence, they have money enough to buy it. Yes, it may be truly said, they walk through life on velvet."

"Speak low, nobody must hear," Louy Hartwell was saying at the piano to Anna Brooke, who listened painfully. "If you will go with him, I will go too; I have promised him. I would sell myself for John; and so would you, if you love him. It is not a long voyage, and we should be three. Whisper; will you go?"

"I cannot do any thing without my father's knowledge," replied Anna, her breathless voice startling her by its distinctness.

"Hush, my mother is looking this way; come to the other side. John will be in a great rage, I warn you. Why won't you go? I'd travel to the world's end on a pack-saddle with any one I loved, if need were. If you look so pale, they will ask what is the matter. Sing this duet with me."

"Why does he want to go to America at all? I can't understand it. Will you tell me, Louy?" persisted Anna instead of beginning.

"How should I know more than yourself? I take John on trust; you know what a noble high-spirited creature he is, and how strictly my father keeps him with regard to money—that may have something to do with it."

"When he first named his difficulties and his American plan to me, he promised to tell his father, and get him to settle his debts; and afterwards, at our house, he told me he had done so, and that all was right for the present. I thought he had given up the scheme of going abroad."

"But he has not. And as for asking my father to pay his debts, I am sure he dare not do it; and if he did, it would be of no avail. Will you begin to sing? here is aunt Arthur come to know what we are caballing about. Does she not look as if she had been modelled in a cheese-press?"

Louisa Hartwell was a handsome, dashing, reckless girl, with a most glorious complexion and large dark eyes; but she lacked principle, refinement, and delicacy: good training might have developed her into a fine character; but as it was, her devotion to John and her unselfishness were the only decided traits she had. She broke into a merry song without an effort, and Anna feebly seconded her; while Mrs. Arthur drew near, observing that Miss Brooke appeared to have taken cold, as she did not seem in such good voice as usual. Anna exerted herself and sang the next verse better, fearing to draw attention to herself by betraying any excitement.

"Did I not hear one of you young things speaking about America?" asked Mrs. Arthur insinuatingly.

"O no, aunt; we were talking about Anna's new music and this Ashburn," replied her niece carelessly.

Mrs. Arthur looked as if she did not believe her, but said she supposed she must have been mistaken, but she certainly fancied she heard the words, "American plan;" perhaps somebody else in the room had used them, and her ear had been deceived as to where the sound came from. So she went round to each scattered group, and asked every body who it was that had been talking about going to America, and nobody could tell her.

"Aunt Arthur's suspicions are roused, Anna, and she is a veritable lynx. If she imagines a mystery, she never rests till she has made it all out," whispered Louy, bending over the piano to reach another piece of music. "Be on your guard when John comes in. Here he is."

John made his way up to the piano immediately, and spoke softly to his sister. He looked flushed, as if he had taken too much wine; and his eye restlessly sought to catch Anna's, who had seated herself at a little distance, and was intently examining a song she knew by heart.

"Well, Louy, have you talked her over?" he asked in an under-tone.

"No; but if you persevere, I think she will give way. She is half frightened now, so be careful, and try what you can make of her yourself while she is in a soft mood."

"What does she say?"

"Nothing but what she has said before: she is not worth you, John, the timid pale thing. Beware of aunt Arthur; she suspects something."

John took up a song and went across with it to Anna, as if to ask her to sing it; but he employed his persuasive powers to a very different purpose.

"Have you made up your mind, my darling Anna? Has Louy's eloquence prevailed? I shall be jealous of her if it has," said he.

"I want to ask you a question, John: why must we steal out of England as if we were thieves?"

John winced at the last word, but said with some triumph, "Then you will go, Anna; you have consented?"

"With my father's knowledge, I would go with you any where, John,—to America or to the moon."

"Hush, child, not so loud! You must not mention it to any body: I should never get away if you did; my mother would not hear of it."

"You have given me no sufficient reason yet for such a wild prank as it seems," said Anna, looking steadily in his face.

"Love ought not to ask so many reasons. Cannot you trust me, Anna? Should I ever seek to mislead you when I love you above all the world? I want my exile to be comfortable. You don't know what I risk every hour I stay in England, and I only stay for you."

"Don't play with my fears, John, pray don't! Trust me; tell me why you so earnestly desire to go, and why you must go secretly."

"But the *why* is what I cannot tell you yet; I choose to make it the test of your faith in me. Louy consented the moment I asked her: *she* is a brave soul; I wish you were more like her in that. I shall begin to doubt soon whether you love me at all, if you go on hesitating."

This threat had not much effect on Anna, for she knew it was but a threat; and as she began to pluck a flower to pieces, and to scatter it petal by petal on the carpet, she could not help thinking he showed very little faith in her in withholding what was so vitally important to both.

"Are you trying Margaret's charm, 'Loveth he, loveth he not'?" asked Louy aloud; then she added softly, "Aunt Arthur has her eye upon you."

"John, for the last time, let me tell my father," said Anna, with pale resolution in her face. "Leave home clandestinely I never will. My father trusts me, and I will not deceive him. Give me leave to speak."

"No; I thought you loved me better than I see you do."

Mrs. Arthur had sidled up to her niece at the piano. "Those two," said she, "seem to be tasting some of the bitter-sweet of courtship—a lover's quarrel."

"So it seems; Anna is often rather touchy. John wants her to sing, and she won't. O yes, here she comes. Have you prevailed at last, John?"

"She will sing her own song, but not mine; she is perverse to-night," replied John with ill-assumed carelessness.

Mrs. Arthur stood to listen to the music, apparently delighted, softly beating time with one fat hand upon the other till the song was done; then she made conversation about it,—its melody, its sweetness, the graceful and airy flow of the verse, and, above all, its sense. "I dote on sense," said she, panting to deliver herself of something brilliant,—*"I dote on sense in a song, it is so uncommon."*

Louy laughed. "Since when have you turned musical critic, aunt Arthur?" asked she.

"Since I heard you sing 'Love amongst the Roses,' my dear. Sense should never be subordinate to sound, you know."

"But many people of taste say that when the words are striking the attention is drawn from the melody, which is the chief consideration."

"I have heard very good poetry turned into nonsense-verses by the reiterating of some particular word or words. Perhaps you are right, and the song is of no consequence if the tune be pretty. Some girls nowadays don't articulate at all; they might as well be practising a scale."

"You are not angry with me, dear John," whispered Anna aside.

"Did you say any thing, Miss Brooke? O, it was to my nephew; I beg pardon, I thought you spoke to me. Will you sing again?"

"Louy will; I want Anna myself," said John; and he drew her away to the table where the old annuals were.

But Louy, who observed that her aunt was on the watch, thought she could keep off her attention from the lovers better by a little conversation, and she began to ask if she had made any of the beautiful new feather screens. Mrs. Arthur had not, but she wished to hear how they were done.

"You must get a circle of cardboard, and cover it over with peacock's feathers, or any bright ones you can procure; and then, for a fringe to finish it, you must have these long, downy, white feathers from under the turkey's wings—You are not listening."

"My dear Louisa, I am sure the quarrel between those two is something more than ordinary," said Mrs. Arthur keenly.

"I suppose they will make it up again; it is no business of ours. Did you never squabble with uncle Arthur?"

"It is so long ago I really cannot remember, my dear. We were like other young people, no doubt."

Louy smiled sarcastically, and thought her aunt had a very short memory. "Come into the boudoir and I'll show you some of the screens," said she, by way of releasing John and Anna from her surveillance; "they are easy to make and very elegant. I have made Anna a pair to take to Ashburn."

Mrs. Arthur allowed herself to be removed with great reluctance. When she scented a mystery, she loved to hunt it down as keenly as a hound on the trail of a fox. Her disposition was essentially one of research; and if she had been a great lady, she would have been an *intrigante* from pure love of mischief and deception.

"I am disappointed, Anna," said John in an injured way; "I am disappointed, that's all. I fancied you loved me, and you don't; you love yourself and your stiff old-fashioned prejudices better far than me."

Anna drew herself up rather proudly. "You have no right to say that, John; it is not true," said she, with a quivering lip.

Uncle Ambrose and Nora had been watching the time-piece ever since coffee was handed round, and now thought it time to go. Nora went up to her sister. "Are you ready to go, Anna? we are all so tired," said she.

"In a minute, Nora. John, say you will give up your wild scheme, and stay quietly at home. You make me wretched."

He looked at the floor as he answered, "I will if I can,—does that content you?—but I may not be able."

"And you are not angry with me—not *really* angry, John?"

"I have not done with you yet; and if I go off alone, remember I gave you the chance of going with me."

Anna's smile came back. "I'll remember, John, and not blame you. See, they are shaking hands, and papa is waiting. Good-by."

John would go and put on her cloak, to have the opportunity of whispering a few more persuasive words at the soft moment of parting; but Anna was invincible. Her feelings were strong, but her principles were stronger. Her first answer was also her last.

Mr. Brooke and uncle Ambrose confided to each other that night that they liked the prospect of the marriage less than ever.

V.

It was on one of the bright golden days of mid-September that the Brookes took possession of Ashburn Rectory. They left London as early as seven o'clock in the morning; for though they had not more than twenty miles to go, there was a long day's work before them in arranging the furniture and putting things in order. They were pretty closely packed in the chaise-cart; Mr. Brooke being on the front seat to drive, with uncle Ambrose beside him, Cyril between them, and the two girls behind. Old Jane and her niece had gone the night before, and Thomas was to follow later in the day with the new cart, their luggage, and other matters. They were all in the most exuberant spirits at the prospect of the change in their circumstances from the ill-paid London curacy to the good living of Ashburn. Every feature of the country they passed through, every object on the road, was invested with a novel and peculiar interest. There had been a heavy dew the night before, which the sun had not yet dried up; and uncle Ambrose, who always had an eye for Nature, bade the children observe how it sparkled on the outstretched bramble-sprays, where the white blossoms mingled with the unripe purpling fruit, and how it was like fine silver tracery over the broad fans of fern in the hedge-

rows. And Cyril found out that some of the farmers had been lading wheat because many long straws were left clinging to the rose-briars at the sides of the lane; and also that there would be fine nutting this year from the abundant light green clusters amongst the hazel-bushes. Then Mr. Brooke opined from the close ranks of stooks in the harvest-fields that corn would be cheaper this winter than it was last, and so the poor would not suffer so much; and Nora showed her sister the scarlet clusters of mountain-ash berries, as a sign that the summer was past in the thick woods and autumn already come.

It was cold at starting; but by nine o'clock the sun had gathered a pleasant warmth. At first also the country was level and uninteresting; but ten miles on their way the land began to rise and fall in gentle hills. There was much wood, and from time to time glimpses of the little river Darrent, which goes down to the sea at Whitmouth, diversifying by its many windings the rich meadow and corn lands; and as the harvest was half gathered, there were on that September morning the busy groups of gleaners in the stubble, and the laden wains going heavily to the rick-yards at the farms with their golden store. Over the cottage-walls and in the orchards hung a bounteous crop of fruit: plums, purple and amber; apples, mellow and red; pears, golden and green. It is the richest time of all the year, and the most beautiful, this ripe September; and the picture-scenes that Nature gave them at every turn of their way were living poems for memory to treasure long.

Cyril especially was in a state of excitement; all boys love the country. Uncle Ambrose offered the girls the reversion of him many times, he was so insufferably restless in his cramped position; he counted off the milestones every time they passed one, and appealed to those behind more than once to know if the same number had not been marked on two successive ones. When the tall chimneys of Plessy-Regis appeared above the woods half a mile away, he uttered a loud whoop of delight; and in leaning across uncle Ambrose to get a better view, he fairly overbalanced himself, and tumbled out of the chaise-cart altogether. As he was unhurt, his father bade him shake the dust from his jacket, and walk up the hill they were coming to; so when they came to the foot of it, Anna and Nora got out too, to make Josy's burden lighter. Anna was soon left behind by the swifter-footed young ones; and when she overtook them on the brow of the hill, they were standing to gaze in wonder and admiration at Plessy-Regis.

It was indeed, at first sight especially, a very fine and imposing mansion. It faced the high road, and did not stand back from it more than a hundred and fifty yards, which space was laid out in successive terraces, planted with clumps of shrubs and flowers. The house was of red brick, coated and ornamented with stone of a very remarkable whiteness; carved festoons and pendants of flowers, little plump denuded figures, vases, cornices, and decorated pilasters, literally mosaiced the front; and long lines of windows, mathematically exact in point of size and position, added still more to the stiffness and precision of the general effect. Each terrace was divided from the one next below it by richly carved balustrades of stone, on the cornice of which stood at intervals draped figures bearing vases wherein grew bright-hued flowers, many of whose sprays trailed over and wreathed themselves coronal-wise about the heads of the statues. On the first flight of steps a magnificent peacock was sunning his plumage, while on the upper terrace paced to and fro a party of gaily dressed ladies. One of them, a tall person in a shining silk dress and a black hat with scarlet feathers, came down and fed the bird out of her hand. It was, remarked Nora, like a scene out of some old book of ballads and romances.

"That is Lady Frances Egerton, Lord de Plessy's daughter," remarked Mr. Brooke. "She was at church last Sunday. You will remember her name as that of a celebrated toast and beauty twenty years ago, brother Ambrose." And then, in the fervency of his gratitude, after

all were safely packed in the chaise once more, he pronounced the panegyric of the noble family of De Plessy, until Cyril interrupted him to say it was only two miles to Ashburn now, and he believed he could see the church-tower already above the trees. Then a clock struck eleven; and an argument as to where the clock could be—whether over the great gateway at Plessy-Regis or at Ashburn Church—carried them a mile farther; and during the last mile, they were all too much occupied in looking out for the first glimpse of the new home to talk at all, until finally they came upon it like a surprise, nestled in a hollow, and hidden from the road by a double line of noble chestnut-trees.

Mr. Brooke laughed at the young ones' exclamations. There was the church, a low antiquated building, buried in ivy, and having neither tower nor spire; and a stone's-throw away was the rectory itself, a gray pebble-dashed house, with two steep gables, and a little porch covered with a rose-tree in luxuriant bloom. Some tall sunflowers and hollyhocks looked over the wall, and the garden was one dazzling blaze of geraniums, carnations, pansies, China asters, verbenas, nasturtiums, and dahlias. Framed in this gay margin, were old Jane's homely figure and cheerful face. She came forward and held Josy's head while they all got out of the chaise-cart; and then Cyril cried in great glee,

"Here we are at last, Jenny!"

"Yes," said she; "and isn't it a Paradise to look at?"

It was as pretty a place as eye could desire to see; and they were all delighted.

"What beautiful flowers!" exclaimed Nora.

"And there is a rookery behind the house," said Cyril.

"And the church is conveniently near," added the head of the family.

"And what a fine expanse of country to look down upon!" observed uncle Ambrose.

"And not quite out of reach of London either," concluded Anna, whose thoughts had run upon John ever since they started.

There was some feature about the place that pleased them every one; and having looked approvingly at the outside, they all went in, tall uncle Ambrose being obliged to bend his head, the doorway was so low. Quaint old-fashioned little rooms they were when they saw them, and always either up or down a step, but with immense capabilities of comfort too.

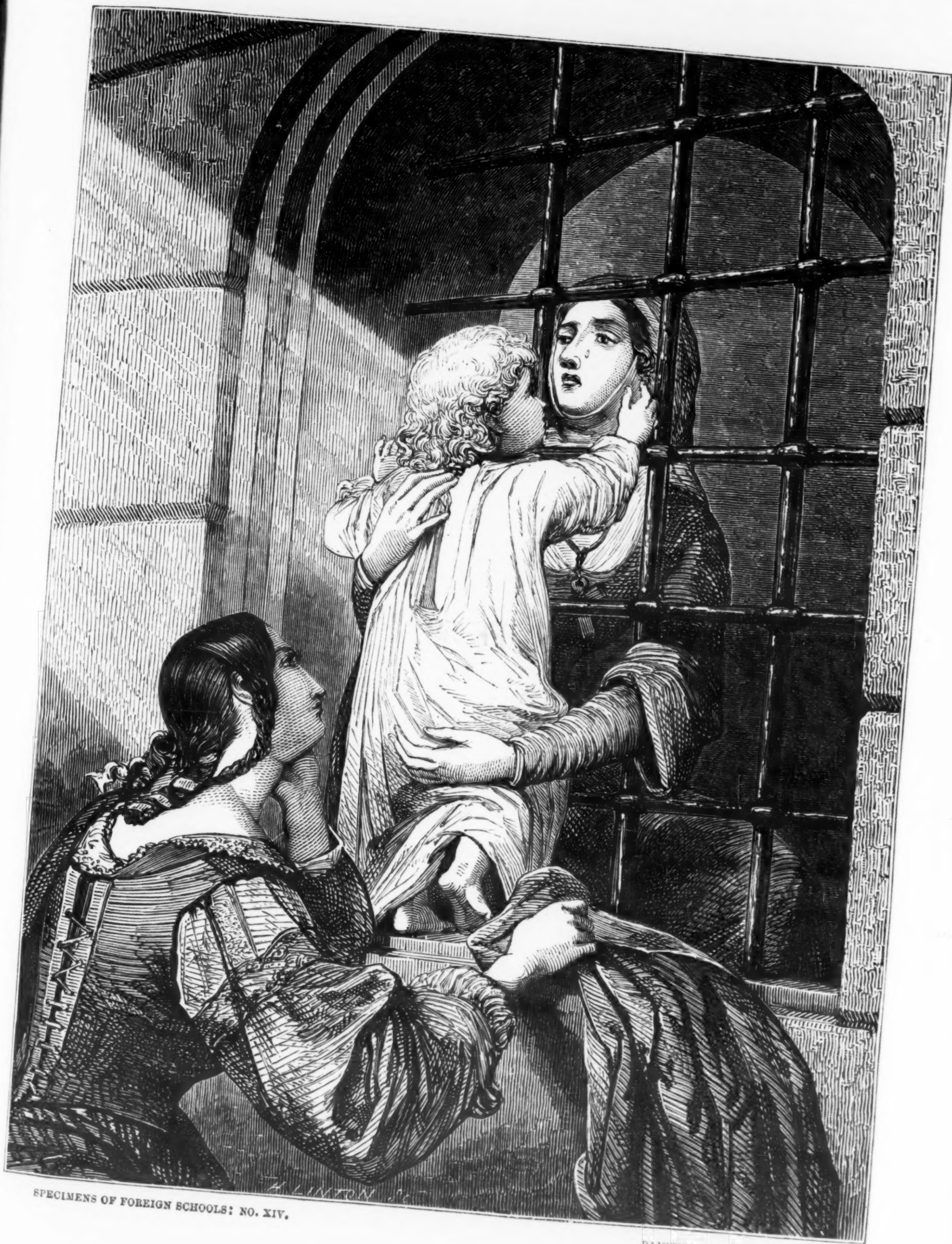
"This must be my father's study, for it looks only into the garden," said Nora, who generally had the first word in every arrangement; "and for our sitting-room we must have that with the bay-window, that we may see the people passing on the road through the opening amongst the ever-greens. And for uncle Ambrose we must find a room upstairs, because he loves a fine look-out over the country. O, it will be a very happy place, papa!"

Mr. Brooke gave her a kiss for welcome, and then went out to see to Josy's comfort in the stable after his journey; while the rest of the family began to make their cosy arrangements in their new abode. By nightfall things were in partial order, and they all felt at home in Ashburn Rectory.

THE VISIT.

BY VOGEL OF MUNICH.

The history is no new one amongst the records of the monastic orders, that a woman without hope in this world should prepare herself for the next by a life of ascetic severity and of self-inflicted suffering. When the mind, torn from its strongest hopes of happiness, succumbs beneath the shock, and staggering faintly falls to earth helpless and abandoned, then it is thought fortunate if these stumbles are to the foot of the altar; where, prostrate in devotion, the mourner lies hopeless through a life which a sterner spirit would make one of exercise and discipline rather than of



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PAINTED BY VOGEL OF MUNICH.

THE VISIT.

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self-abandonment and relegation from the common mass of sufferers and strivers. We of the Anglo-Saxon blood look with small favour upon these abandonments of the world, and are too apt to judge of other races by ourselves; so that asceticism appears too plainly to us as neglect of stern duty. But this is hardly fair, for the rebound from strong passions is powerful in proportion to their force; and we, rather keeping to the cold side of feeling, are not competent to decide upon the results of grief or disappointments in more impulsive temperaments. Which of us, outside the convent bars, can say whether or not there be peace and hope in that still retreat? Who can tell, by our colder northern natures, if the over-passionate heart, cast down and broken, falling on the other side, may not find relief in self-abnegation and seclusion?

By broken hearts and disappointed lovers the convents of the South are sought as homes of peace and forgetfulness. But how will it be if the lonely cell afford not relief and calm, if the stirring blood breaks against the chain of an inviolate vow,—dares not hope to be free, yet dreads the monotony of the refuge which proves to be a grave? will the strong heart turn inward and, like the fabled fire-scorpion, sting itself to death? or may not rather the braver soul rejoice in the happiness of the one who was loved and is forgotten?

In this latter sense we read the picture. The pale nun, who, clinging to the prison-bars, clasps the child in agony of grief, has loved, "not wisely, but too well," some companion of early life, whom long intimacy could only make a friend, whose regard never rose to love in fitting return. Her choice, then, is of two things,—forgetfulness, which seems impossible, or the convent's still and gloomy cell. Better the latter than the void and empty heart. She takes the veil, seeks peace, and finds a living death. Meanwhile some happier woman attracts the love of him whom her affection moved not; a bitter draught for her whose melancholy heart is wasting away from the world, unheeded and unknown. Still the brave spirit bore up, firmly and nobly; and when, after years had passed, some chance brings his child to the house of prayer,—the living tomb of the lover of its father,—who then shall welcome and embrace more warmly the child which is not hers than she who was the sacrifice for its mother?

If any thing could bring joy to that faithful affection and noble heart, it is the beholding of his child; the privilege of holding it in her arms is some compensation even for a blighted life, some relief to the monotony of the recluse. Now there is a new object for prayer, and a fresh subject for the long hope-denying fancy to dwell upon. Shall she not scheme a life for him who might have been her own? Soon the cheating imagination names him hers, and fervent prayers storm Heaven in his behalf. A moiety of the old affection is transferred from the father to the child, and, as we have said, she schemes a course of life for him. It was almost a new life to herself to revive the ancient blissful dreams by which the father was endowed with happiness, and gather all possible blessings about the fortunes of the child. Thus, as the flower of the prison—the Picciola—bloomed between the flinty stones, so in the desert of neglected life an oasis of happiness springs up, vindicating the human heart unto itself.

L. L.

WOMEN'S NOVELS.

THERE is not a more curious phase in the literature of our time than the change which has taken place in its novels. Formerly the novel was a mere story, like what one would tell to please a child; a story of life, of course, but as to being like life, that was a thing never expected; in fact, rather objectionable than otherwise. Witness the common phrases, "He talks like a book," "Her history seems just like a novel." Evidently, all that our grandmothers looked for in their pet fictions was a series of incidents, following each other after a received fashion, with little originality

and less probability; love being the thread upon which they all were strung, until it ended at last in the one big knot which was supposed to tie up all things—matrimony. As for design, moral purpose, distinctions of character, or peculiarity and variety of style,—all those qualities which result in what we term *originality*,—these excellent and unexact-ing readers could never have expected such a thing; nor, had they found it, would they have appreciated it. They did not want life; they only wanted "a story," for which purpose *The Farmer of Inglewood Forest*, or the *Children of the Abbey*, answered all their requirements.

In proof of this, we recommend any one to go through a course of Lady Morgan (*Wild Irish Girl* especially), Maturin, and Regina Maria Roche, terminating with the latter lady's aforesaid *Children of the Abbey*; where, as the most natural thing the hero does,—and he does it pretty often in climaxes of great emotion,—we hear "Lord Mortimer walked to the window, and had recourse to his pocket-handkerchief."

One can well understand how refreshing must have come even the novels that we nowadays call rather prosy,—*Marriage* and *The Inheritance*, the *Canterbury Tales*, and Miss Edgeworth's *Tales of Fashionable Life*; not to speak of the *Waverley Novels*, which, though modern judgment has a little pushed them from their high pinnacle as the finest novels extant, must ever keep their place as being the most natural delineations of a sort of life which we have no means of proving by experience,—the historical life of the middle ages. Ay, even though some of Scott's heroes and heroines are decided "sticks," though we gradually learn to put less faith in his revivifications, and have a sort of instinct that a few of his characters are but stuffed men-in-armour and wax-simulacra of court-ladies, and that the real flesh-and-blood men and women might have been something very different,—liker ourselves, and not so exceedingly grand, after all. Still it would be presumptuous folly to depreciate the merits he really possesses, because he has been over-appreciated for some that he never had. He painted the outside and accessories of humanity in a way surpassed by none; if he did not always give the life-pulse, the action, the expression, who shall venture to say it was because he could not?

But a Scott appearing in 1858 would find himself in a very different position. We must have life. No novel has a chance of being read, or even published, except at the author's own expense, unless it is at least an approximation to nature,—nature exaggerated, perhaps, or incomplete bits thereof, presented in narrow accidental phase, or shapeless and distorted, according as it has been seen through the colouring of the writer's idiosyncrasy. Still in every book that gains any modicum of success we do find a little morsel of nature; sometimes too much, being choked with garbage under the supposition, that as it exists in life, it ought also to be crammed wholesale into fiction,—a slight mistake, but still an error on the right side. Very rarely do we take up a novel, and especially a woman's novel, without finding something good in it,—some "touch of nature" which "makes the whole world kin;" some fragment of well-sketched character, or some fine moral aim, or strong individual 'crotchet,'—over-much protruded it may be, or clumsily worked out, but still not unpleasant, because it is individual and natural.

And for this reason, because their individuality is so strong,—and to be personal is generally to be natural,—the average of women write better novels than the average of men. A first-rate male novelist is, and ought to be, superior to any woman; but you do not find Thackerays and Kingsleys growing on every bush. Therefore, a large proportion of that valuable class of tales which is a step below the highest will always be found to be women's. This fact, while it gives to fictitious literature a peculiar tone,—an ultra-measure of delicacy, homeliness, tenderness,—gives it also a tendency to over-elaboration and want of breadth in style and manner, and a terrible one-sidedness and impulsiveness in matter and argument. As we said, there are few novels which you cannot find some good in; but a good novel is one of the

rarest things to find at all. What is "a good novel"? Let us attempt some definition. It is a story possessing four grand requisites: a purpose (or leading idea), a plot to develop that idea, characters through which it is to be developed, and style, through the medium of which idea, plot, and characters are all woven together, and conducted in the most available and agreeable manner to a certain climax or end. It should leave on the mental palate a sense of satisfaction, as of having been among real people, whose stories are interesting and probable, whose conversation is pleasant, who amuse without effort, and are wholesome and improving company without being "preachy," didactic, or dull. We should have had, in short, presented before us a perfect transcript of life in all its fullness and infinite variety; its romance and every-day-ness; its lofty philosophy and peaceful commonplace; its pains, joys, duties, loves, hates, and aspirations,—out of which we are left to draw the moral for ourselves. Any writer who at all succeeds in doing this makes the novel one of the most powerful engines of society, and one of the highest developments of modern literature.

But fixing a standard thus high as the test of a good novel necessarily limits greatly the number of those which deserve that title,—those which one is at all justified in dragging out of unread publishers' advertisements, or catalogues of sea-side libraries, where "works of fiction" are mildly thumbed away into deserved oblivion, doing small good and less harm; for, truly, scrupulous parents need be as little afraid of Law's *Serious Call* or Foster's *Essays* as of most novels nowadays.

But sometimes one meets with a few which, though by no means perfect specimens of the novel, fulfil so many of its conditions, and are so charming, even in spite of their deficiencies, that we take them "with all their imperfections on their head," enjoy them heartily, and feel that it is a pleasure to praise them.

Here is a handful, or rather armful, of such.* *Philip Lancaster*, which we have fished up out of a publisher's list of three years back,—fatal oblivion for any ephemeral production,—is a book so much above the general run of novels that we wonder it has not long ere now made its reputation. Rarely is a reviewer's palled taste gratified by such thorough freshness of manner and matter,—by the impression of newness, which is only to be gained, either in books or pictures, by the faithful reproduction of that which is as old as the world, yet constitutes the only real novelty in it—Nature. Thus, though the author has taken her people and her incidents just as they came to hand, made them rarely a degree above the merest commonplace, and twisted them into her thread of story quite at random,—indeed, she seems to have no consecutive "plot" at all,—still she has succeeded in giving the reader an interesting historiette, carried on in an atmosphere of great pleasantness. And why? Because she has turned neither to the right nor to the left, but simply painted Nature; though carelessly at times, and without using the true artist's power of selection, which ought to mould all given materials into a satisfactory whole, throwing aside all elements which would interfere with the general breadth of that whole.

Thus Philip Lancaster, over whose antecedents are spent so many well-written introductory pages, that you suppose him meant to be the hero of the book, turns out nothing of the sort. He fades away into a mere adjunct or excrescence in the story, leaving only the impression of a nice brown-eyed sentimental lad,—obliged to be disposed of at last by a fever and a "Margaret," who turns up conveniently in the last chapter. In truth, there is no hero and no heroine in the book; it is merely a sketch of a few accidental events happening in an English provincial town, with the personages therein, and their several relations to each other, as drawn out by these events, viz. a few loves, marriages, misfortunes, and deaths; nothing at all tragical or remark-

* *Philip Lancaster*. By Maria Norris. Saunders and Otley.
Caste. By the Author of "Mr. Arle." Hurst and Blackett.
Orphans. By the Author of "Margaret Maitland." Hurst and Blackett.

able, nothing that had not happened a hundred times before in any given country-town; yet here presented in a manner so simple and true to nature, that the mind at once recognises it as something equally pleasant as new. The places,—"*Mason's Farm*;" the dissenting chapel and chapel-house; the little town, with its outward respectable streets, and its back region, fatal, fever-haunted, sin-breeding "*Jericho*;" Pennington Hall, its park and deer; and the grim old house, where the equally grim old Puritan—Mr. Lancaster—married and buried his fair young wife, and brought up his only child Philip;—all these stand out clear as places one has seen. Likewise the people, from stiff sad Miss Pennington, everlastingly working church-embroidery, or writing fond letters to the selfish exiled brother, who, after being the false first-love of Philip's mother, is most unconscionably made to marry Philip's own sweetheart, and then "dismissed to happiness,"—down to Susan at *Mason's Farm*, poor old Mrs. Pringle, and even Mrs. Pringle's little maid Jemima,—the slightest sketch of character is done with a bold free hand, resulting in admirable fidelity. For instance, here is one,—pity the author should have just thrown it off and left it:

"One evening Philip and his father were at tea; the little lad had just satisfactorily repeated his grammar, and was enjoying the reward of virtue, in the shape of bread-and-jam, when Sally, with a flushed face and a hurried manner, very contrary to her usual way, breathlessly told her master that Master Jack was in the street, and would be here immediately.

'Master Jack! Not my brother, surely?' said Mr. Lancaster, laying down his book with a curious smile.

'Yes, sir, your own brother. He's lost a leg now. Goodness help the man! I was just taking a little broth to old Peggy, when I heard a stump, stump behind me; and looking round, I saw Master Jack, his own identical self, with a wooden leg and his carpet-bag. Shall we ask him to sleep here, master?'

'Yes, if he will, Sally. Where has he turned up from now, I wonder?'

'From the ends of the earth, you may swear,' said Master Jack, stumping in, his face beaming with good-nature and merriment. 'I ought to have lost an eye, and then, as an arm had gone before, my half-measures would have been complete. And how does the world use you, brother? You look jaded. Is this your boy? What a bonny child! Come, little one, and speak to your old uncle.'

'And how are you, Jack, and where have you been? You were in Canada when I last heard of you.'

'No, brother, I think not. I wrote to you from Spain, I believe?' And Jack stroked his nephew's head, not at all hurt that his brother had forgotten his last letter.

'O yes,' replied Lancaster, 'you did. I remember you asked me for a remittance.'

'I am afraid that is no such distinctive mark of the particular communication,' said Jack with a laugh. 'Well, now I am come back, literally with one leg in the grave, you won't turn me out! I am a prime cook, and can dust a chamber as well as Sally. I know all the European tongues, and can teach young Philip a thing or two in that way. Let the worst come to the worst, I will learn to spin hemp. Be hanged to it! I might have done better had I stuck to it at first; but useful occupation was never my forte. And now, with your leave, I'll take some tea.'

'Do, Jack. Philip, ring the bell. Sally must bring your uncle something to eat.'

'The idea of my belonging to any body seems really queer,' said Jack; 'I can scarcely believe I am among my relatives. And yet,' he added, looking round the room with a pensive smile, 'this is home. Here I was often flogged within an inch of my life in boyhood's sportive hour. Here I returned a one-armed vagabond, and was justly enough sent rolling again. But I have gathered no moss yet, and now I have lost a leg. My last roll will be into my grave, and pretty soon, for my health is breaking, I can tell you. I am getting luxurious; I don't like sleeping out of doors, and I cannot live a whole day on tobacco as I used. If there were one of the Lancaster almshouses vacant, brother, and you would not be offended, I would try to get in there. I should like to be run down where I was unearthed.'

'Tush, Jack!' cried the brother; 'hold your tongue. Who wants you to go begging for an almshouse? 'Tis a disgrace to you that you need have any doubt about your reception here; a disgrace, too, that you need ask a shelter, even from one who has a right to give it you.'

'Don't, brother—before the child. Ay, my dear, open your fine eyes, as well you may, to hear your uncle Jack is a vagabond. Stick to your book without flogging, and then work will come natural. Hang it! I had been so used to blows, that when I got beyond the cane I was a lost creature. My good training

ruined me. But I sha'n't cost you much, brother. Having lost an arm, any old coat will hang on me, and my wooden leg is beyond the adornments of the tailor. A bit and a sup, a seat in the chimney-corner, a kind smile, and a pleasant talk, are all I am likely to require,—and some day a place in the chapel-yard. I shall go first, brother, though you are the elder; I am worn out with travel and hard exercise. I am surely on the move.

'Jack, you are welcome here to all you want; and if I have ever been unkind, forgive me now.' And Lancaster held out a trembling hand.

'O, brother!' cried the prodigal, weeping and fairly falling on his brother's neck, 'you are too good to me. What do I deserve? I, that have flung away my portion, like the young man in the Holy Book, which I once knew better than now. O, you are very good to me!' And Jack wiped his eyes on a very apocryphal handkerchief. It was some moments before the poor fellow recovered his equanimity, and then he applied lustily to Sally's broiled ham. When he had made his meal, the tea-things were removed, the curtains drawn, the lamp lighted, and Mr. Lancaster's and Philip's books laid as usual on the table. The old rover—we generally picture the prodigal returning while yet young, but it is not always that he does so—the old rover was compelled once and again to draw forth that ragged old handkerchief and wipe his eyes, as he gazed around on the strangely familiar scene. Lancaster presently fell to his reading, as usual, and Jack was glad of it; he wanted silence to indulge his long dormant emotions. His brother's quiet presence was a comfort to him. But Philip was scarcely satisfied with such negative courtesy; his great brown eyes sought his uncle's weather-beaten face again and again, and presently he came and sat down close beside him. The wanderer closed his rough hand on the boy's smooth palm, and so they sat, silent but communing, Philip ostensibly learning his lessons from a book which rested on his knee.

By and by Sally was called in, and, according to custom, Mr. Lancaster performed his family worship. At that simple rite,—to them so familiar, so nearly formal, to him so fresh and new and beautiful,—the recovered brother wept aloud. When the rest rose from their knees, poor Jack was outside the door, and came in presently very red about the eyes. So the brothers shook hands, and slept once more beneath the same old roof; and the next morning by six o'clock Jack was out and about, renewing his acquaintance with the scenes of his youth. He remembered how he used to go bird's-nesting in the little copse by the river's side, and looked ruefully at his wooden leg and empty coat-sleeve. All his active sports were at an end now; and Jack had always abhorred reading.

A few pages later, and

"Uncle Jack's erratic star had shot out into worlds of space, beyond mortal view. Not even an old traveller, and one used to arrive unexpectedly, would return from this journey; and the room which the poor gentleman had occupied was again disused and silent; but for the wooden-leg in the corner Philip would have sometimes thought his uncle's visit a mere dream."

"Mason's Farm," with the "dissenting" old farmer's two elder daughters,—both of whom love, and one marries, the young dissenting minister,—is a capital home-picture. In the story of the poor sister Sophia, who cherishes a romantic dream to wake and find in her hero the kindest and most unconscious of brothers-in-law, its naturalness rises into a pathos that is real poetry. It has humorous bits too. Witness Miss Pringle, whose silk umbrella and knitting-basket visit the farm so often, that they result in this letter, accounting for her absence, and the farmer's, on a certain Saturday,—

"My dear Miss Isabella,—You will, no doubt, be very much surprised at the information I am about to impart, and which I beg you to communicate to Mrs. Morris and Miss Mason. Your papa and I were married this morning by Dr. Pomfret, at his own church, and are proceeding to the Isle of Wight for a fortnight. The step has not been taken without much consideration and prayer, and will, I hope, be blessed by Providence to the spiritual good of all concerned. If you have pickled no walnuts this year, buy some as soon as possible, though I fear they will already be getting rather woody; if you find them very firm, I must give up the idea. Will you see that the wardrobe and presses in the large room are cleaned out to receive my dresses, &c.; and keep down the blinds this sunny weather, or the new carpets will be ruined. Accept, dear Isabella, my best wishes for your welfare, temporal and eternal, and believe me

Your affectionate step-mother,

REBECCA PRINGLE MASON.

P.S. If you have plenty of apple marmalade, let one of the farm-lads carry a jar to my mother; she likes it, and it saves the

butter. Be sure the maids in the kitchen do not get feasting the men-servants."

The "mother," bedridden and childish, she finally locates at the farm, appropriating Sophia's bed-chamber.

"Here is a young lady, Mrs. Pringle, come to see you; may she come in?"

'Not Rebecca, is it? O dear, I have dropped my handkerchief; Rebecca always finds me so awkward.'

'No, ma'am; it is Miss Sophia; you don't know her much, but you will see her, won't you: she'll speak so kind to you.'

'Let her come, then, Jemima,—let her come, if she won't snap me up.'

'She snap you up, ma'am! No, indeed, that she won't. . . . You see, she's so fretful and frightened, miss,' apologised Jemima, as she came to the door, 'that I'm obliged to humour her a little.'

Sophia smiled at this old-womanly speech, and entered as she was bidden.

On the sofa, which was drawn up to one window, lay the neat old lady, her pale features looking rather like wax than real flesh and blood. Her dressing-gown and cap, thanks to Jemima's care, were arranged with scrupulous tidiness, and over her feet was thrown an old scarlet shawl.

'How do you do, ma'am?' said the feeble voice of Mrs. Pringle. 'I am sorry I cannot rise to you; but I am very helpless.'

'I wish you could rise, Mrs. Pringle; not for my sake, but your own. How are you this morning?'

'Pretty well, thank you, ma'am. Pretty well for such an invalid. The garden amuses me; you would be surprised how much it amuses me. You see those five hollyhocks?'

'Yes; O yes; I see them.'

'I have named them after my five children. I had five once, ma'am, I had indeed. The two tall ones are Anne and Laura; the yellow ones are William and Joseph; and the short brown one is Rebecca,—she was always ordinary in her looks. Hush! did I hear a step? Not a word, ma'am, if you please.'

'There is no one coming, Mrs. Pringle; it is only Ruth in the bedroom over head. I am glad you like the garden.'

'I like the pictures too, ma'am,' replied the old woman. 'That beautiful head is an angel, I am sure; he looks at me pleasantly: and the fields and trees in the other,—dear me, I remember much such a place when I was young; that, you know, my dear, was before my intellect failed me,' added Mrs. Pringle, looking for a moment almost supernaturally sharp and clever.

Sophia started at the odd recognition of such a failing, and answered cheerfully, 'It is a pretty scene, ma'am; I too love to look at it.'

'Do you? I am sure you are welcome, very welcome, to come in when you please. I forget who gave it me; my memory fails: I rather think I woke up one morning, and found it just where it is; some kind friend sent it, no doubt. Pray come in to see me and my picture whenever you please, ma'am; without ceremony, you know: I am no lover of ceremony.'

'You see, miss,' whispered Jemima, 'Mrs. Pringle fancies such strange things, and I don't like to contradict her: she quite thinks this her own place.'

'Jemima,' said Mrs. Pringle with some dignity, 'you must not address my visitors. I have no kitchen, ma'am, and I mostly keep my maid here for company. Pray excuse her freedom, she is very uncultivated; but a good kind creature nevertheless.'

'She seems to be very attentive to you: she is but young. Will you let her have a run in the garden while I stay with you?'

'Certainly, ma'am. Jemima, you may go. Yes, that will do nicely.'

'You need not come back for half an hour,' said Sophia to the child; 'if I want you before, I will tap at the window. Go, have a run; it will do you good.'

With a grateful smile the little nurse ran off.

'Now, that was well done indeed,' said Mrs. Pringle. 'How clever of you to think of that way of getting rid of her! I do like a little friendly conversation, and one cannot always speak one's mind before a third party. Do you know, my dear, I have not seen a face that pleases me so much as yours for a long time.'

'Indeed, ma'am! I am glad you like it. You will let me come again to see you?'

'Come whenever you please; just whenever you please. I am always glad of company. I get a little low-spirited sometimes,' said Mrs. Pringle, wiping her eyes, 'a very little; but, generally, I keep up pretty well.'

Just then a violent hand was laid on the door, which opened with a kind of jerk, and Mrs. Mason entered the room. 'O, are you here, Sophia?' she said, looking rather surprised.

'Yes; I have been talking to your mother a little. How contented and happy she seems!'

'And so she ought to be; she has all her heart can desire. Have you not, mother, all you could wish for?'

The question was asked in the loud tone which Mrs. Mason reserved for her mother's ear. The old lady flushed when she heard it, and picked nervously at the front of the gown.

'Well, my dear,' she answered, 'I try to be contented; but I own I should like the use of my limbs.'

'O yes, of course. Don't pick your gown to pieces, Mrs. Pringle; I shall have to get you another when that is gone, you know, and clothes cost money.'

'Yes, yes, to be sure, my dear. Clothes? I should like a shawl for my shoulders; I feel the cold. You are very kind, Rebecca.'

'Ah, we must see. Well, you seem very comfortable. I shall come in again by and by. Good morning, mother.'

'Good-by, my dear; O, good-by. Don't forget the shawl; I feel the cold.'

'Quite childish, is she not?' said Mrs. Mason in her ordinary tone to Sophia.

Sophia did not answer, for she saw that Mrs. Pringle's eyes were nervously glancing from Mrs. Mason's face to her own; and, from the peculiar meaning of the glance, she fancied the old lady heard and understood what her daughter had said, and was anxiously watching for the reply.

'Does she say I am childish?' asked Mrs. Pringle, when her daughter had left the room. 'Do you think so, my dear?'

'What is it to be childish, Mrs. Pringle? Gay and simple-hearted, like a child?' said Sophia, evading the question.

'Perhaps so. But *she*,' pointing to the door,—*she* did not mean that; no, no. She thinks I am quite silly, my dear. Well, well.'

And Mrs. Pringle wiped her eyes, and sobbed for a minute, very much like a child indeed. Jemima entered the room at this juncture.

'Now, ma'am. What! are you crying, Mrs. Pringle? Come now, we won't cry. Look, I have brought you a lovely rose! smell it, ma'am; 'tis so beautiful and so red; is it not? I know you are so fond of roses, and I gathered this one for you; and Ruth is bringing you a slice of cake and some milk: you made a poorish breakfast to-day. There, then; shall I shake your pillow for you? That's better.'

And the little handmaiden, suiting the action to the word, gave her mistress the rose, and re-arranged the pillows. The old woman looked helplessly at Jemima, as she moved backwards and forwards in her activity, and seemed, oddly enough, to depend upon her, much as a child depends on a mother.

A fever breaks out in "Jericho;" and the town of Woodington is compelled to cease fighting about Whig and Tory, Church and Dissent, and combine in sanitary measures to conquer the demon which has stepped noiselessly from the tramp's kennel to the rich man's fine dwelling, stealing something—some one—from both alike. Dickens himself could hardly have done better than the scene following:

"Now the moon hung bright over Jericho, and shone through the broken roof upon the pale puny face of the knife-grinder's child. There is something very terrible in an infant countenance on which the gripping hand of poverty is laid. Infancy,—the beautiful life-season through which Infinite Love renews the face of the earth,—infancy, is so little time removed from heaven, so evidently meant to be linked with joyfulness and health, that a sorrowful child's face strikes us as a discord in the works of God.

The mother sat at a little table, sewing some tattered garment, the white moonlight stealing over her dress and hands, putting her one little candle to shame. Her face, though still young and evidently once beautiful, was prematurely sharp and haggard; coarse rouge was on her cheek, contrasting strangely with her thin lips and hollow eyes.

The infant turned on its bed, and began to cry.

'My darling,' said the mother, 'what can I do for you? You must go to sleep again; I have some work to finish yet: 'tis for your father, my dove.'

But the child cried with increasing force. Presently the mother rose, and poured some gin-and-water from a glass on the table into the baby's mouth. It was stupefied, and slept again.

'It was lucky I took that other sixpence to-night, or I could not have afforded the gin; and poor Bob wants his waistcoat; I must keep the baby quiet while I mend it for him. I wouldn't give the child spirits if I could help it. The night air feels cool through the roof, though it is summer time. Dear me, how those people are quarrelling in the next room! it seems as though they would burst through: that poor woman suffers cruelly.'

In a few minutes, Mrs. Ives, pale and trembling, rushed into the room.

'What now?' said the knife-grinder's wife, in a not unkindly tone.

'O, the doctor has ordered us to give Ives a bath, and he won't have it. The doctor said we were to be sure and give him the bath, or he'd breed a fever. He won't let us go near him,

and he has been threatening me; O God, I wish I was in my grave, I do indeed, this blessed night.' As the poor creature said this, she clutched her hands together spasmodically, and uttered a low groan, betraying the very depth of misery.

'Now, don't take on so; drink a drop of my gin-and-water, and lie down by the baby. Poor creature, I do pity you. Bob never ill-uses me, though he has his faults. He's playing at cards, I warrant, to-night with that thieving Jem Thatcher, and he'll come in presently, so drunk, I'm afraid. We all have our troubles, Mrs. Ives; it's no good to take on so; give over sobbing like that, there's a dear good woman, and try to get asleep. Pray don't wake my baby.'

'I won't wake any body's baby. Good-by, Peg; you've been a kind creature to me. Give me a kiss,' said the woman, starting up wildly.

And before the knife-grinder's wife could remonstrate, the woman had kissed both her cheeks, and rushed down-stairs and out of the house.

'Now where's she gone?' said Peg to herself. 'To the public-house, perhaps; but I don't suppose she had any money. Poor soul, she seemed desperate like. I hope she won't go to do any hurt to herself.'

Bob came in just then, quite intoxicated, as his wife had feared, and this trouble diverted her thoughts from Ives's wife. Peg sighed, as she helped her once handsome husband to remove his old clothes, and laid him down beside the scarcely less helpless infant. His hot spirit-poisoned breath came like fire over the baby's face, and the child turned away as if stung.

The knife-grinder soon snored heavily, while his wife sat at the table completing her often interrupted needlework. After a time she too lay down on the miserable bed, and the moon looked down upon her cheeks, on which the rouge yet lay, mocking the worn and weary face.

Mr. Field's duty the next morning called him to the workhouse. Something was carried in before him on a shutter.

'What, or whom, have you there?' asked the doctor. 'A drunken man?'

'No, sir, a dead woman. Picked up close to Bates's wharf: a wretched, thin, poor creature; not long drowned, I should think,' said one of the men, as the lifeless burden was laid down.

Mr. Field turned back the sheet. He shuddered to recognise in the corpse all that remained on earth of the woman to whom he had spoken, face to face, the day before.

'That black eye tells a tale of brutality, sir,' said the man who spoke before. 'Poor thing! She's covered with bruises. Some wretch ought to have an uneasy conscience this morning.'

'I wonder whether she drowned herself,' said the other man, 'or whether any body pushed her in.'

'Drowned herself, I should think. I suppose they'll print some bills, doctor, to find her friends.'

'O, I can tell you who her relations are; friends, I suppose, she had none. Her husband,—a drunken brute, who gave her that black eye, as she told me yesterday,—lives in Jericho. Jonathan Ives is his name. The man is ill; I visited him yesterday, and am going again presently.'

And the doctor, sickened by the spectacle he had surveyed, went over the poor-house infirmary, dispensing advice in as rapid a manner as possible; for this part of his practice paid him very ill, and he was always glad to dismiss it from his mind.

Having seen all the sick there, he again betook himself to Ives's. Jericho, by daylight, was not a whit pleasanter than in the dark; indeed, the sun's heat seemed to add a poignance to every disgusting odour about the place. His friend, the black pig, was now all on the alert, and revelling among a collection of newly-found delicacies. The pig had companions this morning; children, scarcely less black than himself, were pulling his short tail, and endeavouring to hunt him from his prey. But he merely gave an impatient grunt now and then, and twisted the offended member in an angry manner, whereat the children laughed, and continued their sport.

Mr. Field entered Ives's, and went up the treacherous staircase with some caution. The dirty girl, as before, was his guide.

'You have not had that bath I ordered,' said Field, eyeing his patient with considerable disgust.

'No, doctor, I an't. And why an't I? 'Cos I had a cold; and I know'd it 'ud make me worse. I an't been washed, 'ceptin' my hands and face, this many year, and it 'ud be the death of me now.'

'If you will not attend to my directions,' said the doctor, 'I may as well stay away. . . . You must take that tub back to the workhouse, my girl, this morning,' he added, speaking more softly than usual, when he thought of her drowned mother.

'You took the physic, of course, Ives?'

'O yes, doctor, I did; and precious nasty it was.'

'Where is your wife?' asked the doctor suddenly.

'Blest if I know,' was the reply. 'She went out last night, and I an't seen her since.'

'I suppose Dick had been ill-using her again?'

'Well, he spoke roughish,' said the man, with a dim perception that Mr. Field had news to tell him.

'Poor soul! You'll see her no more alive, Ives. She was drowned, or drowned herself, last night.'

'Well, I an't been out,—I an't been out. Sall, have I? 'Twarnt me as done for her, doctor. Speak, Sall; an't I been here all night?'

'The girl is not here,' answered the doctor. 'You were a brute to the woman, I know.'

'Well, doctor; but I warn't out last night. If any body swings for it, it don't ought to be me. I was always brought up respectable and religious; I wouldn't tell a lie on no account.'

'You need say no more,' replied Mr. Field; 'you seem to be getting excited. But your fever is lower this morning,' said he, releasing the untempting wrist. 'Let your daughter fetch some more medicine. But I warn you, if the fever come, and find you in such filth, you are a dead man.'

'Well, I sha'n't die before my time, doctor; none on us do. There's a time for every think, and there's a time when a cove must go off; but I stick to it, I warn't out last night. You ask the gal, doctor, as you go out.'

A coroner's inquest was held, and the evidence of the knife-grinder's wife, which asserted the excited state of the poor woman on the night of her death, induced the jury to return a verdict of 'Temporary insanity;' but Mr. Meredith declined to read the burial-service, and perhaps justly enough. So the remains of the poor distracted woman were laid in the grave in silence, and the whole affair attracted little attention in Woodington.

The methodist preacher, indeed, 'improved the occasion' (his chapel stood on the borders of Jericho), and narrowly escaped a brick-bat, which was hurled at his head, it was supposed, by the bereaved widower, who had somehow heard of the reverend gentleman's intention, and construed the affair as a personal insult.

Probably few persons thought so much about the occurrence as did Philip, who, as Mr. Field said, was so solemn, so terribly in earnest about every thing. On him it made a deep and abiding impression, and all his knowledge of the wretched neighbourhood where the dead woman had lived, prompted him to vow that he would devote himself earnestly and practically to the accomplishment of such measures of social improvement as might fall within his power.

Old Mr. Lancaster, had he known all the circumstances, would have thrown himself into a fever almost, through indignation and excitement; fortunately for his peace, though they occurred within a mile of his house, he did not know the particulars of the case; he was too busy preparing his lectures to read the country paper, and, as the whole matter was there disposed of in half a dozen lines, that journal would not have enlightened him much on the subject, if he had perused it.

Mrs. Field became more and more nervous about the fever as the summer died away, and, as she said, was ready to faint every time her husband was summoned to a sick person. And still Jericho remained uncleansed."

[To be concluded in our next.]

THE BROMPTON MUSEUM.

It would be impossible to say that the present age is deficient in public spirit amongst the lovers of art; for we have had in the course of a very few years three magnificent galleries of modern pictures presented to the nation by private gentlemen, whose only object has been to benefit the public by diffusing a knowledge of the high value of the works of English painters, and of the noble position they hold in the grades of European art. The Turner Gallery remains in *nubibus*, and Mr. Vernon's gift has been long ago accepted and studied by the public; but that of Mr. Sheepshanks is more recent, and, from various circumstances, less known to the admirers of art generally. A brief critical description, therefore, may not be unwelcome of a collection of pictures especially valuable, as affording not only a comprehensive view of the whole field of painting in England, but also, as in the case of Mulready and Landseer, of the productions of individual artists, enabling us to trace the successive stages by which they have attained to their present position.

We do not propose to enter the admirably lighted and most commodious gallery like some self-tormenting visitors, catalogue in hand, and commence with No. 1, in order to "do" in one visit the series of nearly two hundred and fifty

works of art, whose qualities and value differ almost as greatly as their size and subject. A far preferable plan will be, to take the productions of some one artist, and select such of them for remark as will best illustrate whatever may appear of interest and importance to the visitor.

The first rank amongst those to be noticed is occupied by W. Mulready, R.A., who may be named senior painter in England, his works here alone ranging over a period of fifty years; nor for this reason only should he have precedence, but because the series displays a progressive advancement in pictorial skill, showing how decades of earnest study have been required to attain that absolute mastery which is the last achievement of the perfect artist. To trace this progress may also serve to impress the observer with the amount of labour required, even from one of extraordinary talent, to accomplish such results, and thus raise even higher in his estimation the art itself and the works produced.

The sketches "From Hampstead Heath," Nos. 153 and 155, both executed in 1806, are mainly interesting from the circumstance of their having been painted at the age of twenty; for despite their solid and excellent qualities, they are by no means so remarkable as is usual with the earliest works of so great an artist. No. 154, painted in 1809, "Still Life," exhibits a singular improvement in colour; the stone and glass bottles being most elaborately studied, and their differing substances expressed with great care. A still greater improvement is evident in No. 136, "The Mall, Kensington Gravel Pits," painted in 1813: here the colour and wonderful solidity of the painting are noticeable. These successive stages of improvement may be traced through the backgrounds of the various figure-pictures, continued in grades from these mentioned through No. 139, "The Fight interrupted," where it has been suppressed for the benefit of the figures; in consequence of which fatal mistake the whole picture loses force, as may be seen by comparing it with No. 142, "Choosing the Wedding-Gown," and No. 148, "The Butt," wherein the vigour and depth of the background and accessories admirably support and strengthen the powerful painting of the figures themselves. The most perfect of the landscape-sketches here is the latest in date, No. 137, "Blackheath Park," painted about 1850, which evinces extraordinary mastery of the material, exquisite perception of a very rarely painted phase of nature,—so rarely painted and so beautiful, that one might almost imagine that our artists were generally blind to such aspects of nature. The truth, however, is, that the rendering of these peculiar effects demands a transcendent skill on the part of the painter, such as few but Mulready are willing to pay the price of a life's labour to attain. This picture is worthy of the most considerate study.

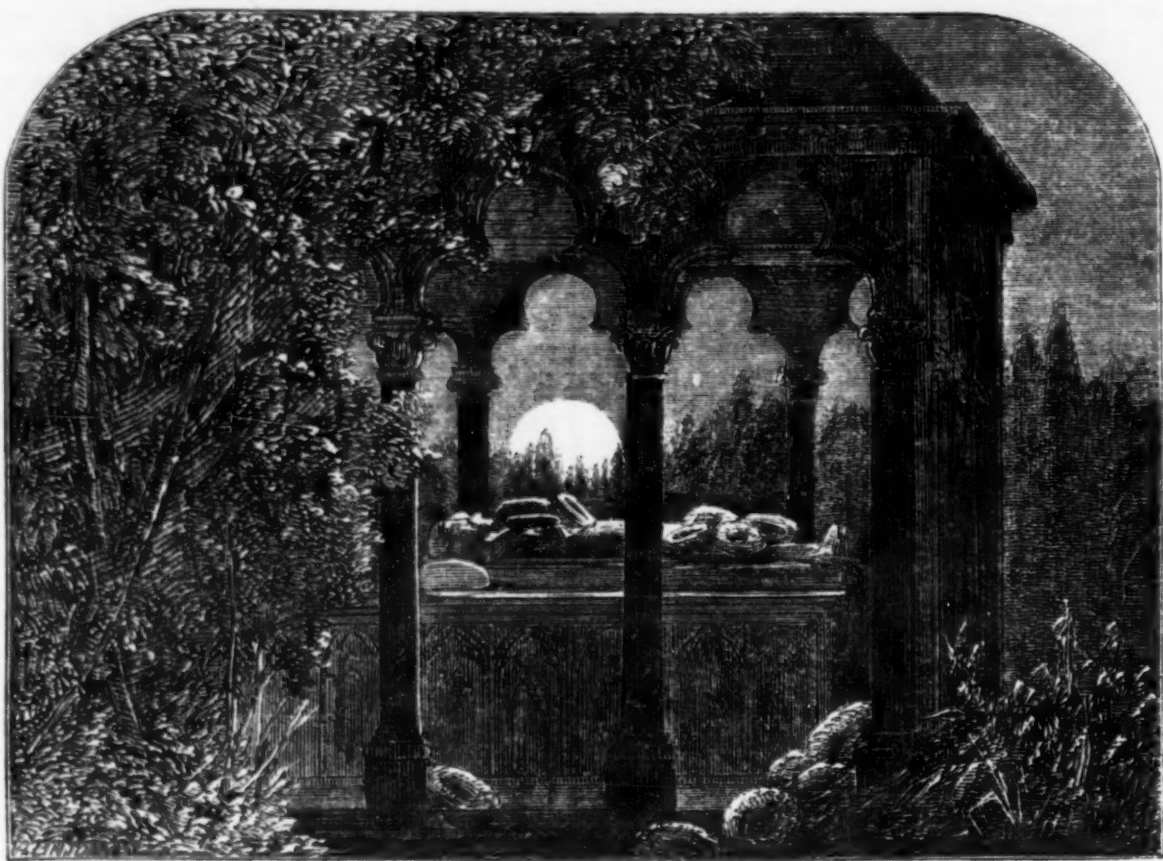
With "The Fight interrupted" we shall commence our observations on the figure-pictures by this artist. There has been a fight in a school-playground; the bully of the school engages in combat with a hard-fisted youngster, who has just administered sufficient of a thrashing to his antagonist to make him desire himself elsewhere. Just at the critical moment when he must absolutely succumb to this new conqueror, the master appears, takes the latter by the ear, separates the combatants, and hushing the rival advocates of each contending party, procures silence at last. There is displayed admirable knowledge of boy-nature in the design of this picture. Victory not being declared on either side, the little boy who defends the larger culprit evidently thinks it safer to side with the powers that still be; while the opposing counsel is a boy large enough to take care of himself, perhaps not unwilling the cock of the school should crow less loudly, therefore defends the lesser champion. The bigger boy leans against the pump, evidently almost vanquished, and still surrounded by a crowd of toadies. But the most amusing example of toadyism is that in the background, where a vast burly youth, far removed by his size from heed of either party, is supported by another boy, upon whose shoulders he leans an actual burden; the willing post

trembles beneath him, but still with intense self-satisfaction bears the load of honour. This work is full of admirable colour and good painting; the character developed shows that the artist, as early as 1815, had found the subjects most congenial to himself, and in the beautiful execution reaped the reward of unremitting study.

"Giving a Bite," No. 140, evinces the same knowledge of boy-life as the last; it is, however, hardly equal in pictorial quali-

ties; and we perceive an error in the catalogue, which states it to have been painted in 1834. This catalogue, although officially published, is shamefully incorrect. The same authority states No. 146, "The Sonnet," to be a representation of the effect of sunlight, rendered diffused and cool by being partly obscured. This, however, is palpably untrue, because the artist would not have sought to produce such an effect by retaining the shadow-colours so hot as these are, evincing, as he does in "The Butt" (a sunlight effect), a perfect knowledge of the fact that the shadows of sunlight are cool. We take the effect of "The Sonnet" to be merely conventional, and its hot appearance the result of the colour selected as a whole. This is an admirable little bit of design; the attitudes of the figures being carefully studied, and very graceful without affectation. A youth and a lady are seated upon a bank, she reading with scarce restrained delight a sonnet he has written in her praise; he crouches down so as to trace the expression of her face; she bites the back of her hand to hide her perfect satisfaction. No. 142, "Choosing the Wedding-Gown," is perhaps the most famous of the artist's productions,—so famous and so well appreciated, that we need do little more than call the observer's attention to the beautiful and lucid colour which prevails throughout, showing the perfect conquest upon which we have previously commented. The tender beauty of Mrs. Primrose's face is exquisite, and the Vicar's expression full of thoughtful knowledge. The reader will hardly thank us for finding a fault in this really most beautiful picture; but to instance it will be something to show the otherwise wonderful elaboration of painstaking which has brought about the result before him. If he looks at the arm of Mrs. Primrose with which she sustains the piece of stuff to be decided upon, he will observe that the shadow-side of it is brown—distinctly brown; but at no time do brown shadows exist on flesh, still less would it be so when the surface of the silk under inspection must inevitably cast a reflection partaking of its own colour—pale purple—upon the arm so placed. Nor is this oversight less marked in the painting of her face, which is clearly subject to the same rule.

With the twice-before-mentioned picture, No. 148, "The Butt,—shooting a Cherry," we will conclude this paper. A laundress's boy, seated on a basket of linen, is shooting cherries into the mouth of a butcher's boy, who plants himself as steadily as he can on his feet, and holds his mouth open to catch them. We prefer this even to the previous picture, as containing somewhat more solid qualities of execu-



TOMB OF HÉLOÏSE AND ABELARD AT PÈRE-LA-CHAISSE, PARIS.

tion, equally fine, though less striking colour; and to all the humour of the earlier works unites the vast advantage of being a subject thoroughly the artist's own. The laundress's boy, a most characteristic youth, slender and delicate, but shrewd and intelligent, makes with his superior wit a fair butt of the coarse and greedily - stupid butcher's assistant, who, regardless of all dignity of feeling, opens his mouth, guards his eyes with his hand, and hungrily takes his

chance of a successful shot; red smears on his face show that many have been unsuccessful; nevertheless he patiently trusts to the other's skill as a marksman. Two girls, from whose basket the missiles come, are enjoying the spectacle heartily. The butcher's dog stands anxiously participating in his master's hopes, apparently the most intelligent animal of the two: the way in which the former watches the deft finger and thumb of the marksman, ready to trace the progress of the shot, is excellent. The reader will do well to compare the execution of this dog with that of any by Landseer on the other side of the room,—each perfect examples of different methods of procedure; Mulready's being nowise inferior even to those by the Shakspeare of dogs. The variety of colour with which the blue frock of the butcher is executed is remarkably fine; an examination will show that the wonderfully-varied surface is composed of an infinity of tints, all thought over and elaborated with the greatest care and truth. The admirable massing of the colour in parts of this picture is most noticeable, as in the keeping so large a quantity of cold colour about the butcher, which yet in itself is broken up by warm tints in all parts. The brown and purple of the fruit-girls' dresses, and the brilliant lightness about the laundress's boy, are all so whole in themselves, and yet so intensely varied, that one can hardly decide which is the most charming quality of the picture, the thoughtful though less striking care of this portion, or the admirable truth of the expression and drawing. The face of the laundress's boy is really almost the *ne plus ultra* of artistic skill, whether in expression of humour, in delicacy of colour, or beauty of drawing. Let the reader observe the perfect drawing and painting of his ear, red with the sunlight through it,—how sharp and clear in form this is, just like a fleshy shell. Let him also study the beauty of colour grouped about the jar standing by this boy's side, its pale buff uniting with the deep gem-like red of the reserve of cherry-shot lying on the rich green leaf at top; the brilliant white of the linen in the basket, upon which the boy sits; and the repetitions and echoes of colour dispersed about that part of the picture.

There is no part of Mr. Mulready's work in this collection which will not reward careful study, whether among the nine-and-twenty oil-paintings, or the eighteen drawings in the other room, amongst which latter, No. 74, "A Life Study," is a remarkable example how little beauty and truth depend upon the apparent poverty of the materials employed,—in this case red, white, and black chalks. L. L.



ABELARD AND HÉLOISE. BY CHATROUPE.

The National Magazine.

[It is found impossible to reply to the number of letters received; nor can unaccepted Mss. be returned, except in very special cases.]

ABELARD AND HÉLOISE.

BY CHATROUPE.

THE romantic history of Abelard and Héloïse is sufficiently well known to need but the brief recapitulation that they flourished in the first half of the twelfth century—Héloïse the love-stricken pupil of Abelard, a renowned teacher in the University of Paris. They were both famous for their learning and their beauty, and with the world since that time for their unfortunate passion. Keats's words,—

"O sovereign power of love! O grief! O balm!
All records, saving thine, come cool, and calm,
And shadowy, through the mist of passed years,"—

are pre-eminently applicable to the history of these world-famous lovers; a warm life dwells about it yet, and no subject has been more frequently chosen by the poets, the painters, and the sculptors. A version by one of the latter—M. Chatroupe—we engrave this week; and our preceding

Number contains a view of the tomb erected in the cemetery of Père-la-Chaise, Paris, to their united manes; for it has been a poetical fancy in their own country that their monuments should be under one canopy, that their effigies should lie side by side, appearing to be united in death, as a compensation for the long separation of their lives.

The evidence that they were actually interred in one grave is very incomplete, the probability being, however, that their resting-places were not far removed from each other: some state them to have been immediately adjoining; certain it is, nevertheless, that both were interred in the cemetery of the Monastery of the Paraclete, which institution was founded by Abelard himself, and wherein, we believe, Héloïse spent many years of separate and lonely existence,—not only during the life of her unhappy lover, but from the time of his death, in 1142, until her own decease, twenty-one years after, in 1163. Modern French sentiment has erected the tomb to them in the great cemetery, where it is probable enough that the wish attributed to her, that lovers in the centuries to come should pray for a more auspicious fortune, may be oftentimes realised in its literal and truest sense.

The statues represent an incident where Abelard has ceased for a moment in his teaching to embrace his ill-starred pupil, who with half-reluctancy submits, as though foreboding their unhappy fate.

L. L.

WOMEN'S NOVELS.

[Concluded from p. 271.]

"CASTE" is a novel whose title and motto—

"Strange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound distinction, yet stand off
In differences so mighty"—

at once indicate that it is one of those books in which fiction is merely used as the exponent of a distinct purpose, the vehicle of a certain set of opinions. Sometimes this is a dangerous experiment; the reader takes fright at the idea of being preached to, as a child does on the presentation of "a nice mouthful of jam, dear," with something highly beneficial but disagreeable underneath it. It requires great ingenuity for any determined illustrator of a moral truth in fiction so to drop

"Il soave licor sugli orli del vaso"

that the patient will drink the whole mixture safely up. And no slight praise is it to this novel to say, that in reading it we never once wish the author "out of the pulpit;" and, indeed, we scarcely feel that she is in the pulpit at all.

She is clearly an original writer. Her faults, glaringly apparent in *Mr. Arle*, are original faults; but the extravagant deformities of inexperienced genius have sometimes more hope in them than the most perfect and satisfactory mediocrities of mere talent. Unnatural and incomplete as it was, there was hope in *Mr. Arle*, which in the author's second book has been fulfilled. If to have carried out a definite idea steadily and carefully, evolving it by means of incidents and characters, to a climax, which leaves the reader satisfied that the author meant to do something and has done it in the manner meant,—if this be success, most certainly *Caste* is a successful book; yet it is imperfect in many ways; studded with mannerisms of language and story, for which the only redeeming point is, that they are individual mannerisms, and not copied from any other writer; narrowed somewhat by the one-ideaed and impulsive view—the thoroughly young woman's view—which the author takes of her principle, illustrating it more by passion than by reasoning, and allowing nothing whatever to be said on the other side of the subject.

It is a subject that especially touches the present state of society, when education on the one hand, and common sense and liberality on the other, are beginning to blot out the line which our forefathers drew so harshly between tradesfolk and gentlefolk. In degree, not unjustly; for then, where one tradesman was an intelligent man of taste, like Mr. Wold in *Caste*, one tradesman's daughter a perfect lady in mind and manners, like Isabel,—we might have found, might still find, hundreds whom good society was really almost justified in leaving in their own place, for which alone they were fitted. But things are altering now. Frequently wealthy tradesmen are to be met with, bringing up their children with every advantage of refinement,—in their education, their mode of life, their intellectual and artistic tastes, fully equal, often superior, to "the gentry" so called. And yet, in very exceptional cases, the "gentry" will not recognise them as such; and being more cultivated than the generality of their own class, they are left as to all matters of social intercourse in a kind of elegant isolation.

It is this position, undoubtedly difficult and painful, which the author of *Caste* has seized upon for the heroine of her story. Isabel Wold,—with her beauty, her fierce will, her pride stung by worldly humiliations into a perfect monomania, to which she is ready to sacrifice the dearest hopes of her life,—is the principal object in which all interest centres,—an interest which never flags throughout the book,—the machinery of which is curious from its extreme simplicity. There are no harangues by author to reader; very few descriptive passages, either of scenery or humanity. Conversations, carried on with a brevity sometimes even annoying

in its close imitation of the nothings that people do talk,—the "How-d'ye-dos" and "Quite-well-thank-yous" of daily life; and a thread of narrative, almost childish in its minuteness, somehow manage to float the whole story through three solid volumes. And though every thing happens precisely as one expects it to happen,—no striking scenes, not a single mystery from beginning to end, and even the *dénouement* no *dénouement* at all, but the gradual winding-up of a story where, contrary to all poetical justice, but according to the justice of human life and Providence, none are "made happy," but have to make themselves so; nobody married as he or she would first have liked to marry, and yet every body, having grown good through suffering, is thoroughly content at last,—we close the book with the impression that we have been reading that rare thing—an original novel. Original, because it has dared to be commonplace; because it has practically carried out that lesson which our young poets, painters, and novelists, are slowly learning,—that to produce any thing good, any thing really lifelike, you must take it direct out of the universal storehouse of nature. Use your materials as you will, be as eclectic as you choose, but unless you are natural, you never can be original.

From this peculiarity of the story, which flows on in a continuous stream, without any episodes or great emotional climaxes,—most touching and tragic effects being produced, as in nature, by the exceeding simplicity of every-day events,—it is very difficult to find any extracts which give a fair specimen of the book, or to tell any of its plot, without telling the whole, which is decided unfairness in reviewing. The following, as being the one ter-minute's crisis which decides Isabel's life, may serve. She has overheard accidentally that Mr. Long, a man of family, fortune, and character, whom she loves secretly, is reported as about "to make a low marriage with a shopkeeper's daughter," which will "mar his prospects, damage even his usefulness."

"Bitter painful pride was in her heart. She wanted to forget what she had heard; so when she had removed her furs and wrappings, she tried to apply herself to her studies in her own beautiful room—meant to be a haven from worldly vexations and annoyances. Why should her thoughts continually return to the words she had heard exchanged between these gentlemen?—they were gentlemen, she knew.

"This is hard—but what matter? It only confirms what I knew before. Surely my resolution did not need to be strengthened: this can make no difference."

Those words uttered aloud, she applied herself diligently to her books. But every little thing could distract her; any trifling noise made her start—the slanting-in of the winter sunlight disturbed her. She watched its creeping on and on, till it touched one book after another lying before her.

There was a rap at the street-door; and some one came up the stairs and into the next room.

"Mr. Long wishes to see you, ma'am," the servant announced.

Isabel shut one book after another, as if she knew that she should not want them when he was gone. She rose, and advanced to meet him.

He placed a chair for her, and she sat down. He did not attempt to begin an ordinary conversation, but said, "You must excuse plainness. I am hurried and anxious. I want all misunderstandings put an end to. Once you asked me, had I ever put my energy into any thing? I said that I should some day, I knew. Do you remember?"

Isabel bowed.

"That is long ago, and ever since then the whole energy of my nature has been put into one thing—"

Isabel looked at him so gravely, so coldly, so inquiringly, that he paused and hesitated.

"Last time we met, I had the misfortune to annoy you. Isabel, teach me how to avoid doing so again. Some things, of which I tried to speak, have since then explained themselves—I—it is of no use. Look at me less coldly, I entreat; for, Isabel, the one thing I have done, with the force of my nature, is to love you; the one thing, I have endeavoured to win you. I now ask you to overlook much in my position—to take me for my love. My past conduct needs explanation; I may have seemed forgetful, negligent, at one time. Isabel, do not stop me as you did before; let me justify myself in your eyes."

She was rising. Those same words on her lips, only spoken very gently.

"I still say that your explanations are uncalled for. I do not desire them. I thank you for the honour you have done me,"—

she spoke soberly, not mockingly,—‘but nothing you have done requires explanation, for nothing has placed you in an unworthy light. Once I did you wrong, and I ask your pardon; but we can only be friends. I ask your pardon for any wrong I did you, for any pain I give you now—but we can be only friends.’

She had risen and stood erect, speaking slowly and mechanically; there was no shade of red on cheek or lip.

He stood and looked at her.

‘I cannot but believe that you speak in earnest. Coquetry, every thing uncandid, is far from your character. I could wish you less noble and more loving.’

He spoke with the quietness of despair.

Isabel answered, ‘I thank you that you do me the justice of believing me. I am confirmed in my first impression of your character; you are truly a gentleman; you have done me great honour.’ Strange words at such a time. ‘Again I ask you to forgive me what pain I inflict.’

Still he lingered.

‘I would not have for pity what I cannot gain for love,’ he said, ‘or I should tell you how every calm word of yours tortures me. I should tell you how long I have loved you, at times how hopelessly, despairing of being able to offer you a worthy position. But now—’

She put her hand out to lean against something. Moisture came to her eyes, colour to her white face.

‘Isabel, Isabel, say but “I love you.” O, love me!’

He came towards her, and spoke passionately,—he even knelt before her.

There she stood with drooped lids,—she dared not meet his eyes; there he knelt and looked up at her. *That* was like the courtship of days of old. A wild struggle raged in Isabel’s breast. She knew that to yield was but to speak three truest words, and be most blessed for life. ‘He cannot afford to mar his prospects; to lower his position, and lose caste by marrying beneath him.’ Pride could disguise itself as purest love.

‘Mr. Long, you pain me. It is vain. I will never marry you. You will not say more.’

‘Your words are absolute, and shut out hope.’

He spoke bitterly, and rose to go; he had not even touched her hand in leave-taking. He went towards the door. She did not feel that she could bear this—to part so.

‘Do not pain our Reginald,’ a soft voice seemed to whisper in her ear. Isabel stretched her hand after him.

He did not see the eager gesture of recall.

‘Mr. Long, at least we are friends,’ she said with difficulty.

He turned.

‘Not now; we must be every thing or nothing to each other. Possibly in time.’

He went; she did not hear any thing after the shutting of the door for a long time. Not that she fainted; when she was roused by a noise on the stairs, she was still standing where he had left her. She had been absorbed, had seen her future life—sunless, desolate, dragging on year after year, into a palpable gloom and obscurity. She knew she must have stood motionless a long time, for her limbs seemed stiff and powerless, and the room was dim when the servant came in to lay the cloth for dinner.

She felt it difficult all that evening to prevent herself from again falling into such a trance-like state.

No one mentioned Reginald Long, or seemed to know of his having been at Caiston; Isabel kept her own counsel.

Dreamy as she had been all the evening, when she went to bed she could not sleep. She reversed that afternoon’s decision in her mind, lived the life that would have followed yielding, then passionately reproved herself for weakness: so the night wore away.

He afterwards loves and is engaged to her friend, and her brother’s old love, Clara Blanchard; who believing Isabel never loved him, and that he has ceased to love her, throws them both fatally together in her innocent confidence.

‘Where is Isabel gone, I wonder?’

‘Into the garden. I saw her pass the window,’ Mr. Long replied from behind his paper.

‘Isn’t it raining?’

‘No, it is fine.’

‘But every thing must be very wet.’

‘Yes, I dare say it is damp.’

‘Isabel will take cold.’

‘I should not be surprised,’ Mr. Long returned. ‘If young ladies will act so imprudently, they must take the consequences.’

The dry tone of this remark silenced Clara for a time.

Mr. Blanchard’s slumbers had grown more profound. Clara delayed ringing for tea that she might not disturb him. He had passed several bad nights, he said. Clara was quite content with her work and her happy thoughts.

Another quarter of an hour passed.

‘I wish you would go and look for Isabel, Reginald.’

‘No, no,’ he answered impatiently, and bent lower over the *Times*.

Presently Clara said, ‘Reginald, *pray* go and look for her. I know she is ill. She may get a fever and die from being out in this damp. If you please, go.’

‘Good God, Clara, you do not know what you ask!’ Mr. Long exclaimed very low, rising as he spoke.

‘Thank you. Do not go without your hat; and ask her to come in to tea,’ Clara pursued placidly, not having heard his thick-spoken words.

He went out. There was an interval of bright moonlight, and many times he started from black shadows, cast by the shrubs upon the lawn, thinking he had found her whom he sought.

He looked for her in vain in the gardens, then went through the wet wood down to the lower terrace.

At the far end he found her sitting in the shadow on the wet turf. Her head was bowed down upon her knees, and her whole frame shaken by sobs. When he was close upon her, he paused. He was afraid,—afraid of her, afraid of his own strong-beating heart.

Then he obeyed an ungovernable impulse, sprang to her, caught her in his arms, and cried, ‘Isabel, you love me—you love me! You are mine! Nothing shall part us; you love me—at last you love me!’

His action and his tone were more fierce than tender; accusing towards her, triumphant in knowledge of his own power.

He felt her heart beat wildly against his breast; she did not struggle to be free, but looked him in the face, and said, ‘I love you! It is true, I love you!’

If her pride were good for aught, should it not then have smitten him and freed her? When he, the betrothed of another, put his arms round her, claimed her as his own, *accusing* her of loving him! Had he come humble and pleading, she would have scorned and repelled him. Now he had taken her by storm—his passion had made her poor pride quail! Honour, her friend’s peace—every thing but love, passionate delight, were forgotten.

What would become of her who had prayed in spirit ‘Lead me into temptation, that I may deliver myself from evil!’ Here was the temptation; where the deliverance?

‘God have pity upon us!’ were Mr. Long’s next words.

He released Isabel, and walked a few steps from her.

‘You scorn me, you scorn me!’ Isabel lifted up her head only to let it fall again upon her knees and to break into a passionate wail—‘Lost, lost, lost!’ her familiar fiend was crying in her ear.

Mr. Long came near her again, knelt down by her, taking her hand. His manner was subdued and gentle now.

‘Isabel,’ he said, ‘nothing should keep us apart now, nothing must keep us apart. She, Clara, would be the last to wish it. I have wronged her deeply, poor child; for I have never ceased loving you. I know that now. Thank God, not quite too late!’ She did not look up, nor answer. He went on.

‘We will be happy, though some penitence and humiliation must mix with our happiness. If Isabel loves me, I cannot but be happy. God keep me humble; for I have sinned and do not deserve this happiness. We must pray her pardon; she will give it us, the good child. Isabel, look up, love, speak again; say that you forgive my fickleness, that—’

Isabel rose and stood before him quite erect. The moon shone full upon her face, upon her white haggard face and eyes of despair.

‘Of what do you talk to me,—of forgiveness, humiliation, happiness? It is true I love you; but, Reginald Long, I *swear* I will never marry you. I trust you—you will not betray me. Nothing shall be changed. Clara *shall* know nothing. I dare you to tell her. I would kill myself if you did. I will not live to be pitied and pardoned, to be humble and happy.’

‘Isabel, for God’s sake stay! We have both erred, I especially; but it rests with ourselves whether we have erred fatally. There is yet time—Clara’s gentle nature—’

‘I swear I will never marry you. If you betray any thing of this I will die! I am humiliated in my own eyes—in yours—further I will not bear. You hear me?’

‘I hear; but I cannot be so answered. I will not.’

‘All the years that you have known me, till these last few moments, have I ever given you reason to think me wanting in determination—self-respect?’

‘Never; but now you have said that you love me, you cannot take back those words.’

‘I have loved you ever since I first knew you almost. But I think it is a little step from such love as mine to hate: thwart me now, and I feel that I shall hate you.’

‘Isabel, only hear me, the voice of your goodness, your happiness—’

‘I will not hear you—I will not! No. I have spoken what I mean to adhere to; if it costs life, it will not cost honour. You shall marry Clara, and forget me. You *can* forget. After the

marriage I will not see you again till I am a wife myself. Mock me with no more talk of penitence and happiness. You mistake me quite.'

'A wife yourself!' He caught and echoed those words.

'I will marry; but never you,—not if Clara died to-morrow. Once I said I would never marry out of my station; now I say I will grasp any power that will help me to revenge myself on the world.'

'Wretched girl!'

'You scorn me?' she asked with intense passion.

'No, Isabel, no. What can I do or say?'

'Nothing. Yes, just this,—tell Clara I am ill, gone to my room: I am going. You must leave early to-morrow. When you come here to marry Clara I shall be quite well again,—quite well again.'

Isabel crept into the wood behind her; he sprang after her, caught her wet dress, trying to detain her; she pulled it violently from his grasp.

'Go! Do not insult me, because I am miserable and weak. Go!' she repeated in that imperious tone which he dared not disobey.

Deeper into the wet wood went Isabel.

Mr. Long walked in an opposite direction,—walked as a sleep-walker, or one stupefied. 'God help us all!' was his first ejaculation; he spoke fervently, heeding the solemn words,—'God help that proud and miserable girl, for I cannot!' Bitter thoughts followed,—of remorse, self-contempt, even fear.

At last he went to the house, into the bright warm drawing-room, where Clara sat behind the tea-urn, and Mr. Blanchard still dozed by the fire; where the tame comfortable aspect of every thing cruelly mocked the miserable passion he had just gone through.

Yet Long, being a good man,—the good woman keeps her place in his heart: affection conquers passion,—he marries Clara, and loves his wife better than he ever loved Isabel. She too marries; recklessly, for a position and for pride; her inevitable punishment follows. The agonies of a wife who despises her husband, hates and dreads the father of her children, feeling all the while that it was her own act which cursed herself with such a husband, and her babes with such a father; yet moved by remorse to try and make duty stand in the stead of love, and living to see how utterly it fails,—all are drawn with wonderful power and pathos. The incident of the wretched mother, driven to slip away by night and fly,—any where, any where, so as to hide her little ones from their own father,—is a tale so terribly true to nature, that it needs only to be told, as here, with the most utter simplicity, to furnish enough of the tragic element for any novel.

"Mrs. Farr had left Isabel alone with her children, knowing that they, if any thing, could comfort her for the grief, whatever it was, that had fallen so stunningly upon her. O, the prayers breathed over them while they slept their sound, childish, dreamless, or happy-dreaming, sleep! O, the tears of concentrated bitterness that rolled down from the mother's eyes!

Isabel felt, at last, as if such passionate griefful gazing as hers must trouble them,—must penetrate their slumbers and pain their hearts. Her Alice stirred, and murmured something about 'poor mamma.'

'Bless thee a thousand times, my heart's darling!' Isabel muttered and turned her eyes elsewhere, resolved to look at them no more.

Her gaze was irresistibly attracted to the uncurtained window. She strove to penetrate the dark without. She could not loose her arms from round her children without danger of disturbing them, or she would have hidden that dreadful blank of darkness upon which her excited feverish fancy depicted forms of dread terror.

Unreasoning paralyzing fear fell upon shaken Isabel; but she gazed with dilating eyes, clasping her children closer to her panting bosom, yet turning from them in that wild outlooking.

Her tears ceased to fall, seeming to freeze on her cold cheeks.

She tried to will that she would look away from the window. She could not. The darkness fascinated her; still she gazed out, striving to pierce it.

Her heart paused in its beating, when presently a white wicked face was pressed against the window-pane, peering in, returning her gaze. It was no ghost,—worse, worse, far worse! Isabel knew that she was spoken to; but the wind blew, and the rain fell in torrents, and she could hear nothing but the storm. The face was taken from the window, and some one rattled the hall-door. Isabel threw a large shawl over the sofa, where the children were,—he might not have noticed them; then she went out to open the house-door for her husband.

'Very fine for you to be idling by your fireside, while I was being drenched to the skin!' he muttered as he came in.

'Wind and rain would be nothing to me,' she answered meekly.

'Playing penitent again, as your protectors are gone!' he said, glancing round the dim room. 'Ha, ha! finely I gave them the slip. They are pretty far on the wrong road by this time.'

Isabel pushed the arm-chair to the fire for him, gently wheeled the sofa away, back into the darkest corner by the wall. She knelt to pull off his wet boots; said she would find him dry clothes, and left the room. His was the drunkenness of despair; nothing she might do could touch him. He muttered to himself now that she was a consummate hypocrite with her meek face.

She returned with some of his garments, dry, warm, and neatly folded.

'Will you mind putting them on in the kitchen, Percy? No one is there, and that is the only other room where there is a fire.' Her voice shook with anxiety. He must leave that room, that she might get the children away.

'I should very decidedly mind. Go into the kitchen yourself, and get me ready something to eat. I sha'n't stir from this room.'

'There is a better fire in the kitchen,—your coat is airing there; somebody might come here.'

'Ho! you are expecting more company, are you? A gay house this for a deserted wife!'

'Will you come this way? There is a light outside.' Isabel held the door open. He was about to comply, involuntarily, when he suddenly altered his mind.

'Give me the things without more fuss,—I won't leave this room. One would think you had some one hidden up here.' And he peered round suspiciously; then he took the clothes from Isabel's hand, and shut the door in her face. She stood outside, listening for any sound that might betoken her children's awakening. She had told Mrs. Farr to send up whatever food there was in the house as soon as possible. She thought that Percy would not stay long, as Mr. Long and Greville might return.

When Percy opened the door, to throw his wet garments into the passage, Isabel re-entered.

'Is my food coming?' he asked her.

'Yes,' she answered; 'but I am afraid there is not much in the house.'

'I haven't eaten any thing since the morning.'

'Where have you been?'

'In the wood. Ah! I gave them the slip finely. They'll fancy I'm off to—What's that noise?' One of the children had moaned in its sleep.

'Nothing, nothing! It is a very rough night.'

'A rough night indeed! Ah, Mrs. Farr, glad to behold your master, of course. Come to spend his last night in England at home, you see.'

Mrs. Farr curtsied in silent consternation. She could not frame any sentence of congratulation. She gazed at him,—a wild-eyed, haggard, desperate-looking man. This a Blanchard! After Percy had eaten he turned to the fire again.

'What the devil are you listening to?' he asked suddenly, having transferred his gaze to Isabel's face.

'O, Percy! nothing, nothing!' she replied in a hasty startled way.

For a long time the husband and wife sat; Percy glowering over the fire, Isabel away in the cold; her chair against the sofa where her children slept. He heard only the roaring and howling of the storm; she only heard the slumberous low breathing just behind her, and every stir of a restless limb.

Presently Percy began to nod drowsily; she watched him as before she had watched the uncurtained window. If he would but fall sound asleep! Her aching eyes should have held him spell-bound by their unflinching gaze. It was like the voice of doom to her, when presently little Percy woke, stretched, yawned, and finally called 'Mamma.'

She turned sharply round. 'For God's sake, hush!' She pressed her hand upon the warm wide-open mouth.

'Eh! what! who's that?' The elder Percy roused up, and rose from his chair. Little Percy sprang up on the sofa, now threw his arms round his mother's neck, and began to cry.

'It's my children, then, my own children, you've been hiding up from me! I knew you had some cursed mystery, that your meekness and coaxing meant something. Come here, boy; I'm your father.' Percy took the child roughly from Isabel, and held him up to the light.

'Ay, ay; you'll do,—a fine fellow you'll be; and you'll soon love papa when mamma's away,—ay, my man?'

'Percy will not leave mamma.' The frightened half-roused child struggled and screamed violently. Alice was awake now, hiding her terrified face in Isabel's bosom.

'You there, too, young lady, are you,' Percy said, seeing her. 'You needn't be alarmed; I sha'n't take you away.'

Isabel pressed her daughter's face closer to prevent her speaking.

'There, take the youngster for the present; I'll soon teach him better.' He returned the screaming boy to his mother. Isabel sped away, and gave the children to their nurse. She came back and knelt at Percy's feet.

'No nonsense!' he said; 'that boy goes with me to-morrow morning. You can't complain; I leave you the girl. You know I might take both.'

'I know you might,' said Isabel. 'O, Percy! husband! do not let us part! Let me go with you. I will be your servant, your slave, any thing, so that I may still have my children,—both my children. God move your heart to hear me, Percy.'

'It is too late for any of this stuff. I don't want you nor your girl: I can't afford to keep ye. As for the boy, he'll be well cared for, for my sake. Others love me, though you never did, Isabel.'

'I will learn,—O, Percy, I *could* learn, if only you were merciful now. Be merciful, as you hope for mercy!—as you have need of mercy!'

There she knelt, clasping his knees with her thin hands; searching his face with her passionate eyes. He did not answer immediately; she hoped she had moved him, and poured out more agonised entreaty.

'I am glad to see you in your right place—at my feet—at last. Who would have thought that it would have come to this? Many's the time I've been fool enough to kneel to you; now you kneel to me!'

'Percy, let me keep my children, let them love me still, and I will follow you any where,—every where; be pitiful, husband, be pitiful! I will serve you and work for you, only let me stay with my boy. God deal with you as you with me, husband!'

Percy pulled away the hand which she had taken, pushing her from him, and rose. What to him was the fearful beauty of this wild mother,—of this pleading wife, close clinging to his knees? He looked down upon her with eyes that said, 'I hate you!'

'No more of this fine acting,' he exclaimed brutally; 'it is thrown away. Once you might have turned me round your finger,—I hate you the more when I think of those times. I do not want you; stay at home and work, or live on charity, with your girl; my boy goes with me, and you I will not have,—nay, not for my slave even. I hate you! Is that plain enough?'

Isabel still crouched down by the hearth.

'It will do you good to be thoroughly humbled at last,' her husband said, turning at the door; 'so I tell you that you have been living on charity,—on my creditors,—this long time past. I have spent all I could get, have borrowed all I could get, and have taken where I could not borrow. I leave Greville, Long, your father, burdened with my debts. There, see the proud position you got by marrying where you did not love!'

He went away. Isabel heard him call for a candle, and tell Mrs. Farr that he was going to bed, and that breakfast must be ready early for him and his boy. Isabel had not risen an hour after, when Mrs. Farr came in to look for her: she was crouching on the ground, a dumb, blind, stricken creature.

Mrs. Farr understood it all now; her master's words had enlightened her; she remained silent at first in presence of the mother's anguish.

'That I should ever live to see the day when a Blanchard should come to this!' were her first words. Then she approached her mistress timidly. 'Something must be done, ma'am. The bonnie boy shall not go.'

Isabel rose feebly, pressed her hands upon her brow, and looked round in weak bewilderment.

'See if my husband is asleep,' she said presently.

While Mrs. Farr was gone, Isabel knelt and cried, 'O, Father, in my supreme misery, hear me! Let me save the soul of my child. Be with me this night, O Lord! For the innocent child's sake, hear me!' The conviction that to let the boy be with his father was to ruin him, morally and spiritually, justified the deed she contemplated.

'He is sleeping sound enough. What are you going to do, mistress?' Mrs. Farr said, when she returned, to Isabel.

'To save my boy. Stop—he—he—is in my room.'

'Ay!'

'And I can only reach the children through it.'

'The other door is locked, and nurse lost the key. 'Twas such a noisy door.'

'I remember,—come with me; we must lose no time.'

Stealthily Isabel crept through the room where her husband slept, the old woman following. She took up her boy, holding him so closely pressed against her bosom that he could not cry out loud; she told Mrs. Farr to follow her with the girl, and passed swiftly across the chamber.

Percy called out in his sleep, and Isabel's heart gave a wild bound of fear; but she reached the sitting-room in safety, and Mrs. Farr followed. Shut in here, the children might cry; their father could not hear.

Percy did cry with sleepiness and fright; little Alice kept her eyes on her mamma's face, and was very still.

Isabel comforted her boy with loving words and kisses. He was going out with mamma, she told him. Their out door clothes remained in that room where they had been taken off that afternoon. Isabel dressed them, forgetting nothing, fitting on their tiny goloshes, wrapping them up very warmly. Mrs. Farr assisted as well as the trembling of her aged hands and the streaming of tears from her dim eyes would permit.

'I am to go too—you will take me?' pleaded the old woman.

'No. To-morrow, when he leaves, you must go to Moor Hall. They will care for you well there. No one must know where I am gone; I should not be safe if they did. He would find me; he would take my boy.'

'Mistress! mistress!' moaned the poor old woman. 'That I should live to see this! Out into the wild night with those little ones.'

'For the sake of the little ones God will guard me,' answered Isabel.

Isabel had dressed herself, and had put all the money she possessed in her purse. Now she took her stout boy into her arms, wrapping him round in her shawl. 'Alice, darling, you must take mamma's dress, and walk as fast as you can,' she whispered, as she went into the hall.

Poor Mrs. Farr was half-stupefied. 'That the Blanchards should come to this,—to steal away on a cruel night. Mistress! mistress! have pity upon the children.'

'I have pity upon the children. Hush, hush, good woman! we shall meet again some day.'

She grasped the old servant's hand, kissed her cheek, and left the house.

The wind was wild still; but the rain had stayed. Isabel feared to take the road, and kept in the wood-paths; walking as fast as poor little Alice could manage. Happily it was not a dark night; the wind-riven clouds were thin.

'Alice is afraid,—there is such a noise, mamma,' the child said.

'It is the wind in the trees. God sends the wind,—God will take care of little Alice,' Isabel answered. 'Could you walk faster, my poor darling?'

'I'll try, mamma.'

Presently Isabel took up her little girl, and struggled on a while, carrying both children.

We have no room to notice the subordinate figures in *Caste*, though some—Leigh Engledew the musician, the gentle schoolmistress, Miss Erlridge, &c.—are extremely well done. Greater brevity and less jerkiness and abruptness of style, a larger, calmer, and less individual tone of thought, and a wider experience in human nature, will make the author of *Caste* one of our best female novelists.

One book more, not a novel, and we leave them.

The author of *Margaret Maitland* is a rare instance of a prolific, far too prolific, writer writing better as she goes on. *Orphans*, a novelette in one volume, is—saving *Katie Stewart*, perhaps—the most complete of all Mrs. Oliphant's books; has less of her peculiar mannerisms, which, charming at first, wearied terribly by repetition; and offers that contrast of the humorous and pathetic which indescribably heightens both. The story, exquisitely simple and beautiful, has one great blot,—the utter improbability, nay, impossibility, of Clare's being kept in ignorance till the last chapter as to who it was that was going to marry Kate Crofton; and the reader's indignation at such a childish attempt to throw dust in his eyes makes him less appreciate the exceeding beauty of the last chapter, where the lost love is found. A delicacy of handling, exquisitely feminine, yet not weak; an atmosphere of goodness and holiness, and that cheerfulness which is only attainable through sorrow; with moral lessons strewn throughout, so imperceptibly that we pick them up like flowers and find them herbs of grace,—make *Orphans* a book that only a woman would have written, and that no woman will read without feeling her heart warm to the author, as hearts do warm to those who do us good.

One extract, to end this paper, will show the chief power of this one out of many of our female novelists,—the power of doing good:

"Died of a broken heart."

When I was as young as Kate Crofton, I thought these words the most pathetic in the world; ten years later I am doubtful. Dr. Harley died of a broken heart for the loss of his fortune; leaving his wife and children without it, and without him, to

toil through life and the world as they best could. Miss Austin's sister lost her husband; that might be worth dying for; but if it was hard for her to live without him, it was harder for the little desolate children, to whom she left no natural protector. Somehow, I think, only such a one as myself could afford this luxury; some one who was nobody's shield, nobody's comforter; childless, parentless, alone; but I do not know how the fathers and mothers could dare venture to die, though their hearts broke a hundred times. Hearts will break in this life, it is the nature of them; but if God wills, and it is possible, it is honest, braver, nobler to live than to die."

PROGRESS OF SCIENCE.

Two enormous mechanical efforts have lately come prominently before the public notice,—the *Leviathan* endeavouring to get into the Thames, and Mr. Mallet's monster mortar endeavouring to project a shell bigger than had ever been projected before. As to the *Leviathan*, probably our readers do not need information, the newspapers having kept them tolerably well *au courant*. After the experience now gleaned, it will be very long, we imagine, before the force of hydrostatic pressure will be employed to launch another big ship.

With respect to the mortar, some inaccuracies have got afloat. A contemporary has stated, that it has been fired with 140 lbs. or 150 lbs. of gunpowder, whereas 70 lbs. is the maximum charge hitherto employed; and on the second occasion of firing the mortar, *i. e.* on the 18th of last month, only 40 lbs. were used. Mr. Mallet believes that when the mortar has been strengthened as he designs to strengthen it, a charge of 140 lbs. may be used with impunity; but we hardly think that possible or desirable. The inventor, so far as he has gone, may be pronounced successful, notwithstanding the statement (not quite true, by the way) that one of his mortars has burst. The bursting was nothing more than a slight opening-out of one of the external iron rings which had been imperfectly welded. Curiously enough, in the earlier days of artillery-practice, ordnance were made by hooping together iron staves for the mere convenience of the thing; and now Mr. Mallet in this country, and Mr. Treadwell in America, would have us return to a modification of that system, for the purpose of imparting strength, and enabling ordnance to be manufactured of vastly increased diameter. In old times, the staves were loosely put together, so that the gas of inflamed gunpowder could penetrate between; but Mr. Mallet's are as tightly-fitting as planing-machines can accomplish, when he uses staves at all; the mortar is of hoops entirely. The hoops of the former were superimposed in one layer; those of the latter are in many layers: each hoop slipped hot over the one immediately underneath, so that by contracting it exerts a pressure which ultimately counts for strength on the general mass of the gun. Our readers may feel interested in knowing that each of the enormous shells when fully charged will contain no less than 180 lbs. of powder, and will weigh about a ton and a half. We were present at the second experiments on the 18th of December, and as near as was prudent to the spot whereon the shells fell. The mean perforation of each shell in stiff clay-land exceeded twenty feet.

Two projects have lately created much interest in the industrial world—one chemical, the other mechanical, both having reference to the production of cheap bread. Dr. Dauglish, by a modification of the ordinary bread manufacture, can supply the staff of life absolutely pure, as *he* says, and increase the product some ten per cent. As to the purity of the doctor's bread, we would remark, that the word "pure" can only be justly understood by reference to some unit or standard of impurity generally accepted. Now we cannot term yeast added to bread-dough an impurity. It will perhaps strike the reader as being a very startling proposition indeed, that anterior to the new process no pure bread had ever been manufactured. As regards the professed saving of ten per cent, that is an impossibility, on the principle *ex nihilo nihil fit*: not ten per cent, nor even two per cent, are lost by fermentation; hence there

can be no ten per cent to be saved. The process of Dr. Dauglish consists in kneading carbonic-acid gas into dough under pressure, and is therefore only a modification of the ordinary mode of making unfermented bread. We presume that Dr. Dauglish would use salt; though that material performed no part in the rising of the dough. Under this supposition, however diverse the processes, the doctor's bread and the ordinary unfermented bread will possess ultimately an identical composition; whence it follows that, cost of manufacture excluded, the margin of saving at his disposal is neither more nor less than has been eligible to the manufacturer of ordinary unfermented bread. But is public opinion in favour of unfermented bread? We think not. It is indigestible, less agreeable to the palate than ordinary bread, and does not keep so well.

The mechanical project affecting bread-production to which we have to advert is that of steam-ploughing, by Lieut. Halkett. For some time past we have kept this project in view, but have refrained from speaking of it until its practical value had been attested. The scheme is a very extraordinary one, being no less than the proposition to lay down parallel rails fifty feet apart over arable land, and plough, harrow, sow, reap,—indeed, perform every necessary agricultural labour by locomotive steam-power. Before the scheme admitted of being brought to bear, there was a necessity that the inventor should be able to follow the ordinary inequalities of land; there can, of course, be no such matter as levelling a gentle gradient as on railway-lines. This difficulty has been quite overcome, and by the ordinary means of increasing the points of contact between wheels and rails. Each locomotive has nine wheels, and each wheel being a driving-wheel, the necessary hold-fast is gained. Let the reader picture to himself a pair of locomotives travelling parallelly, each on its own rail, fifty feet apart, with a bridge or strong beam passing from one locomotive to the other; the bridge or beam studded with plough-shares or other agricultural implements: then it follows that if the two locomotives can be made to advance with sufficient power, and the connecting-beam be sufficiently strong, the required result will be produced. The greatest advantage will be made evident, it is stated, by employing the locomotive system on heavy clay-lands, on which horse-labour is difficult, while the soil is trodden by the animal's feet into hard clods, highly unfavourable to agriculture.

Ever since the discovery of ozone by Schönbein there has been wanting to the chemist an efficient means of determining it. At first, confidence was placed in the change of colour effected on ozonometric papers, *i. e.* bibulous paper charged with a solution of iodide of potassium and starch, of definite strength, and then dried; but for a long time past chemists have been aware that the iodised paper, however carefully prepared, was incapable of yielding correct results, owing to the numerous agents besides ozone which also affected it with a blue tint. The French chemical veteran M. Thénard, about two years ago, suggested to M. A. Houzeau the problem of devising an efficient substitute for ozonometric papers; and the problem would appear to be solved. M. Houzeau's ozonometric test is based upon the propositions, (1) that perfectly neutral iodide of potassium may be diluted to such an extent that when mingled with sulphuric acid, also much diluted, no decomposition ensues, or, in other words, no potash is liberated, and no sulphate of potash is formed; (2) that of the two varieties of oxygen, *i. e.* ozone, or nascent oxygen, and Priestly's, or common oxygen,—the former alone, by contact with, or transference through, such solution, can liberate the alkali and give rise to the formation of sulphate of potash.

New light has been thrown upon the composition of the emerald by M. B. Lœwy. That gentleman, during a sojourn in New Granada, visited the emerald mines of Muso, and took occasion to perform some analyses of that precious stone. Hitherto the green tint of the emerald has been attributed to the presence of chrome; but M. Lœwy has arrived at the certainty, in his own mind, that it is due to

the presence of an organic matter,—a carbo-hydrogen, perhaps. He directs attention to the fact that the green tint of many vegetable matters is often very well marked, as for example chlorophylle, or the green colouring matter of leaves. When, on the 23d of November, the preceding statement of M. Lœwy was communicated to the French Academy of Sciences by M. Dumas, M. Boussingault said that he, having also examined the mines of Muso, acquiesced in the opinion of M. Lœwy; furthermore, he believed that many specimens of sulphate of lime tinged green, which he in common with other chemists had imagined to be tinted by oxide of chrome, really owed their colour to the presence of organic matter.

A remarkable instance of poisoning by the inhalation of turpentine fumes from newly-painted walls has been communicated by M. Marchal de Calvi to the Parisian Academy. A young lady, suffering from an attack of acute rheumatism, imprudently had her bed placed in a chamber newly painted white, the paint-materials being as usual white-lead, turpentine, and linseed-oil. Having gone to sleep for a time, she awoke in extreme pain, much resembling the agonies of cholera, for which disease the medical man confesses he might have mistaken the symptoms, were it not that the strong odour of turpentine perceptible on his entrance corrected his diagnosis. Notwithstanding that the patient was immediately removed, and proper restorative measures were applied, she remained in considerable danger for nearly two days. The fact is not half so well appreciated as it ought to be, that the vapour of turpentine when breathed is a dangerous poison. As to white-lead, though dangerous to handle, on account of the colic which may supervene, it is not volatile, and therefore cannot affect the lungs, as is sometimes wrongly imagined.

Recently a new variety of silkworm has been naturalised in France; the insect feeding upon the ricinus-leaves, as the ordinary silkworm feeds upon leaves of the mulberry. Some interesting experiments have been made to determine the relative amount of silky matter in each variety of cocoon. It appears that while the cocoons of the ricinus silkworm contain about $9\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of silky matter, those of the other variety yield as much as from 11 to 14 per cent.

M. Donati of Florence announces, that on the 10th of October he discovered a new planet, and his statement has been confirmed by the French astronomers.

M. Niépce de Saint-Victor and M. Edmond Becquerd, names both celebrated in the history of heliographic science, have recently been performing some experiments of great interest relative to the absorption of light by different bodies, and their capacity to yield photographic effects by the light thus absorbed. The fact is well known that many substances, if exposed for a time to the solar rays, and then removed to a dark place, are luminous. The question to be determined was, whether such light, or rather a surface capable of evolving it, could effect photographic changes. M. Niépce de Saint-Victor's first experiment was as follows: An engraving which had been in a dark room for several days was exposed for a quarter of an hour to the sun's direct rays, half of it being covered by an opaque screen; the engraved side of the print was then placed in contact with sensitive paper; and when examined after a period of twenty-four hours, the paper was found to be blackened to the extent that the engraving had been exposed to the sun, but was unchanged by the part which had been protected by the screen. The same engraving taken immediately from a dark room, without subsequent exposure, failed to yield any result. Certain engravings were found to answer better than others, the result being mainly attributable to the kind of paper on which they were printed. Surfaces of wood, ivory, goldbeater's skin, parchment, and even living skin, after exposure to light, impart a photographic impression by contact with sensitive paper. In the examples cited the photograph is negative. Metals, glass, and enameled surfaces are devoid of any photographic effect when similarly treated.

When the engraving is allowed to remain exposed to the

sun's rays for a certain definite time,—differing for each engraving and not well determined for any particular one,—the maximum of light-saturation is accomplished, beyond which point no further exposure avails. After this point of saturation has been attained, the light-charged print, if laid upon a sheet of very sensitive paper, such as that prepared by the oxide of silver, yields a picture so well pronounced that M. Niépce has sometimes hoped he might be able to establish a *cliché*, or varied, surface, thus presenting a curious means of reproducing engraved works of art. If, instead of laying together the light-charged paper and the sensitive paper, a sheet of white glass or of mica be interposed, or a thin layer of varnish or of gum, the photographic action ceases; but a film of collodion or gelatine does not interfere with it. Nor is absolute contact essential; even so great a space as a centimètre may intervene and the image still be perfect. Yet more curious is the fact, that one of these sun-saturated engravings can transfer its charge to a white sheet, this to another white sheet, the latter being in its turn capable of developing—though somewhat faintly—a photographic picture.

Our French contemporary *La Lumière* has been publishing some notes on collodion and the nitrate-bath by one of its correspondents, M. Goudin, the purport of which may be acceptable to the photographic portion of our readers. Collodion, he intimates, capable of yielding good positive proofs ought to be fully ioduretted; and after immersion in the nitrate-bath, it should present an opaline appearance, and be quite transparent. Having tried various ioduretted bases, he remarks that ioduret of ammonium is very unstable, and ioduret of potassium only imperfectly dissolves in collodion slightly charged with water; hence the collodion used with these materials should be prepared from rectified ether and absolute alcohol. He prefers decantation of collodion to filtration; inasmuch as the latter process can only be well performed on collodion inordinately thinned by the addition of ether. As regards the nitrate-bath, he prefers the crystallised to the fused nitrate, mixed with water to the extent of eight or ten per cent. Contrary to the experience of some English photographers, he does not regard the slight excess of nitric acid held by the crystallised salt as a disadvantage.

M. Dumas has been following out, in a communication to the Academy of Sciences, the idea mooted by him at the Ipswich meeting of the British Association, namely, that some law of alliance pervades the atomic numbers of chemical bodies. We hardly know how to convey an idea of the complexion of mind to which those speculations (deductions, perhaps) of the great French philosopher give rise better than by stating, that they seem to point to transmutation; and thus to realise in some sense one of the dreams of the alchemists. Not that the investigations of M. Dumas show any indication of the possibility of changing the ignoble metals into silver or gold; seeing that no chemical alliance subsists between them; but if bromine were by any possibility rendered capable of change into chlorine or iodine, the result would be one to which the theory of M. Dumas seems to point. The late inquiries of other great chemists extend the scope of his deductions to other bodies than the "triads" noticed by him at Ipswich. He believes that the whole series of atomic numbers is allied by a definite law; consequently it seems probable that a notion originating with D. Prout, and supported by Thomson, but strenuously repudiated by Berzelius, may be, after all, correct.

Spain appears warmed with laudable scientific ardour just now. Senor Ramon de la Sagra is favourably known to Englishmen through the interest he took in our great National Exposition of 1851, and the aid he gave towards collecting the products of his own country for that occasion. According to a letter he has recently forwarded to the French Academy of Sciences, there is to be established at Madrid a botanical and zoological garden, for the express purpose of acclimatising and introducing foreign plants and animals.

VANITY AND MODESTY.

BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

THE picture which we here engrave is one of the most famous works of this master, who was the elder of that marvellous triad which includes also Michael Angelo Buonarrotti and Raffaele d'Urbino. The work unites in some sense the merits of both the latter with those which distinguished Da Vinci himself, having much of that graceful and elegant feeling always so conspicuous in the works of Raffaele, a great deal of the forceful vigour and deep-thinking power of Michael Angelo; while the painter maintains his own peculiar pre-eminence in the truthful and genial expressions of the faces, the grand and natural attitudes, the luminous *chiaroscuro*, and the simple broad realism of disposition observable in the draperies. At the same time, there is nothing about this production which could render it obnoxious to the charges brought against many of the works of his renowned compeers; there is no affected elegance, no attitudinising, no exaggerations for effect, in any part of it. Raffaele idealised and sought an elegance beyond nature; while Michael Angelo has often erred on the other side, and his endeavours to compress superhuman force and dignity resulted at times in violence and distortion. In the "Vanity and Modesty" there is nothing of this; the figures are composed with great simplicity; and one of the great difficulties of the art,—agreeably uniting two figures in one composition,—has been overcome with remarkable ease and success. The expressions have all the gravity of the artist's purpose about them; are really human faces, utterly devoid of caricature and grimace. The Modesty does not simper, neither does the Vanity grin merely, as is the case in many pictures of this subject, which has been so frequently chosen by artists. The air of life which both the figures have cannot fail to be observed. The power of expressing this was one of the most remarkable qualities of Da Vinci's genius; it is as palpable here as in that wonder of the world, "The Last Supper," and in the portrait of Mona Lisa. The latter picture, which is now in the Louvre, has, indeed, obtained one of its best known titles—*La Belle Joconde*, "The Smiling Beauty"—from this very characteristic; it is therein so singularly felicitous, that the tradition of Leonardo's having had inspiring and cheerful music performed while the lady sat to him obtains instant belief when we see the portrait he has produced.

Amongst the old masters a certain type of countenance seems to be appropriated by each as his expression of an ideal of the human character; thus, we recognise instantly a head by Raffaele or Michael Angelo even when engraved singly; those of the former in a generally oval disposition of the lines, those of the latter by their squareness and masculine forms. In those by Da Vinci a roundness and soft beauty prevails, which is very charming:—in the picture from which our engraving is taken this may be observed in both the heads: it may be noticed also in the face of John the Baptist in "The Last Supper," and still more markedly in that famous picture, now one of the glories of the Louvre, called "*La Vierge aux Balances*."

It has been one of the most curious characteristics of Leonardo's fame in the world that he, being the founder of the Milanese school of art, appears to have so thoroughly inducted all his followers in the feeling by which he wrought, that more than half the pictures which at one time were attributed to himself are now by various critics placed to the credit of Luini and others, his pupils. The picture before us is one of these; for we observe that Förster, the distinguished German critic, counts it amongst the works of Luini; while Dr. Waagen asserts that the picture of "Christ disputing with the Doctors," in the National Gallery, is also by Luini, and that there are scarcely any of Da Vinci's works in the island. This is, we are happy to think, an opinion far from being without appeal.

The "Vanity and Modesty" is in the Sciarra-Colonna Palace at Rome.

F. G. S.

ASHBURN RECTORY.

BY HOLME LEE, AUTHOR OF "GILBERT MESSENGER," ETC.
IN FIFTEEN CHAPTERS.

VI.

"We carry home about with us wherever we go," said Mr. Brooke with a sigh of placid contentment, as they all gathered round the tea-table at dusk after the day's labours were over; "even Anna's work-basket and uncle Ambrose's big book have come into play already. Could you not give them both holiday for to-night, good folks?"

Uncle Ambrose immediately closed the great volume on his knee, and deposited it on the floor beside his chair, ready to take up at any auspicious moment. But Nora crept softly round and stole it away; so that when he put his hand down mechanically to feel if it were safe, his hankering fingers always missed it, though, in his absence of mind, he did not discover that it was really gone until Nora confessed her theft. Anna restored her work-basket to its shelf on the what-not; and then every body looked as if they were set in for a thoroughly idle, cosy, comfortable, conversational evening.

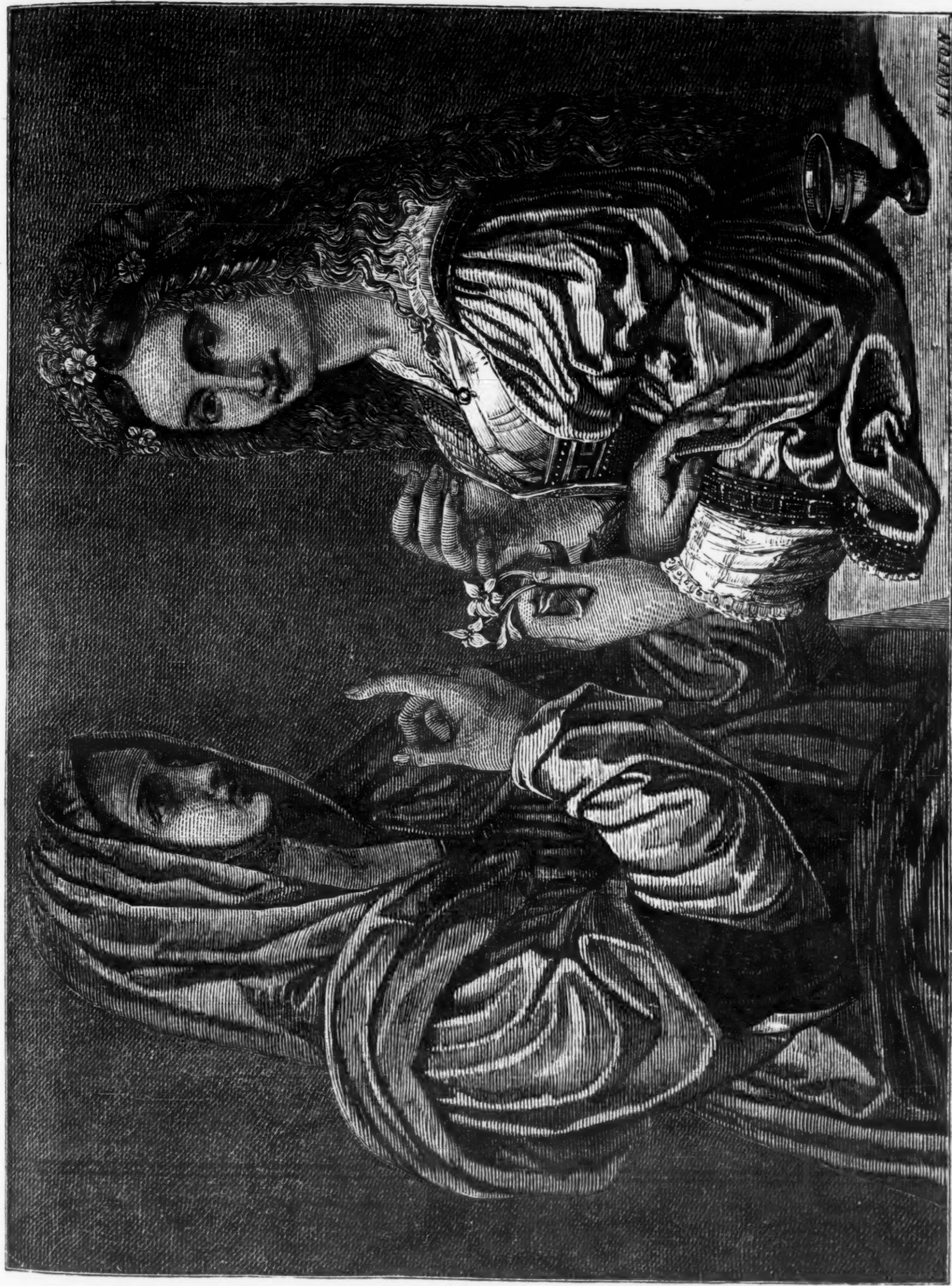
If it had not been for the flowers that Nora had arranged about the room in every available vase, they might almost have imagined themselves back again in the parlour of the dull house in London; there were the same faces grouped about the fireside, the same pictures on the walls, and the same pretty simple furniture for use. Every thing had been made to take the same position too, from the lost mother's portrait over the piano to Nora's little wicker chair at her father's elbow. They had changed as little as might be.

Perhaps the greatest alteration was perceptible in Mr. Brooke's own face and expression. His mind being released from its burden of paltry difficulties, his children's pleasant faces shining around him, and a bountiful future assured to them, he looked as cheerful as the youngest there. He was naturally of a most genial and loving disposition, ready "to take the goods the gods provide," and to enjoy them thoroughly. During the last month his fine countenance had recovered the tint of health, his mouth had lost its downward curve of perpetual thought, and his clear dark eyes their look of fevered earnestness; and as he sat in his easy-chair, with his noble head resting indolently against the cushions, the change from the lean, over-wrought, depressed, and harassed man of only a few weeks ago was striking indeed. His brother remarked it.

"You will be quite a boy again presently, Philip; you look a dozen years younger already," said he. And the other laughed, and answered that he believed he should, only give him time.

"And you must begin to grow backwards too, and give up saying, 'I remember once,'" interposed Nora, whose privilege it was to remark on every body's peculiarities without offence; and this was uncle Ambrose's,—always drawing on his memory of things that had happened years back for conversation, as if he were already declining into narrative old age. His character was a curious compound of wisdom, simplicity, and a childlike inoffensive vanity. He had still a fine person, and had been in his younger days a remarkably elegant and handsome man; and though rough work and exposure to the wear and tear of an unhealthy climate first, and much study and hard thinking since, had sharpened his features and turned his black hair harsh iron-gray, a more thoroughly soldierly face and figure are rarely seen than his. When his fighting days were over, he had taken a studious turn, and now lived so much amongst his books that he had few contemporary experiences to tell. In spite, therefore, of Nora's warning uplifted finger, when he began to speak again, it was with his usual preface.

"I remember, Philip, when we were lads, my father's going to take possession of Livesay, and how all the people poured in upon us to make visits before my mother had got things put in order. She was standing on the library-steps,



SPECIMENS OF FOREIGN SCHOOLS: NO. XV.

PAINTED BY LEONARDO DA VINCI.

VANITY AND MODESTY.

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helping to put up the drawing-room curtains, when old Lady Courtly was announced; and I was holding the hammer and nails."

"And I suppose Ashburn will call upon us as soon as the news of our arrival is known. I hope there will be some nice people," said Nora.

"Who are nice people, my lady fair? People who never say or do any thing remarkable? Are *we* nice people?" asked uncle Ambrose, who often tilted playfully at his niece in return for her critical observations on himself.

Nora told him tartly that he did not come under his own description, whatever they might do, and that nice people were more rare than any other race or species. "Nice people," continued she, proceeding to a definition, "are *nice*. They are sociable, but not intrusive; cordial, but not familiar. They give little parties without fuss or ostentation, and every body enjoys them. They are not perpetually struggling to be finer and grander than their neighbours, and can bear to be eclipsed without showing spite and ill-nature. And lastly, they are never censorious."

"Then I trust there are no unmarried gentlewomen at Ashburn," returned uncle Ambrose, with his fine ironical smile.

"But there are several," said his brother quietly. "There is Miss Mavis, who lives in a little white cottage twenty yards beyond the church; and Miss Scruple, in the square stone house with a portico at the entrance of the village; besides others to whom I was not introduced. And they are at the most dangerous age for you,—verging on forty; while, viewed from some points, Miss Mavis has the air of sixteen. They are delightful women, and of immense importance in the village."

Uncle Ambrose put on a face of whimsical alarm. "Nora," said he imploringly, "if either of those ladies should allude in a gentle insinuating manner to my bachelor estate,—which they are sure to do at the first visit,—will you mention that I am engaged to a very charming person in Scotland?"

"O uncle Ambrose, you vain man! You expect to be fallen in love with, do you? I will give it out that you have come to Ashburn in search of a wife. But who would have you, with these venerable gray locks?" cried Nora mischievously.

"You doubt my fascinations. I remember the time when I was the object of anxious competition amongst five maiden ladies and three widows; and one of the former invested me so closely, that I ran from the place in the night and went to London. For months I dreaded that she would either follow me or bring an action for breach of promise of marriage; but she contented herself instead by sending showers of sentimental and declamatory letters, in one of which she styled herself an 'ever-gushing fount of tears.'"

"Uncle Ambrose, are you not romancing just the least bit in the world?"

"No. Philip, I appeal to you. Have I not had to stand several active sieges, and been many times almost taken either by stratagem or assault? Remember the Winterlys, the Lastopes, Agatha Trotter, and Phillipa Blurette, besides others, too many to name."

"They are old flames of your uncle's, Nora, every one; he is no vain boaster. But who was the letter-writing lady, brother Ambrose?"

"The letter-writing lady was Olivia Graves, that dismal poetess. You must recollect her, Philip?"

"Certainly I do; and I think Nora, for her lack of faith in your veracious statements, ought to be set down to learn by heart some of Olivia's verses. But still, Ambrose, with regard to that lady, does not your vanity stretch a point or two? Don't you think she may have written those letters to exhibit her fine epistolary style? Has she not had some very like them printed in her story of *The Hapless Lovers*?"

"I will compare the two sets, and Nora shall help me, by way of taking a lesson when her day comes to begin paying her addresses."

"Uncle Ambrose, how dare you? Do you think I would

ever write a love-letter to any body? I am not one of the ever-gushing sisterhood. You will not get your second cup of tea until you make humble apology for that very rude insinuation. Shall he, papa?"

"No, I don't think he merits it at all. Listen! What is that?"

It was the prolonged and dismal hoot of an owl very near the house; and at the sound, uncle Ambrose covered his ears, and cried:

"I was sure of it directly I saw that hollow trunk by the churchyard-gate. It is exactly like one that I remember in the orchard when we were boys at home; and in it lived the most melancholy of white owls, that used to frighten me horribly at night. Philip, cut down that haunt of owls, if I am to live in peace at Ashburn. I don't know which I dread most, the owls or the single gentlewomen."

Cyril pricked up his inquisitive ears.

"Why did you not have that white owl killed and stuffed, uncle Ambrose?" asked he.

"I could not, my boy, because, in the first place, though its hootings made night hideous, nobody ever saw it that I heard of; so to its other vices was added a ghostly mystery. I tried to bribe our odd man to destroy it; but he refused, from benevolent principles to the animal creation; though the said benevolent principles did not restrain him from snaring hares and rabbits where he had no right." Old Jane came in to take away the tea-things. "O, Jenny, Ashburn is not all Paradise," said he, addressing her; "there could surely be no owls in Eden."

"Indeed, sir, I don't know; you'll be more likely to tell than me," respectfully answered Jane, collecting the cups and plates.

"Uncle Ambrose has not had his second cup, Jenny," interposed Nora. "Are you going to apologise before it gets cold?"

"No; you are too tyrannical. There is the owl again! Jenny, would you oblige me by taking a broom, and putting it down into the hollow of that tree-stump by the gate into the churchyard. Push it well down, Jenny."

"Yes, sir, directly I have taken out the tea-things. But if I can't reach, Mr. Ambrose, what will I do?" asked the literal Jenny.

Here the owl commenced a long cadence of hoots, as if bitterly protesting against the threatened invasion of his rights, which made uncle Ambrose try to cower out of hearing.

"Is it possible that any Christian gentleman can have lived and continued sane within earshot of such a dissonant nightly solo?" exclaimed he. "Jenny, take a kitchen-chair, take the study-steps, get on the wall, climb up the tree,—do any thing for the extinction of that unearthly bird. Go quickly; it will begin again directly. There it goes."

Nora laughed at his excitement.

"Are you really and truly afraid of owls?" asked she, as Jenny bustled out on her mission, preceded by Cyril.

"I have my fancies, like wiser folks. I remember once meeting with a very clever man who would not stay in a room where there was a wasp, and another who had the same objection to cats. My aversion is an owl; yours is, what?"

"Puppies, bipedal and quadrupedal. Are those words in the dictionary, uncle Ambrose? Listen; the combat has begun."

Another dismal and angry hoot sounded close overhead, as if the poor bird, dislodged from its hole in the tree, had taken refuge in the thick ivy that covered the roof and chimneys of the house; and presently Cyril came running in to proclaim that such was the case.

"Then you will be sweetly serenaded to-night, uncle Ambrose," cried Nora. "You shall have your tea to support you under it."

"Not that cup, mischievous elf; there is no comfort in it; it is quite cold. Anna, give me another."

While he was gently sipping it, the owl began again; so he put down his cup in despair.

"My appetite is gone. Give me my book, Nora," said he. "Philip, would it be very wrong to swear at that bird? Hark to it, triumphing in my misery!"

He rose in haste, strode to the window, threw it wide open, and hurled upwards several brief but vehement sentences at the defiant owl.

"I have sworn at it in seven languages, and it only mocks me," added he gloomily.

"I trust no learned and respectable characters are passing on the high-road, Ambrose. Sit down, man, and bear it," said his brother, who could not forbear a smile. "If you were an ignorant or superstitious man, I should think you took that owl's visit as a bad omen."

"Perhaps I do; but it is a thing one may grow accustomed to, like a rainy day or a scolding woman. What a very acute man Solomon was to connect those two ideas—a continual dropping and the female tongue! Yes, my pretty Nora, the female *tongue*. Learn the verse to-morrow, 'A contentious woman is like a continual dropping on a very rainy day.' And Solomon is an authority on the matter; for amongst his many wives, he must have had great experience of that troublesome member."

"You are not quite correct in your quotation, brother Ambrose; but let that pass, since you have got the pith of the proverb."

"Give me my book, Nora; I tire of sensible conversation sooner than any thing."

"No; papa has forbidden it for to-night, and Anna's work-basket too. And besides, when you say such rude things I never will oblige you."

"Then, Anna, let us have some music to drown that discordant noise in the chimney."

Anna was more compliant than her sister; she sang all uncle Ambrose's favourite songs, and played Cyril the noisy march he was so fond of; and whether the owl was frightened away, or only soothed into slumber, by her sweet sounds, this chronicle saith not; but that its offensive cry was heard no more in the rectory that night is perfectly certain.

VII.

On the third morning after the arrival of the Brooke family at Ashburn, as Anna and Nora were at work on a new cover for the ottoman, and while uncle Ambrose was giving Cyril his lessons in the drawing-room, the little garden-gate clashed noisily to, and a high-pitched female voice asked,

"But would it be quite *proper*? I would not for worlds do any thing that was not *proper*."

"We will do it first, and take the opinion of counsel upon it afterwards, since you are so mighty particular," said a second voice.

"Single ladies," observed uncle Ambrose. "Cyril, we will fly while the course is open." And as a smart imperative knock sounded on the rectory-door, they gathered their books together in haste, and fled up-stairs three steps at a time.

"Is Miss Brooke at home?" asked the last voice.

"And quite disengaged?" added the second.

"Yes, ma'am. Will you please to walk in? Your names, ladies?" And old Jane announced in the drawing-room, "Miss Mavis and Miss Scruple."

Miss Mavis was a middle-sized slender person, who moved with a gentle swaying of her whole body, and her hands clasped in front, as if about to prefer a petition. She wore a light, washed-out, muslin dress, rather trailing in the skirt, a meagre gauze scarf, and a chip bonnet with a thin white feather curling round the crown. The general effect of her appearance was limp and colourless. Her face was thin and pale, and rather agreeable than otherwise, when she had on her plain common-sensical manner; but at other times she had a trick of dropping her eyelids like a caricature of a modest young girl, which gave many people an almost irresistible desire to say, "Do stand straight and

speak plain, and, if possible, keep your eyes open." She had an infantile lisp also; but that weakness never overcame her in the company of her own sex; it was her peculiar weapon of fascination against the other.

Miss Scruple, her companion, was a tight, exact, methodical person, rather plump and comely, and very handsomely though quietly dressed in gray silk and a Dunstable bonnet. She had a wealthy look, while Miss Mavis appeared to belong to that numerous class of unfortunates who have seen better days; yet Miss Mavis took the lead, and was evidently a person of authority with her friend, who, indeed, was so fearful lest she should do any thing not strictly *proper* that she would never have done any thing at all but for her more prompt and reckless associate.

On their way through the village they had been engaged in a dispute as to whether it was not premature to call at the rectory before the family appeared at church; and Miss Mavis had settled it within hearing as a thing to be first done and then talked about; and though Miss Scruple inclined to think that a few days' delay would be decidedly more *proper*, she had allowed herself to be taken possession of and walked up to the door as if she had no will of her own. After the ordinary forms of self-introduction, the weather, the harvest prospects, and the state of people's health in general, had been systematically disposed of, Miss Mavis possessed herself of the ball of conversation, and kept it up almost to herself. She had a little foible which requires especial mention, and this was the liking to answer all her own questions, whether right or wrong, to save other people the trouble of speaking. This gave a rather one-sided effect to social converse, which was not very highly appreciated in Ashburn society, where every body, every lady especially, desired to have her own turn in it.

"We had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Brooke as we came up the village," she began. "Was he going down to the school? We are very anxious to hear what he thinks of the school. Have you visited it yet? No. O, you will find it in admirable order when you *do* go; the master and mistress are married people without any encumbrance, and both boys and girls are well trained."

"Very well trained, and very properly behaved," added Miss Scruple in a breathless pause.

"Do you intend teaching there, Miss Brooke? O yes, of course you do; one may see you are an active person. Can you teach singing in parts? No, I daresay not; there is a difficulty about it, particularly with children who are not over bright."

"A great difficulty," Miss Scruple repeated, like a modest echo. She never put forth an independent sentiment, lest it should not be *proper*.

"And how do you like Ashburn? It is a beautiful country; yes, very beautiful. Do you draw? does your young sister draw? Just a little; to be sure, all young ladies say so. Enough to take a sketch in pencil or water-colours? Certainly. I thought—"

"No, Miss Mavis, we cannot either of us draw at all," interposed Nora, determined to share her monopoly.

"Indeed, you surprise me! it is such a very agreeable pastime. I used to draw myself some years since; and there are many objects in this neighbourhood well worth the attention of artists—Plessy-Regis, for instance; what a picturesque and truly noble study! Have you been over to see the house yet? Not yet. It is a long walk, I agree with you; and of course you must have been taken up by domestic arrangements. I trust our call this morning is not very premature?"

"Not *very* premature, for we desire to do every thing in order and quite properly," subjoined Miss Scruple nervously.

"We are extremely glad to make acquaintance with our neighbours early. We are quite settled," said Anna pleasantly.

"You will admire Plessy-Regis; every body does. We should consider it here a mark of bad taste not to admire it. Are you fond of architecture? Yes. But you have not had

many opportunities of study in that branch of art? You have not travelled much? No. Ah, but you must travel. What! you don't care to travel? That is strange in a young person."

"A woman's proper sphere is home; and there, doing her duty, she ought to be the happiest," said Miss Scruple.

Anna gave her a grateful and encouraging glance in return for this sensible old remark, and would have drawn her into the conversation, but Miss Mavis immediately resumed her gentle ripple of chat.

"Our late lamented rector was a bachelor; and he left the management of the school and clothing-club entirely in our hands. Of course we shall resign it to *you* now; and I speak of it at once to avoid any misunderstanding and disarrangement."

"As is certainly the *most* proper plan," added Miss Scruple.

"Miss Brooke being her father's housekeeper, and holding an important position in the village, naturally supercedes us; but we shall be glad to render her all our possible assistance. You will want some little initiation into the working of our plans; and, if quite agreeable, I will bring down the books some long morning, and explain them to you."

Anna thanked her visitors, and said she should be glad to benefit by their experience; which Miss Scruple observed was the proper thing to do.

"You have a young brother, I think, Miss Brooke," resumed Miss Mavis, striking out in a new direction; "a remarkably fine handsome boy? Yes, he was taking the air in company with a military-looking gentleman when we had the pleasure of meeting him."

"That was uncle Ambrose," said Nora. "He will be so very glad to be introduced to you, Miss Mavis. Were you ever in India?"

"No, my dear; but once, *many* years ago, I was in *Yorkshire*. Do you know Yorkshire at all? No. Ah, it is a very fine county. Is your relative a single man? Yes; I thought so. I can always tell the married aspect; it is more thoughtful, more *solid*, as it were. Well, we have some very attractive young ladies hereabouts, have we not, Letitia?" to Miss Scruple.

"Is it quite *proper* to allude to so delicate a topic in connection with a gentleman who is a stranger to us, Matilda?"

"Not quite, I think, *not* quite," said Nora audaciously; "but uncle Ambrose is so kind that he would never wish to repress any interest in himself. I believe he intends to marry; indeed, we have heard him speak of a charming person in Scotland; but I ought not to mention it perhaps, as it is not settled."

Nora feigned to be rather shocked at her own incautious admission, and cast a glance at Anna that almost overthrew her gravity; while Miss Mavis pinched her little scarf round her shoulders, and drooped pensively. From the moment that it was reported in Ashburn that the new rector was a widower, and had a bachelor-brother living with him, she had not ceased to build airy churches, to the altars of which she and Letitia Scruple were being for ever led by these two gentlemen. Nora's allusion to the charming person in Scotland had quite effaced the roseate bloom from these previous ones.

"Have you ever seen her, Miss Brooke?" she asked in a tender voice. "No! What an interest you must feel in her who is to deprive you of the sweet companionship of so near and dear a relative! It will be a very painful separation, will it not?"

"But under such circumstances, resignation is most proper and becoming, Matilda. Nobody should allow their feelings to master them," said Miss Scruple, with more decision than had yet appeared in her.

"Ah, Letitia, every body is not blessed with such a firm well-balanced mind as yours. I was always tender-hearted. My dear mother used to say, 'Matilda, you are all nerves, all sensibility;' and she was right. My feelings were ever most acute."

"Indeed, Miss Mavis, you have quite the fragile look of a person of that kind. Anna, shall I call uncle Ambrose down-stairs?" Anna dropped a pair of scissors, and was obliged to stoop to pick them up again to hide her face.

"No, not for worlds, my dear," said Miss Mavis, with extended hands pressed fervently together,—"not for worlds! I could not bear to see any more company this morning."

Nora thought she was going to cry, and would probably have explained that the charming person in Scotland was a myth, had not Miss Mavis's foible borne her fluently along the tide of conversation once more. But her tone of vivacity was quite gone. She quoted poetry, alluded mournfully to the grave, and at length, with a touching and pensive languor, took leave, and was supported out into the garden by her faithful friend.

"You should not have repeated that nonsense, Nora," said Anna gravely; "uncle Ambrose did not mean it."

"She was intent on making love to him,—did you see?—so my insinuation will spare him that persecution. I shall make him come down-stairs and hear all he has escaped." Nora's amiable intentions were, however, frustrated by a second knock at the door. "We shall have all Ashburn here before dinner; who can these be?" said she.

Jane announced Mrs. and Miss Foxcroft. They were the wife and daughter of the country doctor; two showily-dressed persons of very unwieldy dimensions and heavy features, further enhanced by a solid sententious deportment.

"How do you do, Miss Brooke? I hope you have got over the fatigues of your journey on Monday last?" said the mother.

"And are settled comfortably in your new abode?" added the daughter.

"Yes, thank you; we are already quite at home here," replied Anna.

The visitors were seated side by side on the sofa, very upright with their hands folded in their shawls. Big as they were, they spoke in little timid voices like school-children had up for a reprimand; and their great features, which irresistibly reminded Nora of little Red Ridinghood's wolf-grandmother, were as solemn and composed as the sphynx surmounting the grand entrance at Plessy-Regis.

"Have many people called upon you yet, Miss Brooke? This is considered a very friendly neighbourhood," said Mrs. Foxcroft.

"Mamma, I see Mr. Joshua Parker coming up the road in his gray hat with the black band," announced the daughter emphatically, craning her neck to see over the evergreens.

"Do you, Moppet? Then he is coming to call at the rectory; for he never wears his hat except when he is going to make a call,—and there is nowhere to call at but here."

"And Miss Popsy is following him with her green umbrella up."

A few minutes after, Mr. Joshua and Miss Parker were announced. Anna began to wish that her father would return to help her to entertain her guests, or else that uncle Ambrose would come down; but neither of these desirable events happened. Mr. Parker was a lawyer, with a shrewd face, and hair standing up all over his head like a brush; and as Mrs. Foxcroft took him to talk to, fortunately, Anna and Nora were at liberty to devote themselves to Miss Foxcroft and Miss Popsy. The latter, contemporary in point of age with Miss Mavis and Miss Scruple, had a clever countenance, ludicrously like her brother's, and a pair of the quickest keenest eyes in the universe.

THE ROAD TO FAME.

AN interesting account of Henri de Balzac, the famous novelist, has just been published by his sister; who has given us, from her brother's letters, a chronological list of his works, showing in what order they ought to be read, and throwing much interesting light on the life of the author, which he so studiously kept hidden from the public eye. No

writer, destined ultimately to work his way to success, ever laboured more perseveringly against the neglect that for ten weary years swallowed up all the books he offered to the world. Whatever he wrote fell flat, producing no effect on the public.

After meditating profoundly on the ill success of his efforts, with a view to satisfying himself of its cause, and thus of discovering its remedy, De Balzac opened his mind to three other unfortunate aspirants to literary greatness, informing them that they were all on the wrong road; that scientific knowledge was the true and necessary basis of literary labour in all its branches; and assuring them that, if they wished to make themselves a name as novelists, their only plan was, to quit the gay world, with its distractions, establish themselves in that part of the city which is occupied by the students of the public schools (and goes by the name of the "Latin Quarter"), and there study science thoroughly for four years; after which preparation, they would be able to produce a novel that should be a faithful reflex and exponent of human life, and would insure for its author a brilliant success.

The three other embryo great men listened to the project, discussed, and adopted it. They rented furnished lodgings in the Rue de l'Ouest, obtaining a lease of the same for four years, and paying the rent beforehand, so that no subsequent blasts of misfortune might blow them out from their hermitage; after which prudent precaution, the four friends entered together on their new life, following the courses of lectures at the schools with which the Quartier Latin abounds, and turning a deaf ear to the blandishments of the world.

At the end of six months, however, one of the friends grew weary of this student-life, and left the group; at the end of a year a second of its members withdrew; and in fifteen months from the time of their association De Balzac found himself alone. But he persevered to the end of the course of study he had marked out, attending with the utmost assiduity the lectures on medicine, anatomy, and metaphysics. At the end of the four years he emerged from his retreat, and returned into the world, with the *Peau de Chagrin* under one arm, and the *Physiologie du Mariage* under the other. These two works, abounding in the profound and subtle analysis of human nature which constitute so remarkable a feature of his writings, laid the foundation of De Balzac's fame.

A. B.

SMITH OF MAUDLIN.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

My chums will burn their Indian weeds
The very night I pass away,
And cloud-propelling puff the ash
As white the thin smoke melts away;
Then Jones of Wadham, eyes half-closed,
Rubbing the ten hairs on his chin,
Will say, "This very pipe I use
Was poor old Smith's of Maudlin."
That night in High Street there will walk
The ruffling gownsmen three abreast,
The stiff-neck'd proctors, wary-eyed,
The dons, the coaches, and the rest;
Sly "Cherub Sims" will then propose
Billiards, or some sweet ivory sin;
Tom cries, "He play'd a pretty game—
Did honest Smith of Maudlin."
The boats are out!—the arrowy rush,
The mad bull's jerk, the tiger's strength;
The Balliol men have wopp'd the Queen's—
Hurrah! but only by a length.
Dig on, ye muffs; ye cripples, dig;
Pull blind, till crimson sweats the skin;—
The man who bobs and steers cries, "O
For plucky Smith of Maudlin!"

Wine-parties met—a noisy night,
Red sparks are breaking through the cloud;
The man who won the silver cup
Is in the chair erect and proud;
Three are asleep—one to himself
Sings, "Yellow jacket's sure to win."
A silence:—"Men, the memory
Of poor old Smith of Maudlin."

The boxing-rooms—with solemn air
A freshman dons the swollen glove;
With slicing strokes the lapping sticks
Work out a rubber—three and love;
With rasping jar the padded man
Whips Thompson's foil, so square and thin,
And cries, "Why, zur, you've not the wrist
Of Muster Smith of Maudlin."

But all this time beneath the sheet
I lie so still, and free from pain,
Hearing the bed-makers sluff in
To gossip round the blinded pane;
Try on my rings, sniff up my scent,
Feel in my pockets for my tin;
While one hag says, "We all must die,
Just like this Smith of Maudlin."

Ah! then a dreadful hush will come,
And all I hear will be the fly
Buzzing impatient round the wall,
And on the sheet where I must lie;
Next day a jostling of feet—
The men who bring the coffin in:
"This is the door—the third-pair back,—
Here's Mr. Smith of Maudlin!"

THE ROSE-LEAF CUTTER.

(MEGACHILE CENTUNCULARIS.)

ONE of the most interesting little creatures in the insect world is the bee called the Rose-leaf Cutter. Though one of the solitary bees, it does not despise the society of man, but is particularly fond of selecting a well-cultivated garden or a human dwelling to build its nest, provide for its young, and discharge the duties of its little life.

In the month of June last, my attention was attracted by seeing one of these bees enter a large old nail-hole in a joint between the bricks of a south wall at the back of my house. When it came out, I looked into the hole, but there was nothing to be seen. Suspecting, however, she was examining the place for a nest, the next day I looked again, when, to my surprise, I found one gallery was complete; this I afterwards measured, and it proved to be an inch and three-quarters long, having three separate cells, well supplied with bee-bread, and sealed up. The bee was examining another part of the hole by the side of the completed gallery. When she flew away, I looked into this hole (for she had evinced some little anxiety, coming to the opening and then going back again to the extreme end), and discovered, or supposed I had discovered, her difficulty. There was an old chrysalis in the hole, which filled it to within half an inch of the opening. This I drew out, and had hardly done so when the bee returned, carrying a piece of green leaf, which she took into the hole. After a very short time, she brought it out again; and letting it fall on the ground, returned to the hole, in which she stayed a little while, and then flew off. Now it struck me that the bee, after making her first examination, had determined upon the form of the piece of leaf she needed; but when she brought it and took it into the hole, seeing the alteration made therein by the removal of the old chrysalis in her absence, she resolved to alter her plan; and so, rejecting the piece she had brought, re-measured the place, and went in quest of one more suitable. Nor was I mistaken; for in a very short time she returned with a piece very differently shaped, the first being round,

this one long and inclining to oval. Here, then, was laid, not the first stone, but the first leaf of that wonderful structure which I shall now minutely describe.

The gallery, when formed, consisted of a tube about two inches long and three-eighths wide, divided into four sections of about half an inch or five-eighths long each. This would give to each chamber in the tube, when finished, a clear space half an inch long, and a quarter of an inch in diameter (it being perfectly cylindrical). In each of these chambers, as the work goes on, a quantity of bee-bread, as it is called, is placed, formed for the most part of the pollen of flowers; then an egg is deposited, and the chamber sealed up. Another is then immediately formed of the requisite length, finished in the same smooth round manner within, the bee-bread placed, the egg deposited, the opening sealed, and so on, till the gallery is complete. In a short time the egg which the bee lays in each cell is hatched into a small grub, or larva, which instantly begins to devour the food stored in its cell. Upon this it feeds, and grows incessantly till the food is all consumed; when it spins itself into a cocoon, and in the following spring bursts its cell, and comes out a perfect insect. It is not the least remarkable part of this bee's instinctive foresight that the bee-bread laid up in each cell is just the required portion, enough to bring the larva to maturity, but none to spare—no waste.

But now for the more minute details of the little upholsterer's work. First, three or four pieces of leaf were thrust into the extreme point of the nail-hole to fill up the useless portion of the cavity, and then the cylinder or tube was formed. For this purpose pieces of leaf were cut in an oval form, and placed lengthwise in the hole; about nine layers of leaf were thus placed, the joints of each preceding layer being with the most consummate skill and admirable instinct crossed by the centre of the next layer, so that the edges of the outside row of pieces met in the middle of the pieces in the next layer, and so on, till the interior was finished in a smooth and perfectly round tube. Then the transverse sections were fitted in. These are cut in an exact circle,—I say exact, for I do not think the most practised eye could discover the least irregularity in them. This was done with twelve circles, each division having four thicknesses of leaf.

Having watched this process for some time, I was anxious to see the bee procure her materials. For this purpose, I marked the direction she took when she came out, and moving after her, was not long before I found her at work. She had selected on this occasion the common scarlet lychnis, for she does not invariably make choice of rose-leaves. I was quite astonished to see how quickly she cut off the requisite pieces: fixing herself upon the edge of a leaf, she cut out, with mathematical precision, a circular piece, and as quickly almost as we could describe a circle with a pair of compasses. When she severs the piece from the leaf, of course she, with the piece she has cut, falls; but her wings being spread out, she recovers herself instantly, and never descends more than three or four inches before she rises with her elegantly-cut geometrical figure between her legs, and carries it to its appointed place in the structure. It is also remarkable that she never begins to cut with her head to the point, but always to the stalk of the leaf; or if she does begin by oversight the contrary way, or meets with a speck or defect in the leaf, she immediately discontinues the operation and seeks a fresh leaf; nor does the circle or oval she cuts ever tear or break off suddenly when nearly severed, and so spoil or render imperfect the geometrical beauty of the piece; and yet this might be expected, as she rests upon the piece she cuts off, and not on the other part of the leaf; but upon close inspection, I have reason to think that she poises the weight of her body by a tremulous motion of her wings, which she expands just before she makes the final incision. Réaumur asserts, that in forming the tube and fixing the different layers one within the other, she uses no adhesive fluid, but trusts entirely to the elasticity of the leaf and her own dexterity, or manipulation, if we may use the

term. I am rather disposed to doubt this, notwithstanding such an authority. The bee-bread is certainly adhesive; and although the layers are not glued together throughout their entire length, I think it probable that the edges of the circular transverse sections are glued to the sides of the tube; but whether it is so or not, the wonder is equally great. Here is a little creature who without compasses cuts out the most exact circle, without a knowledge of arc, or chord, or segment; can strike the truest oval, can fit these pieces to each other—each to its proper kind and in its proper place, oval to oval, and circle to circle. Through every part of the fabric symmetry, beauty, and strength are seen combined.

I have said that during the operation the bee avoided all leaves that were withered or specked; but when the galleries were finished and well sealed, she was as careful to select withered brown leaves to place on the outside over all as she had been to avoid them before; so that there was very little difference in colour between the exterior of the nest and the mortar which joined the bricks. These withered brown-looking leaves, I have no doubt, she selected the more effectually to conceal the entrance to the nest. Having thus finished the work, she flew off and never returned. I removed the nests, or galleries, and after some days divided one longitudinally; the larvæ were hatched, and had begun to eat the store of food. The other gallery I have just opened; in the chambers of this the larvæ have eaten up their food, and have spun themselves into cocoons, just filling the chambers, awaiting the return of spring to enter upon a more perfect state of being; to perform, without a lesson,—perhaps without seeing others of their species than those hatched by their side,—to perform with instinctive knowledge the architectural wonders I have recorded above. How many persons pine in listless apathy for want of some excitement, something new, not knowing that interesting creatures and wondrous works like these await their pleasure, and invite their inspection, at their own doors!

PEAKE BANTON.

POLYGLOT READINGS IN PROVERBS.

THE CROW THINKS HER OWN BIRD THE FAIREST. "Every one fancies his own owl is a falcon" (Dutch),—*Elk waant zijn uil een valk te zijn*. "Every one thinks his cuckoo sings better than other people's nightingales" (German),—*Jeder meint sein Kukuk singe besser denn der anders Nachtigall*. "'Red is love's colour,' said the wooer to his foxy charmer" (German),—*Roth est die Farbe der Liebe, sagte der Buhler zu seinem fuchsfarbenen Schatz*. "Desire beautifies what is ugly" (Spanish),—*El deseo han permoso lo feo*. "Handsome is not what is handsome, but what pleases" (Italian),—*Non è bello quel ch'è bello, ma quel che piace*.

W. K. KELLY.

FINIS TERRÆ.

A SERIES OF SCRAPS CONCERNING THE HOLIDAY-RAMBLES
OF A PEDESTRIAN TOURIST.

V.

ABOUT half-way through the only street of Tregony are the picturesque ruins of a Sunday-school, first deserted in consequence of parochial broils, and then accidentally destroyed by fire. All that remains about the skeleton of the building to denote its former purpose is the inscription, along a kind of frieze beneath the crumbling pediment, still legible, which reads, "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;" a noble truth, yet the one which, acted upon in a narrow spirit as applied to education, was probably the cause of the heart-burnings which led to the desertion of the good work, and the destruction of its "local habitation."

A small stream, which now trickles past this place in the lowest hollow of a capacious channel, serves to show how the sea has receded on this portion of the southern coast: for it is

on record that this shallow brook was once a navigable river up to Tregony; and great rings, we were told, may still be seen high up the rocks forming the banks of the stream near the town, which were once used for the purpose of mooring the trading vessels that ascended thus far from the sea.

After noticing the curiously-built almshouses and a few other objects in Tregony, we struck into a solitary-looking road leading to Veryan, and other small villages, bearing such characteristic names as Treworla, Trelegas, and Cargurriel. Near one of these we dined, *al fresco*, in a field, late in the afternoon, an old woman bringing us out fried bacon, cheese, and saffron-cake from a cottage near.

Just at sunset, the top of the hill of St. Gerrans was gained, and with it a view of the sea. The church of St. Gerrans has been recently rebuilt, with the exception of the steeple, which, from its elevated position, is seen from a great distance, and is remarkable as differing from the usual tall and massive square towers of the Cornish churches. From the churchyard is commanded a magnificent panoramic view; and we noticed there a fresh inscription on a tomb, recording the name of the late rector, aged eighty-seven, for fifty years rector of the parish. The tomb is quite a picturesque object: it stands beneath a group of tufted lime-trees, the background of which is the blue ocean, whose murmur gently rises like a distant dirge. The canopied limes are ever kept close cropped towards the south, like the outside of a bower, but not by human hands; the sea-blast each winter and each spring performs the office more perfectly, and more unforgetfully.

As we approached St. Mawes from this point, the landscape, varied by arms of the sea stretching far inland, like a series of lakes, became wonderfully fine. Deep grassy slopes, such as Copley Fielding only could ever paint, and masses of foliage growing richer towards the water's edge, made a succession of miniature Killarneys and Windermers, each with its hills and woods and sky doubled in the reflection of the clear waters.

On reaching the borders of the estuary that separated us from the tongue of land, on the farther side of which the place of our destination, St. Mawes, was situated, we perceived only an old woman issuing from the hut, which we conceived to be the ferry-house, instead of the expected boatman. She scarcely seemed to notice us; but hobbled towards a projecting piece of ground overhanging the nearest inlet, and there took her stand. Her strange figure was rendered almost supernaturally distinct in the deepening twilight by the bright gleam that still lingered on the water in the background; and we could plainly distinguish that she had a club foot, and a face so red that it seemed to glow with



THE FERRY AT PENCUEL.

a fiery heat; while she fixed her small piercing eyes upon us in a manner that made us for a moment think with sympathy of the terrors felt by boys on passing through a churchyard after dark, or by solitary dwellers in lone houses when sudden noises are heard in the night. The scene and the light and the hour all seemed favourable to some such unusual event as the apparition of some dwarfish malignant fairy; but these playful alarms of our kindling imaginations were not destined to be long indulged. The figure soon proved itself to be simply that of the "lady of the lake,"—in other words, the ferry-woman,—who had taken her stand immediately above her crazy boat on seeing us come down the hill from St. Gerrans; and the cleverness and muscular determination with which she put us across made us ashamed of

our passing suppositions concerning her immaterial nature.

After landing, and climbing the steep road to some heights, on turning to take a last look at the retiring boat, we caught a glimpse of the ferry-house between the branches of some trees (part of a little wood that straggled up the hill-side), and the white hut; and its reflection in the water, along with the hill we had descended, made such a matchless little picture, framed as it was by the gnarled branches of the oaks in front of us, that, though it was almost dark, we could not resist a sketch. And then, as it grew quite dark, we hurried on over the hill; but not without some little inconvenience, as the road was in places rather precipitous, and, in the dark, difficult to find. But the aspect of St. Mawes, which we first saw by moonlight, seemed to promise ample compensation, especially as we found a very capital inn, stored with plentiful supplies of every kind.

Entering by the back of the town, through straggling lines of fishermen's cottages, we were agreeably surprised to find a pleasant and somewhat spacious esplanade and quay facing the estuary and looking towards the open sea, which appeared quite important and picturesque in the moonlight; though we found next morning that it all was upon a somewhat miniature scale. We shall, however, long remember with pleasure our supper, by the light of the moon, at the upper bow-window of the Fountain Inn. Then came music, floating softly towards us from a boat on the water making for some vessels in the offing, which were riding at anchor in a stream of silver light that made their forms wonderfully distinct. But the romance of the music on the water had not charm enough to keep us awake after our hard day's trudge; and as the sounds grew faint we grew sleepy,—so sleepy that we were with difficulty roused, even by the pleasing intelligence that our beds were ready.

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CHAPPUIS' PATENT REFLECTING STEREOSCOPE,

FIGURE 1.



Ordinary Stereoscope, as held in a steep position.

Expressly constructed to obviate the objectionable necessity of looking through the instrument in that one unavoidable steeping position which invariably causes stiffness in the neck, as is the case with all other Stereoscopes. (See Figure 1.)

CHAPPUIS' PATENT

(As shown by Figure 2)

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SOLE PATENTEE OF THE REFLECTING STEREOSCOPE,
Of REFLECTORS for introducing DAYLIGHT into DARK PLACES,
Reflecting Gaslight, and Decreasing the Consumption of Gas;
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Showing the Back and Front of the Head in the same Glass.
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FIGURE 2.



CHAPPUIS' Improved Patent Reflecting Stereoscope, held as an Opera-glass.

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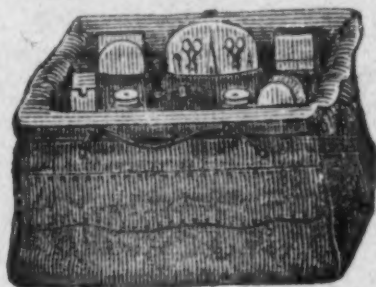
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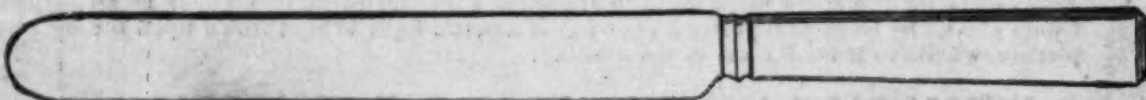
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